

Chatelaine

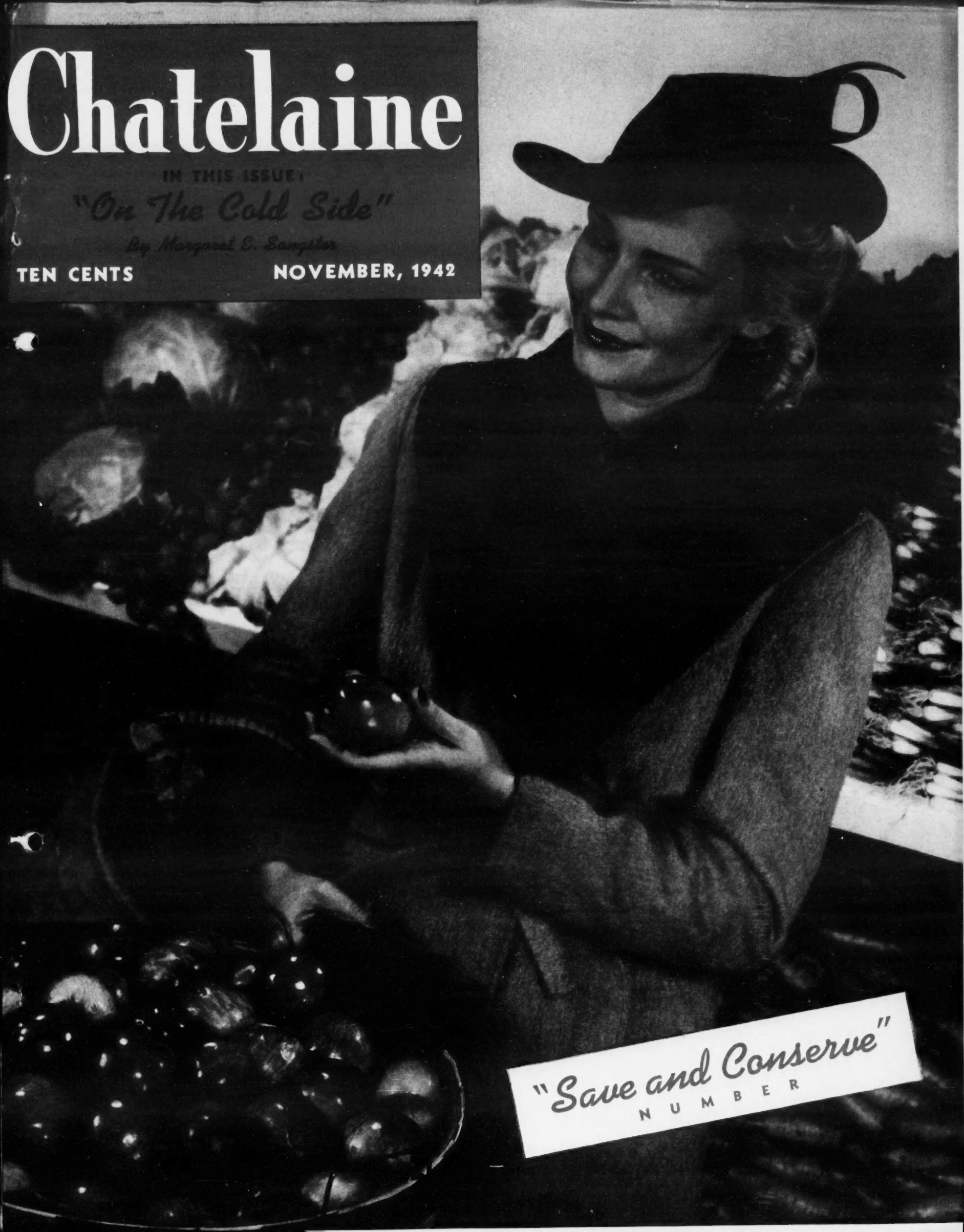
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"On The Cold Side"

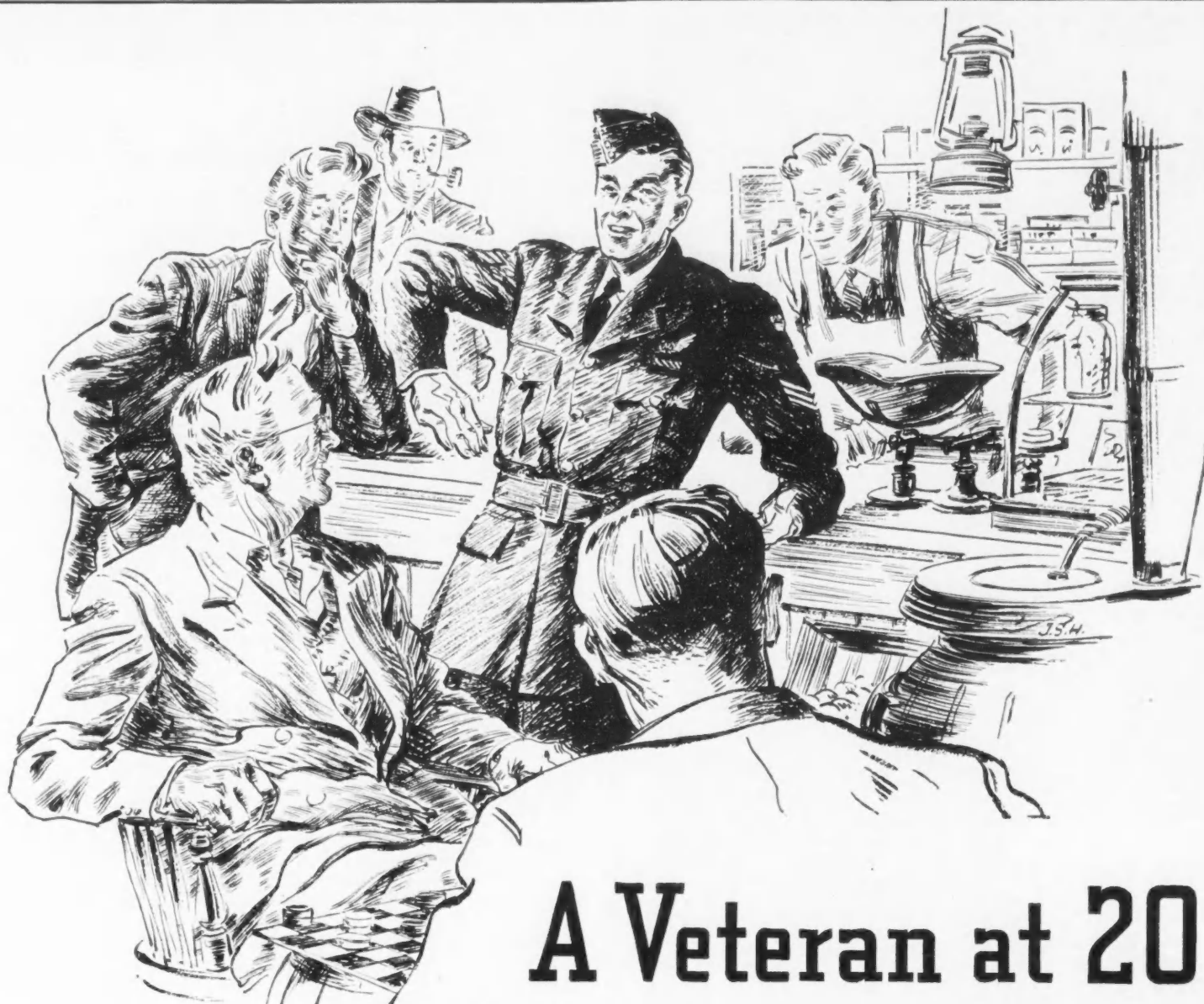
By Margaret E. Sangster

TEN CENTS

NOVEMBER, 1942



"Save and Conserve"
NUMBER



A Veteran at 20!

Back from scores of bombing raids over a dozen countries, this young airman has found adventure in the skies! Just out of his 'teens, an eager youth in years, he's a veteran in experience. He's a first-line fighting man, trained in the science of war at 5-miles-a-minute!

He and his buddies in R.C.A.F. air crew are team-mates. Gunner, Wireless Operator, Bomber, Pilot, Navigator—all work together as a smooth, swift "attack team" in a

giant bomber. Their targets surveyed in advance by daring reconnaissance pilots—their flight protected by the blazing guns of fighter planes—the bombers wing their relentless way to smash Nazi nerve-centres.

The expanded Air Training Plan has room for more men who want to be with these fighting comrades of the skies. Applications are being accepted for air crew duty, at R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centres throughout Canada.



WOMEN TOO—
join "that men may fly."
Canadian women fill vital jobs in the R.C.A.F. Women's Division, releasing men for air crew duties. Recruits are needed, age 18 to 40, physically fit, with at least High School entrance. Many useful and fascinating jobs await you. No experience needed. The Air Force will train you quickly to take your place with Canada's airwomen. Full information at any R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre, or write address below for explanatory booklet.

If you are physically fit, mentally alert, over 17½ and not yet 33, you are eligible. If you are over 33, but have exceptional qualifications, you may still be considered. Lack of formal education is no longer a bar to enlistment.

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE AIR CREW



FIGHTING COMRADES OF THE SKIES

For illustrated booklet giving full information, write:

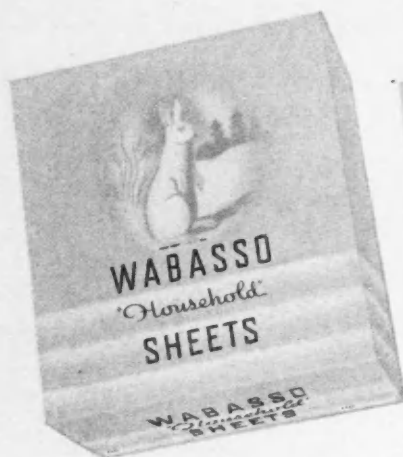
Director of Manning, R.C.A.F., Jackson Building, Ottawa, or the nearest of these R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centres: Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg, North Bay, Windsor, London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Moncton, Halifax.

WABASSO *Sheets and Pillow Cases*

**with the Quality Name
marked on the Package**

Wabasso makes many beautiful qualities of Sheets and Pillow Cases, free of filling, soft and snow white. It's easy to describe and identify the qualities you intend to buy, as each Wabasso quality has its own distinguishing coloured package plainly marked with the Wabasso quality name.

Ask by name for whichever of these qualities you think most suitable for your requirements.



"Household"

Popularly priced for economical all-round use. Four standard sizes of sheets, 106 threads per sq. in., plain hemmed or hem-stitched, 3 prs. to the box. Pillow cases to match, 3 sizes; 3 prs. per box.



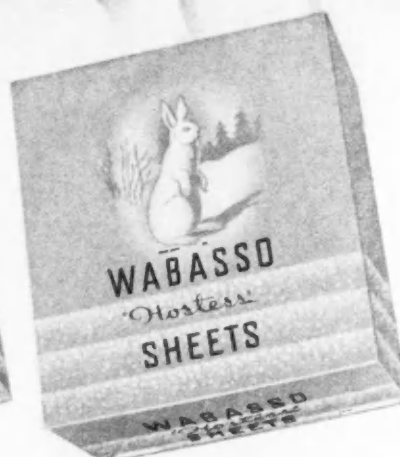
"Family"

A good firm weave from hard-wearing carded cotton yarns, 126 threads per sq. in., 3 standard sizes of sheets, plain hemmed or hem-stitched, 3 prs. per box. Pillow cases to match, 3 sizes; 3 prs. per box.



"Slumbertext"

Smooth, permanent finish that won't "wash out." Four sizes of sheets firmly woven, 146 threads per sq. in., plain hemmed or hem-stitched, 3 prs. to the box. Pillow cases to match, 3 sizes; 3 prs. per box.



"Hostess"

Stays soft and full after repeated laundering. Five sizes of sheets closely woven, 152 threads per sq. in., plain hemmed or hem-stitched, 3 prs. to the box. Pillow cases to match, 3 sizes; 3 prs. per box.

Always ask for Trade-Marked
WABASSO

Cottons



FRONT

That Buried Treasure

Here are the answers to your questions. What about tin cans? Why should I save bones? How shall I get rid of the stuff?

Illustrations by Marjorie Child

have an important use as wipers in war industries.

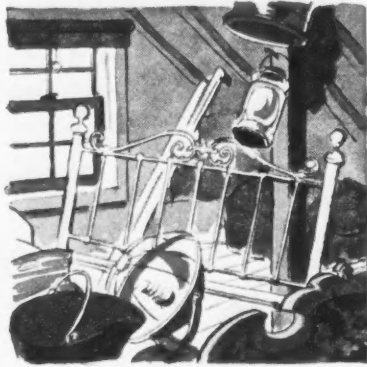
What To Do With Your Junk

Watch for salvage collection dates in your town, and put your scrap out in front of your house.

OR get in touch with your local junk dealer. He understands the business of collecting, sorting, grading and delivering to the mills. Make no mistake: The rags-bones-bottles-and-scrap man is an important guy in our new national salvage campaign. He is the link between you and war industries. The price he pays you for junk is set by the Government. You can use this money to buy war savings stamps, or you can donate it to your favorite war charity.

What to do about tin cans? That's been an often-asked question, and here's the answer for all town dwellers. Put them out in the regular garbage, and they'll be carted off to the municipal dump, burned in the incinerator, pressed into bales by hydraulic presses and sent to the steel mills. In rural communities with no garbage collections, the National Salvage is planning to have mobile hydraulic presses cruise around the countryside, converting unsightly dumps into neat bales ready for shipment.

Fats should be saved in tin cans, marked, and put out with the regular garbage. Bones should be placed in cartons or paper bags, marked, and



What the Government wants to know urgently is how much scrap metal and scrap rubber are lying about in attics and cellars. Get it out, get it going places!

put out with the garbage too. In rural districts, get in touch with your local salvage committee and find out what arrangements are being made for collection of these two items.

Keep a Flexible Point of View

Salvage values change, like everything else, with supply and demand. You must be prepared to co-operate with the Government in whatever kind of salvage is needed—and at the time it is needed. For example, not many months ago we were asked to save paper of all kinds, and put it out for collection. The response was so overwhelming that the mills were glutted. Now we're asked to keep our waste paper (if we have a safe space where it won't create a fire hazard), until the present supply is used up.

Some junk is not salvageable. Leather goods, shoes with leather soles, old sleighs, toboggans, wooden furniture and toys are useless to our war industries. These things should be sent to charitable organizations which will recondition and redistribute them.

Don't Sabotage the Effort

You know that old whispering campaign? Mrs. Jones tells Mrs. Smith: "It's all nonsense about the Government wanting scrap. When we drive along the highways, we see piles and piles of junk which they haven't bothered to cart away."

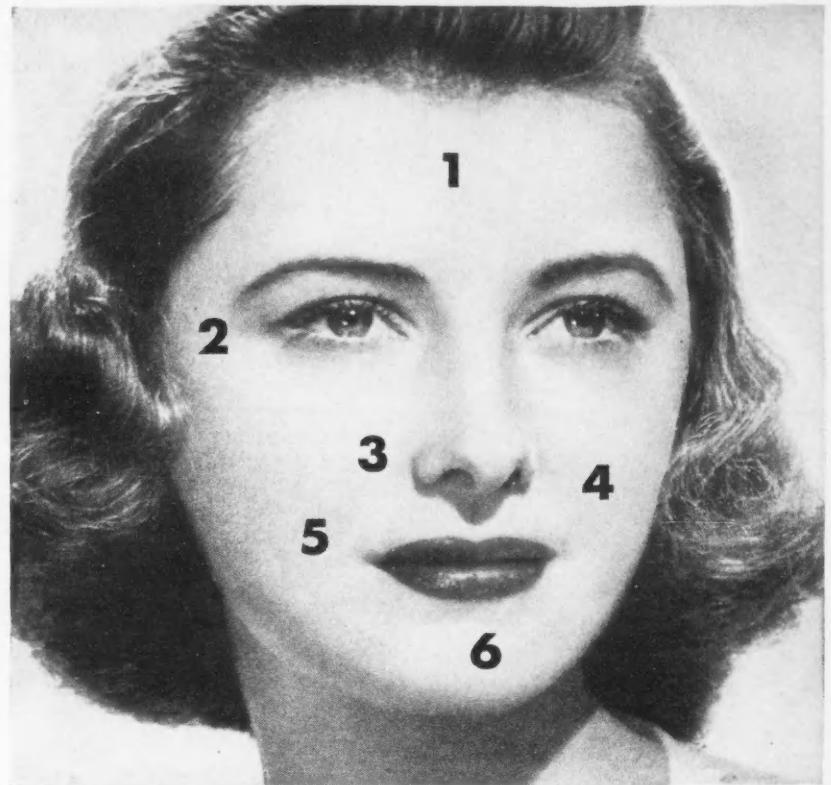
Okay, Mrs. Jones. The Government sees those junk piles too, knows exactly where they are and what they represent in valuable salvage. What the Government doesn't know is how much junk you have in your attic, cellar, barnyard, implement shed.

So, we'll say it again: Dig out that buried treasure! ♦



Town-dwellers don't need to wait for community salvage drives. They can do business with the local junk dealer. He is an important link between you and war industries.

I bring you Four Aids to Beauty in One single Cream!



My one 4-Purpose Face Cream, by itself, helps end all these 6 Skin Troubles

IMAGINE a face cream—one remarkable, scientific face cream—that does all these important things for the health and beauty of your skin!

As though by the touch of a magic wand, Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream seems to smooth away the cobwebs of tiny, tired lines around your eyes and mouth. It seems to help end the very condition that causes big pores—blackheads—oily skin—dry, and flaky skin.

And here's the reason Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream can do all this! It's a new kind of cream, based on an entirely different principle. It works with nature and helps nature. This one cream, by itself, takes care of four

essential needs of your skin! Every time you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream, it thoroughly, but gently, cleanses your skin—it softens your skin and relieves dryness—it helps nature refine the pores—it leaves a perfect non-sticky base for powder and for make-up.

No wonder millions of women all over the country, busier than ever with war work and defense activities, now depend on just this one cream for the complete care of their skin! Many of them say that Lady Esther Face Cream, by itself, makes their skin look smoother, fresher and younger—than any of the elaborate, and expensive beauty methods they used before!

Get Your Jar—Today

Try Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! Try it and see for yourself—in your own mirror—how much this one scientific cream does for the health and beauty of your skin. Get a jar today—and see how much fresher and lovelier your skin looks after just a few applications.

WHICH OF THESE 6 SKIN TROUBLES IS YOURS?

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 1. Dry Skin | 4. Oily Skin |
| 2. Tiny Lines | 5. Blackheads |
| 3. Big Pores | 6. Flaky Skin |



Lady Esther
4-PURPOSE
FACE CREAM



Her
secret
can be
yours...

YOU probably know a girl like this. You see faces light as she enters a room . . . note the admiring glances of men. Sometimes you may wonder what is the secret of her appeal.

She's not a beauty. Nice eyes, filled with warmth and animation. A clear, fresh skin. Hair brushed to brightness—to satin smoothness.

Her suit is simple . . . though you notice that it's neatly pressed and settled snugly on her trim shoulders. A blouse of dazzling white—

You grope for phrases to define her appeal . . . and suddenly her secret comes to you. Of course! It's freshness, complete and all pervading. The *freshness* of her costume. The *freshness* of her person.

You know she'd never be guilty of any small, careless neglect. You know that one of her first concerns must be her breath—a thing that only too many otherwise attractive women foolishly take for granted. *This* girl, you're sure, would no more omit Listerine than she would omit her bath. She knows, as every woman should, that a breath like Spring is one of the first requirements of charm, the first step to Romance. And she also knows how often Listerine

can make the breath sweeter and purer.

How About You?

You, yourself, may not know when you have halitosis (bad breath). Isn't it foolish to take chances on offending this way when Listerine Antiseptic with its amazing antiseptic effect is such a delightful precaution? Why not get in the habit of using it night and morning, and between times before meeting others you would like to have think well of you?

While some cases of bad breath are systemic, most cases, in the opinion of some noted authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors produced by fermentation. Never omit Listerine from your daily toilette. Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

Three months of delight. There's an appealing fresh quality about this dentifrice and the big tube lasts three months. **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE**

MADE IN CANADA

"HOME

Time to Dig Out

Our national junk heap becomes ever more important as the stock-pile for precious materials required for war industries.

By ADELE WHITE



Clean up the barnyard and get those rusting fragments of farm machinery and household equipment on their way to our war industries.

WHEN we say "buried treasure," we don't mean precious stones or pirates' gold. We're talking about rusty old pots and pans, broken-down washing machines, Junior's discarded tin soldiers and toy trucks, rubber boots that have sprung a leak, worn-out tires you took to the cottage to amuse the kids when they went swimming—and that pile of junk which collects from your cellar, attic and garage when you roll up your sleeves and get at the fall and spring housecleaning.

That's the buried treasure we're talking about, and, right now, it's worth its weight in ships, guns, tanks and planes. Your scrap and junk are as necessary to our war industries as coal is to your furnace.

Soon a nation-wide campaign will be under way to canvass the homes of every community across Canada. Salvage has become a technical subject, and the Government-owned salvage companies must be run just like any other successful business organization. In each province there will be a Supervisor of Salvage. Under him will be field organizers who will travel about their territories, keeping us informed as to what kind of salvage is most urgently needed. They will work closely with voluntary committees.

Charles La Ferle, Director of National Salvage in Ottawa, says that housewives are just about the most co-operative people in the country. "But," he adds emphatically, "we must make them understand what it is all about. We must make it clear what kind of scrap the Government needs, why it is needed, and, most important of all, *how* it will be collected and *when*."

What to Save

Rubber: 90 per cent of our

rubber supply is in the hands of the Axis. Scrap rubber mixed with crude makes our present stock go twice as far. The best kind of scrap rubber comes from crepe soles on shoes, and the fine latex rubber used in gloves, medical and surgical goods. Bathing caps, hot water bottles, automobile tires, etc., are important items, too.

Metal: Scrap metal is even more important than rubber because, while synthetic rubber may be on the market in a few months time, there's nothing to fill the gap for scrap metal. It must be salvaged from automobile graveyards, houses and barnyards. When scrap metal is melted down, it's just as good as new.

Fats: Most of our vegetable oil was imported from the Far East; that source of supply is now greasing the Japs' war effort. We need fats to make nitroglycerine for explosives. Remember: 4½ ounces of fat (what you poured off from the Sunday roast) will produce enough glycerine to fire a three-inch shell.

Bones: We need them for glue, and we need glue, unlimited tons of it, for planes. Also we export bones to Great Britain for similar war industries. All bones can be used—even the ones Fido buried at the end of your garden.

Class: Bottles can be re-used, and broken glass or "cullet" can be melted down for a second molding. Here's a hint for the future: tin cans are getting scarcer, and bottles and jars may soon be substituted as food containers. One of these days we may be asked to do the same with bottles as we do with toothpaste tubes: return an empty one before we're allowed to buy another.

Rags: When you turn in woollen rags to your local salvage, they are cleaned, disinfected and rewoven for clothing, rugs, blankets. Cotton rags



The Language OF LOVE

By ANNE HOMER WARNER

TO ELIO DRAKE the evening ahead came under much the same category as buying a bond. She could serve her country best, she realized, by sending Sam Sherwood back to camp in a completely happy frame of mind. As she had explained to Dick Potter the night before, one of the prime duties of the women in this war was to cheer up the boys in the Army.

Dick was Elio's steady at college. He was a Sig, which rated high, and he was a smooth dancer, and he knew his way around. He said she had a lot to learn. But when he said it his blue eyes smiled down at her, teasing and flattering at the same time. "Once you get onto the ropes around here," he said, "you'll have all these other girls stopped a mile!"

Once she got onto the ropes... Secretly Elio agreed with him about that. When she first came to college she had been terrified by the flip nonchalance of the boys, and the knowing banter of the girls they dated. She had lived all her life in a small town. The sudden change to a big college was like a plunge into a strange and frightening world. And she might have been one of those girls who stayed on the



BREAD *provides four "E's" for* **EXCELLENCE**



← **E**nergy!

Your body is like a power plant. It produces energy from the fuel foods you eat. For vitality and pep, you must eat a full share of energy-giving foods each day. Of all foods, bread is the best-known source of human fuel.

Endurance! →

Bread releases its energy slowly, helps you to keep going at a strenuous job hour after hour with less fatigue. The war effort demands extra strength and endurance from everyone . . . eat more bread to maintain it.

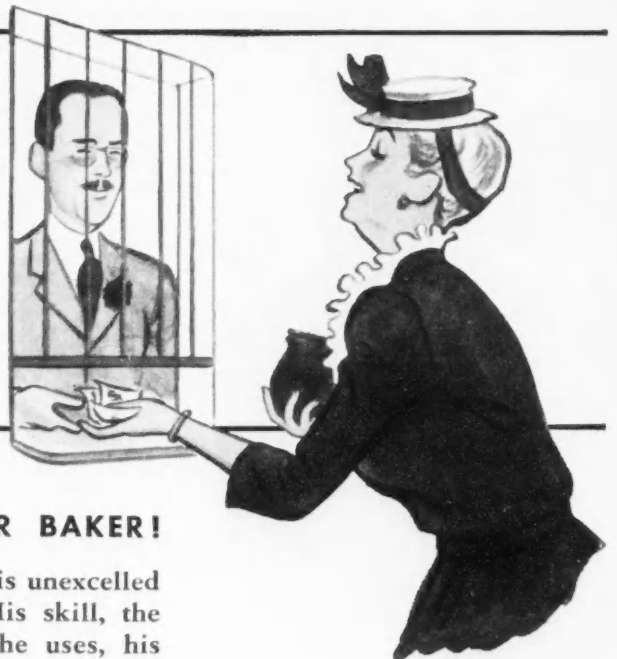


← **E**fficiency!

There is no waste in bread; it is 100% digestible! Besides energy-giving carbohydrates, bread contains muscle-building protein and protective minerals in a form most easily used by the body. It helps you get more out of other foods you eat with it, too.

Economy! →

Clever women find ways to use bread to space out expensive foods. Bread is not only one of the best basic foods, it's one of the cheapest. See that each one in your family eats at least 6 slices of bread in some form every day.



BUY DELICIOUS BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER!

The bread you buy from your local baker is unexcelled in wholesomeness and delicious flavor. His skill, the fine health-and-energy-giving ingredients he uses, his modern equipment combine to give you the finest loaf that can be baked today.

Prepared by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of Canadian National Health

Sam looked at the outstretched hands as though he didn't know what to do about them. Then he picked up his hat from the bench and started hurriedly toward the door. "I guess maybe you've been lonely here," he said, "so far from home and everything..."

"My gracious no!" Elio exclaimed. "I've never liked a place so much. You're not really living, Sam, till you come to a place like Freeman."

He looked vaguely surprised at that, and she noticed, for the first time, that he seemed a lot older. Taller, filled out some way. Sam had always been a tall boy, but now you'd almost think he'd grown. "You look wonderful in your uniform, Sam," she said, awarding him a gay, flattering smile. "Really, quite grown up, somehow!"

Sam's answering grin was brief and enigmatic. "Maybe I am grown up," he said. "It's quite a while since we've seen each other, Elio." And he added, as they started down the walk, "I'm beginning to think you've changed quite a lot yourself."

She slipped her arm through his and clung to it, tilting her head sideways, so the soft brown hair brushed against the red collar of her jacket. "I know that already," she said mischievously. "I'm a different person altogether. Do you like the new me, Sam?"

"I'm not sure," he said, with a smile she couldn't read—not sarcastic, exactly, but somehow unfathomable. "I'll let you know later on, maybe," he added cheerfully.

ELIO WASN'T sure she liked that. For an unreasonable moment she wanted quite a lot to know what Sam thought of her. For one thing he wasn't exactly as she had expected him to be. Not so awkward, more poised, somehow. His grey eyes were steady, his face very tanned. And his shoulders, the way he held them, were... well, none of the boys in Freeman had shoulders like that.

Of course her job was to cheer Sam up. But it wouldn't do any harm if, at the same time, he was made aware of what an assured and popular and really scintillating girl she had become. They passed a couple of boys she knew, and she called gaily, "Hello, Denny. Jack, you goon, where have you been all my life?" Her mittened hand clung to Sam's arm, and for a moment her bright brown hair brushed against the shoulder of his coat.

Sam had had his hands in his pockets, but now he took them out and moved away a couple of feet, letting Elio's arm drop to her side. "You sure have changed, Elio," he said. "You sound like one of those magazine co-eds. You know, not quite real."

"A magazine co-ed!" Elio's laugh was gay and lilting and bright with mockery. "Listen to the man, will you? Sam darling, you're simply priceless!"

But Sam was standing quite still on the sidewalk by now, and his face was red and rather ominous. "Okay, Elio," he said. "I'm priceless, and a darling. Shall we have some dinner?"

That stopped her in her tracks. She had done something to hurt him, but she couldn't think what. "Have I done anything wrong?" she asked, and for a moment she sounded like the old Elio, young and uncertain.

Sam shrugged his shoulders—and then he smiled, a warm friendly smile. "I'm sorry, Elio," he said. "Let's forget it. Maybe I thought you were

making fun of me... Or else it was seeing someone from home and finding her so changed. Where do we go now?"

"To the Drake for dinner," she said, "And then over to the Owl."

"Sounds fine!" he said. But they walked over to the Drake in silence. Elio was disturbed. Something had gone wrong. Probably it was calling Sam "darling" the way everyone always did. Probably he was such a stick and a prude that he thought people had to be engaged to do things like that. She tried to summon all her old scorn of Sam. But it didn't work. He was walking beside her, taking long even strides, and she discovered she wanted quite desperately to make him like her.

And in a way that surprising realization was a help. She hadn't been three months in Freeman without learning what to do to attract men. There were rows of cars outside of the Drake, and Elio's confidence increased. She smiled up at Sam, impishly. "I'm very proud of my soldier boy!" she said. "You have quite a commanding presence, you know!"

Sam smiled dubiously, and escorted her up the steps and into the lobby. But Elio was undaunted. When they had finally found a secluded corner table, with flattering shaded lamps, she turned on all her charm. She threw off the red-lined jacket, and ran a hand over her pretty brown hair, then waved it gracefully in the air. "Now," she said, "now we can get really acquainted. You must tell me all about yourself. Is it perfectly awful in camp? Are you just miserable there, you poor dear?"

"Not exactly," he said uncomfortably. "In some ways I like it a lot." And he lapsed straight back into silence. In fact, he buried himself in a scrutiny of the menu.

"Order everything you like!" Elio commanded helpfully. "This is going to be my treat! I know what kind of pay they give you poor soldier boys!"

Sam gave her a level glance. "I think I can manage this," he said, and returned to the menu. His order was stupendous—roast beef, baked potatoes, soup, practically everything in sight. He ate slowly and silently, and Elio realized with dismay, that though he was enjoying his food, otherwise he appeared almost bored.

And that was all wrong, because she was the one who was supposed to be bored. And instead she was keyed to a strange new pitch, aware of a frantic and inexplicable longing to get across to this unfamiliar young man, and make him at least conscious that she was around.

CERTAINLY SAM had changed. The Army must have done it, or maybe she just hadn't appreciated him at home. She noticed that the other girls in the room turned constantly to look at him. His broad khaki-clad shoulders, his nice steady grey eyes—and something else she couldn't put her fingers on, a kind of poise and ease of manner—all these were making themselves felt in the dining room of the Drake. Daphne Wayne stopped on her way out and said, "Why, Elio, I haven't seen you for ages!" And Elio's answering smile was bright with gaiety. "I'm entertaining the Army!" she said. "Mostly with a lot of good food. Sam, dear, this is Daphne Wayne, a friend of mine!"

Sam stood up and was introduced.

✦ Continued on page 39



Sketches by Nancy Caudle

Cast of characters: Ruth and Dick MacIntyre; their children, Betty and Jack. They live across the way from the Spencers.

7:00: Brrr! Brrr!

7:10: "Okay, Dick, the bathroom's yours now. I'm through with the shower."

7:25: "Betty, are you up? Dad's almost finished in the bathroom. . . . And when you do your 20 minutes on the piano, be sure to watch the left hand on that new piece, to keep the proper rhythm. . . . Jack, before you wash, will you please run the vacuum over the living room and hall rugs. . . . I want to do a little dusting before breakfast."

8:00: "Gee, Mum, something smells good. What's cooking?" "That's for lunch. This is my Red Cross day and I won't be home till 12 o'clock, so I have the casserole in the oven now."

"Jack, what were you doing with a cat in your room this morning?" "Aw, Dad, stop stringin' me! You know that was my sax. I'm doing all right too — Mr. Bryce said I could get into the school orchestra soon."

8:20: "Going, Dick? It looks like a nice morning for a walk." "Betty, when you make your bed, remember to fix the corners the way I showed you. . . . Be sure to leave your room tidy, Jack, and put your soiled clothes down the chute."



8:35: "Ready, children? Got your homework and all your books? I'll be here when you get home at noon — we'll eat the Good Smell!"

12:20: "Oh boy! This tastes as good as it smelled!"

"Talking of food reminds me. You know, to help save gasoline and tires, we must stop asking the grocer and butcher to deliver things, so I want you both to help me plan how we can get our parcels home."

"How about my wagon, Mum?" "And there's the basket on my bicycle, Mother."

"Fine! This is the day I make up the weekly menus and lists, so tomorrow, right after school, we'll all go shopping. We should be able to get just about everything for the next week. It'll be fun too — you'll both get along faster in

arithmetic and social studies if you know about shopping and prices and seasons and where things come from."

1:10: "Good-by now. Be sure to come straight home, and don't forget to have your glass of milk before you go out to play."

1:30: "Hello, is that you, Grace? This is Ruth. We're expecting you and Bill for a game tonight. Come early and break up early — that's the way we like our evenings nowadays. . . . What am I doing? Oh, the usual things — Red Cross



sewing this morning, and after I have my half-hour nap this afternoon I'm going to tackle the weekly mending and some other odd jobs. Tomorrow afternoon I have a committee meeting, and a shopping date with the youngsters. . . . Yes, I always manage a nap, and it helps. Dick gets one after dinner. Of course he wouldn't acknowledge it, and for all official purposes he's merely reading. Betty and Jack do their lessons upstairs — I fixed up their rooms as studies. They get a kick out of having a place of their own, and their father has a chance to recover after a hard day in the plant. . . . Well, I'll be running along now. We'll be looking for you about eight."





By LILLIAN MILLAR

Cast of characters: Jean and Bob Spencer; their children, Mary and John. Time: Any weekday this month. The scene opens in the morning.

7.30: Brrr! Brrr! Darn that alarm!
 7.35: Jean! Jean, are you awake?"
 "Y-e-s, Bob. But I hate to get up. We must go to bed earlier."
 7.55: "Don't tell me I haven't a clean shirt to wear to that conference this morning!" "Sorry, dear, but the laundry hasn't come back yet. I haven't got their new schedule doped out yet. Anyway, I can't think of everything, can I?"
 7.58: "Mary, John! Are you up yet? You'll be late for school if you don't hurry."
 8.05: "Mary, are you dressed? I want you to run to the store for some bread."
 "M-u-ther! I can't find any clean socks without big holes." "Bring me the best pair you can find; it won't take a minute to mend them. You could be setting the table while I do it." (I simply must get at that mending today.)



8.15: "Oh, Bob! Surely you can wait to finish your breakfast!" "Never mind, I'll pick up a cup of coffee in the Greasy Spoon downtown. Must run; I've been late twice this week and the Old Man gave me a dirty look yesterday."
 8.30: "Mary, you haven't touched your hair; looks as if you slept in it. Come upstairs and I'll comb it." "Oh, all right, but if I get a late mark again, it'll be your fault!"
 8.45: "All right, children, off you go. You'll have to hurry, mind!" (Gracious, what a rush every morning!)

9.10: Brrr! Brrr! "Oh, hello, Peggy. No, I haven't even started the upstairs yet . . . always such a job getting Bob and the kids off . . . have you heard the news about . . ."
 9.25: ". . . and when she said that to me, I told her . . ."
 9.30: (There goes Mrs. MacIntyre. She can't do much around the house . . . she goes out so much.)
 10.00: Brrr! Brrr! "Oh, hello, Mrs.

Gregory. Join your Red Cross group? I'd love to, but you know I have no help now and I never seem to have a free minute . . . If I can, but don't count on me."
 11.45: "Groceteria? Will you send me right away a dozen eggs and a tin of peaches. I need them for the children's lunch. . . . You can't deliver? Well, I'll have to send John when he comes in."
 1.20: (When I finish these dishes, I must get at that pile of mending.)
 1.30: Brrr! Brrr! "Oh, hello, Marjorie.



A game? I really should stay in today; I never seem to get caught up; but if you need a fourth, I guess I can make it." (I can take the whole day tomorrow to do the mending and clear up the house.)
 4.55: "I'm dummy, so I'll just slip out and phone Bob before he leaves the office . . . Hello, dear . . . will you bring home six lamb chops and pick up one of those chocolate cakes you like so much . . . I'm at Marjorie's and I have to finish this rubber . . ."
 6.00: "Sorry to be so late but I couldn't let the girls down . . . Well, you needn't be so grouchy about it — I have to have some fun, don't I? . . . You call the children in, and I'll open this package of potato chips and get the chops on." (Tomorrow I'll try to have some of Bob's favorite dishes, if I have time after all that mending . . .)



fringe, plodding to classes and watching from a distance the glamour and gaiety of those in the swim . . . Might have been, that is, if it hadn't been for Dick.

He had picked her out, that very first week. He had rushed her at the dances, and dated her in between. And in no time at all she was like the others—knowing and assured, part of the only life that mattered in Freeman College. That was why she had been so careful to explain to Dick about tonight. "This Sam Sherwood," she said, "his sister is a friend of mine at home. He's in the feed business and kind of a stick, but Sally says he's dreadfully lonesome and only has a few days leave, not enough to get back . . ." She raised appealing brown eyes, wide with earnestness. "So you see, it's kind of a duty. It's up to us, you know, to keep the boys in the Army happy."

"Sure, honey," Dick said. He slipped an arm around her, and she nestled her head against his shoulder. All the girls who rated did that. Boys didn't like like you unless you acted as though you were crazy about them. But she was crazy about Dick, so that was easy. He said, "Why don't you take him over to the Owl; then maybe we can get in a couple of dances?" He tilted her face for a kiss. "You could cheer up a whole army camp," he said, "but don't go too far, sweetheart."

Elio laughed at that. "You don't know Sam," she said. "At home he never even went to dances."

Dick grinned. "Well, I'll be there; just give me the high sign when you feel like some fun!"

Elio sighed deeply. "I know. It probably won't be very exciting. But I do feel sorry for poor Sam . . ."

SHE WENT into that part of the problem even more thoroughly with Budgie the next night, when she was getting dressed for the evening. Budgie was her roommate, and they understood each other. That meant, among other things, perfect co-operation in the all-important ritual of getting ready for a date. At the moment Budgie was deciding firmly against a small enamelled butterfly pin. "It just won't go with the blue buttons on your blouse," she said.

Elio nodded agreement. She ran a comb through her shiny brown hair, twisting it expertly into beguiling nonchalance. "I simply must decide what's the best way to give poor Sam a good time," she said. "I mean—well, it's important for him to have something nice to remember. You know, when he's stuck in a dreary old hole."

"What does he like?" Budgie asked, her pretty blue eyes wide with concern. "Has he any special interests, Elio?"

Elio frowned. "I never knew him very well. He didn't talk much, and we used to tease him because he was so interested in how much milk you get from a cow! That's part of the feed business, somehow." And then she dropped sideways onto the bed, curling her feet under her. "I can't talk to him about cows, Budgie," she pointed out. "That would just make him more homesick!"

"Of course it would," Budgie laughed. "He won't want you to talk about anything, really. Just act as though you're crazy about him, Elio. That's what all men like the most. Tell him he's handsome in his uniform, and how much you've missed him. You know, all that."

Elio nodded. "He's an awful stick, but I'll say it anyhow. I'll make him feel there's someone who really cares about him. Poor Sam, he really is a long way from home!" And at that moment she had a sudden and rather devastating picture of home. Of mountains and red barns, and the church suppers they used to have in the Parish House. She remembered Sam too before he went off to agricultural school. He had been a lanky inarticulate sort of boy, and when she and Sally teased him he didn't seem to mind or pay much attention. And then, a couple of days ago, she had had a letter from him, saying that Sally had written him that she was at Freeman, and as he was being transferred to another camp and would have a few days free, could he stop over and see her Thursday evening.

Of course she was having a date with Dick that night. But she realized right away that she'd have to break it off. When a boy had such a short leave, and probably no fun at all any more . . . She nodded at Budgie, her solemn, sweet young face bright with resolution. "I'll do it," she said, "I'll pretend I think he's wonderful. That's the only way, really, to make someone happy!"

AT THAT moment Betty Latham stuck her head in the door and said, "There's a soldier boy downstairs asking for you, Elio!" So she had to jump up quickly to pull on the short grey skirt and fasten the narrow blue belt that matched the buttons on her blouse.

"If it were anyone else," she explained hurriedly, "I wouldn't mind making him wait. But poor Sam down there, with all those strangers around!" She ran a comb through her hair again, and brightened her lips, and then, at the last minute, fastened the enamelled butterfly pin on her shoulder after all.

Budgie got out the woolly, red-lined jacket and red mittens. "You look wonderful!" she said.

And Elio flashed a happy smile. "I guess Sam will think I've changed a lot since I came to Freeman!" she said. "And anyhow, Dick's going to be over at the Owl, so maybe it won't be so bad after all!"

She descended the stairs slowly, feeling gracious and assured and in a way almost noble. Here she was, one of the most popular girls in the house already. She could be having any number of smooth dates. But instead she was spending the evening with a dumb, small-town boy—wearing her happiest smile for him, and planning to do everything in her power to cheer him up.

She found him sitting on the proverbial "waiters' bench," slumped over a magazine. And she summoned just the right tone for her voice. "Why, Sam!" she cried gaily, "how wonderful to have you here! I just was so excited when I got your letter! You can't know what it means to have someone from home . . ."

She paused at that, on an eager lilting note . . . Sam had put the magazine down and was rising slowly to his feet. He looked rather dazed. "Gosh, Elio," he said, "I didn't know—I mean, I thought I'd just stop over since I was going through . . ."

Elio held out both hands to him. "If you hadn't I would have died!" she said. "Sam, darling, I've missed you so!"

WITHIN YOUR GATES

ITS NAME IS WASTE. It has a foothold in just about every home in this land. It is an enemy as surely as the little yellow men we face when we look westward, or as the German pig-boats lurking off our Atlantic shores. And it's an undercover agent working for both these outside menaces, but because it is here and now, living comfortably and unnoticed among us, its influence, its power to weaken and destroy, are even more insidious.

WE'VE BEEN A NATION of thrower-outers — not through any wantonness of character, but rather because we've been accustomed to abundance all around us. Crops estimated in the millions of bushels or tons or barrels . . . shops that sprawl the good things of the earth all over the adjoining sidewalk . . . new machines, new clothes, new cars, new gadgets, presented, all shiny and beautiful, to make our last year's models outdated. We've lived well — and we've built up a tradition for some of the world's most impressively overflowing garbage cans.

IT USED TO BE SAID that a French *bonne femme* could feed her family for three days on the discards from an average North American kitchen in one day. Wouldn't she welcome the opportunity to prove it today! And wouldn't the famished children of Greece, who swarm over their conquerors' refuse dumps in the hope of finding a sardine tin to lick — wouldn't they shriek with joy if they could uncover our neighborhood garbage cans and find the slightly stale bread, the half-eaten apples, and the other items made familiar to us all in this Land of Plenty and Waste!

BUT THE GARBAGE CAN is only a symbol. Waste is all through the house, as well as at the back door. It uses up time and services, electricity, fuel; it works through moths and mice, fire hazards and dripping taps; it flourishes on careless housekeeping and extravagant habits. Like the other enemies we face, it can accomplish the most amazingly dexterous outflanking movements to cut us off from our common goal of swift victory, gained through a complete effort by our whole nation. Let us, for once, be as ruthless as our enemies and deal a panzer blow to the one that is within our gates. It's a woman's job. And we can do it!

An Enemy

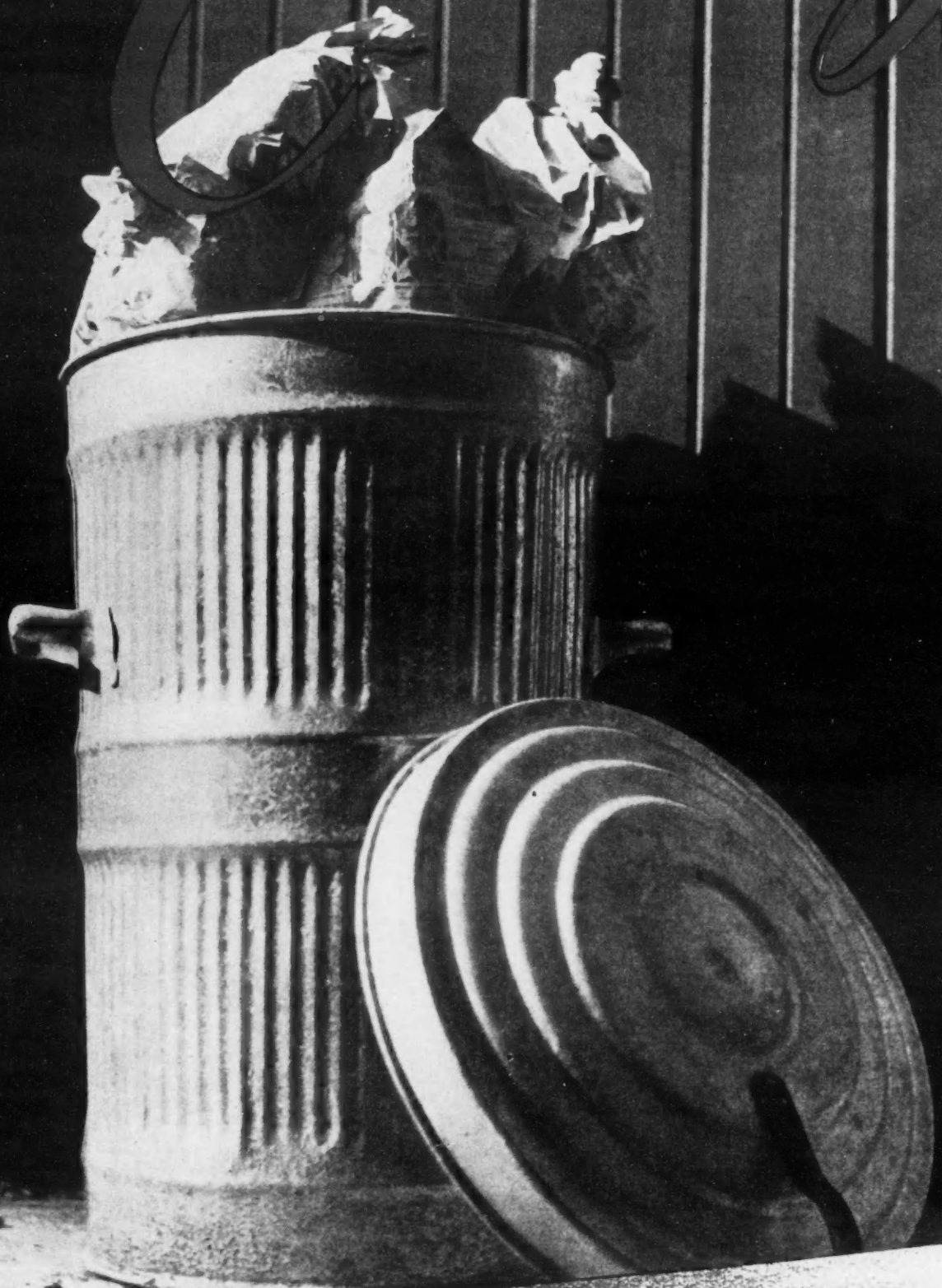


Photo by Benny Jaques

Sara echoed, "Neither did I." Pyjamaed, night-gowned, they crept close and looked into the tub. The baby was well-made and chubby. There was a pearly texture to the skin, and her eyes, wide open now, were deeply blue. She stopped in the middle of a gurgle and sent the interlopers a strange grimace that might have been a grin. John said—"Hi, beautiful!"

Millie, head bent over the tub, addressed the baby: "We're going back to the city, aren't we?"

Sara said, "You can't go this morning—it's raining too hard." Suddenly conscious of her nightgown, she started from the room, and John, following her, threw back, "We'll be downstairs in half an hour, Millie. Can we have waffles?"

The waffles were as good as the soufflé had been, and after breakfast Sara went into the kitchen to compliment the cook. The baby was in the high chair, which had moved, in some miraculous way, from the front hall, and Millie was feeding her cereal. Sara said, "I didn't know she was old enough to eat actual food."

The baby blew a bubble, composed mainly of cereal and milk. "She's eight months and she has two teeth,"

When Sara saw the sketches pinned against the wall, her heart contracted. Fine, sensitive sketches of a baby playing with bright wooden beads . . .

Millie told her proudly wiping the baby's chin.

The baby blew another bubble, and her eyes twinkled. Sara said, "She has a sense of humor." Hesitantly she reached over and touched the pink cheek. It was satin smooth and gave her an unexpected tingling sensation in the pit of her stomach. "You keep her beautifully—" she said.

"I knitted the jacket myself," Millie told her. "I used to knit lots of things for my Jim."

"Oh," said Sara. All at once she felt a burning need to justify herself. "It's like this, Mildred," she explained. "Mr. Bentley is an artist and I'm a writer, and we work here in the house. Concentration is important to both of us; + Continued on page 36



On the Cold Side

By MARGARET SANGSTER

Illustrated by Maud Tousey Fangel

SARA BENTLEY said, as she ran through the morning mail, "Thank goodness, John—the employment agency is sending out a new maid. A settled woman—a widow. Perhaps, if she's sufficiently settled, she won't mind the country."

"We beseech thee, O lord," her husband murmured. Slitting open a large envelope, Sara exclaimed with annoyance, "They're returning my last story. The editor thinks my people aren't human enough."

John nodded. "Your people are a trifle on the cold side. Listen—those puppies at the town garage have been weaned. They're as cute as buttons, and—"

"Stop hinting," Sara interposed sternly. "Puppies track mud, they scratch doors, they do unspeakable things on carpets."

John Bentley sighed. "They sometimes," he said, "make a house come alive. Sara, you're too darn precious. Neatness is more important to you than happiness. You've begun to bore me, and boredom is—" he stopped in the middle of a sentence.

"Boredom's the swan song of marriage," Sara finished for him. "John, what's the matter with us? We started out with such high hopes—was it fifteen years ago? Me, writing—you illustrating. Living together, loving together, working together. How did we get off the track?"

"I guess a good many middle-aged couples ask the same question," John said slowly, as he rose from the breakfast table. "I'm going to the studio, Sara, I've a rush job, that nail polish layout. Will you let me sketch your hands?"

Sara told him, "I must tidy up the house or the new maid will think we're barbarians. She'll arrive in the late afternoon."

John said, "Then perhaps you'll let me sketch your hands this evening." He walked into his studio, and Sara rose from the table and gathered up the dishes and made for the kitchen. As she washed glassware and silver, her mind went back across the years that she and John had spent together. It had been fun at first—building plans, sharing ambitions, dreaming elaborate dreams—but somewhere along the line the glamour had worn thin. Perhaps it was because things had gone too easily—bank balances that grew by leaps and bounds, never a hint of children to complicate the days with wet didies and small grubby fingers that left traces on pale woodwork. There was always a market for John's fine sensitive drawings; for her fine sensitive fiction. With a renewal of annoyance Sara remembered the story that had been rejected—she seldom got a story back. Despite John, the editor's criticism was unjust, she argued mentally. Her characters were—were civilized!

THE KITCHEN was done at last, with every cup and saucer in its place. Moving to the living room, Sara dusted and rearranged the papers on her desk—she wouldn't start a fresh story until tomorrow. She went into the room that she shared with John and made the beds, smoothing the sheets until they were free of wrinkles. Going to the back of the hall, she peered into the maid's room with its adjoining bath and wondered why flighty girls preferred neighborhood movies to maple furniture and green tiles. She hoped that the new maid didn't smoke cigarettes. The last one had burned the bureau.

Morning became noon, noon crept into the lap of afternoon, afternoon became late afternoon, and Sara—with the house in apple-pie order—stood in the window and waited for the local taxi which would transport the new maid from the station to the house. John came to stand beside her, and together they

watched the sunset gild hills and trees with a warm impermanent glory. And then the taxi came rattling down the road and stopped at the gate, and a woman, slim, with bent shoulders, stepped onto the gravel path. Sara murmured, "She looks tired already. And she's young."

It was John who warned, "Don't be too hasty!"

The driver had hopped down from his seat. He was lifting out suitcases and something else with wheels. Sara gasped, "That looks like a go-cart! And there's a high chair, too!" And then, leaning into the depths of the cab, the woman herself lifted out something that was wrapped in a pink blanket.

A small procession started up the gravel path. The driver carrying the suitcases—the go-cart and the high chair still stood by the gate—the woman following him with the pink bundle in her arms. Sara, her mouth and eyes triple O's, went swiftly toward the door and flung it open.

"We were expecting a maid," she called.

The taxi driver said, "This is her." He dropped the suitcases on the porch, and the woman took her place beside them. Sara didn't speak again until the go-cart and the high chair had been added to the group, but when John nudged her she found voice.

"Is that," she asked, pointing to the blanket-wrapped bundle, "a baby?"

The woman said, "Yes." She added in a desperate aside to the taxi driver, "Go quick!" and the driver made off down the path. And then, with the sunset making an unexpected halo behind her head, the woman spoke. "You mustn't blame the agency," she said. "Please—"

"They wrote," Sara accused, "that you were a widow."

The woman's young face was suddenly stark. "My husband was a soldier," she said. "He was killed in Britain by a German bomb; he never even saw the baby. I'm a swell cook—and the baby don't cry. I can wash clothes. I'm an elegant ironer—and the baby don't eat very much. I—" she faltered, "I couldn't take a job in a factory or an office. Not and neglect my baby—"

"There are day nurseries," Sara said defensively.

"Would you leave your baby in a day nursery when she's only eight months old?" the woman asked.

John explained, "My wife hasn't a baby," and the maid said, "There's no train out till tomorrow—I asked at the station. But I'll get you a fine dinner."

Sara drew back—there wasn't anything else she could do—and the woman crossed the threshold. John began to collect suitcases and go-cart and high chair. Sara pulled back a corner of the blanket and, with John at her elbow, looked into the sleeping baby's face.

It had the relaxed serenity and confidence of all young creatures asleep. It looked healthy, clean, well-cared-for. A curling tuft of tawny brown hair escaped from the knitted bonnet. The faint arched line of the eyebrows was rather wonderful, John thought, and the smooth plump cheeks exactly matched the pinkness of the blanket.

Sara said quickly, "I'll show you to the room where you'll sleep tonight, but there's only one bed—"

The woman said, "I'll make the baby a bed in the clothes basket."

And then they were on their way to the stairs, and John was following with the suitcases. The go-cart and high chair stayed in the front hall.

LEANING ACROSS the table, John whispered, "She told the truth about being able to cook. What's her name?"

Sara whispered back, "Mildred."

John said in his normal voice, "We can call her Millie for short."

"She's only staying," Sara reminded him, "overnight."

"I was forgetting the baby," John agreed. He added, "She's a darn easy baby to forget—not a peep out of her."

Sara nodded, "She's tired from the trip."

The swinging door from the kitchen was in motion. Mildred, wraithlike in grey, entered the room with a covered dish in her hands. "It's a soufflé," she said. "Chocolate."

She presented the covered dish to Sara—to John, who smacked his lips. "This is something like," said John. "Did you fix up the clothes basket for the baby?"

Millie said, "I tucked her in before I started dinner, and she—"

"This is such a good soufflé," interjected Sara smoothly, and Millie backed out of the room.

"I bet she'll hate going away," John said when the swinging door had ceased to quiver, and Sara murmured, "I've been thinking of Millie's husband, and I've decided that we should buy some extra Victory Bonds."

John said, "I was going to, anyway. Look, you were to pose for me this evening—remember? Your hands." "I'm ready," said Sara. "That is, as soon as we've finished dessert."

And so, the soufflé eaten, they wandered into the studio and John took his place at his drawing board. "I must make the hands convincing," he said.

Sara suggested, "I could be holding a pen."

John told her thoughtfully, "This afternoon I noticed how Millie was holding the baby. Her hands curved in a way—well, it was interesting. If you could hold a pillow and pretend it's a baby—"

"I never held a baby in my life," said Sara sharply, and John shrugged and went to work.

The next morning it rained cats and dogs. Sara, waking early, heard the beat of it against the window, and thought—"Not even the most heartless person in the world would send a woman and a baby into such a storm." Reaching across the space that separated their beds, she touched John's shoulder and he woke pleasantly. "So what?" he yawned.

Sara said, "It's raining. Millie and the baby will have to stay another day."

"So what?" repeated John. "That kid is certainly quiet—not a peep out of her."

"She's probably been saving up," said Sara grimly. "Listen!"

From down the hall came a strange gurgling sound, and John—his pyjamaed legs swinging over the side of the bed—gasped, "Good heavens! Strangulation!" He was halfway down the hall before Sara caught up with him.

AS THEY came close to the maid's room the gurgling sound increased, and there was a splashing sound with it. Sara, knocking on a creamy panel, scarcely knew what to expect. When Millie's voice called, "I can't come now!" she pushed open the door and saw past the room—its maple bed already made, its bureau top immaculate—a vista of green-tiled bathroom. It was from the bathroom that the sounds issued—the splashing, the gurgle. Millie, her sleeves rolled up, was kneeling beside the tub.

"I'm giving the baby her bath," she apologized, "that's why I couldn't come. She's slippery."

John said, "I never saw a baby take a bath," and

Can Help

The Red Cross finds a use for every willing pair of hands

keep homeworkers supplied with material, on request. The response was enthusiastic; letters and phone calls poured in. As the "visiting list" grew, extra drivers were needed, and now there are six or seven who work in businesslike shifts every day of the week, no matter what the weather.

HOMeworkERS look forward to these visits with keen interest, as in many cases the calls are one of their few contacts with the outside world. The work they turn in is "tops." They make the tricky types of clothing such as reversible coats, or mine-sweeper mitts which have to be lined and interlined and can't deviate one iota from the pattern. There are men on the lists, too—a retired minister recovering from a nervous breakdown, who has mastered a power machine and turns out piles of pyjamas and shirts and trousers for British war victims; a 75-year-old knitter whose turtle-neck sweaters and scarves are now keeping many of our lads cosy.

This winter, as the war reaches a crescendo, every one of us must get in there and fight in one capacity or another. For those who have their full vigor and are without family ties, there are the munitions assembly lines; for those who can set aside a definite time each week, there are canteens and Red Cross meetings; but for those who are tied down to their houses, war work can be delivered in a great big bundle. In other words, if you can't get to the job, the Red Cross will bring the job to you.



Men have skill, too — some with knitting needles, others with the power machines. Here is A. W. West, an expert at running up any type of garment. Partially crippled, he is happy to find an important war job that can be done at home. His wife is employed in a munitions plant. Several older men have donated their time and services to the Toronto Red Cross homeworkers' project — one, a retired minister, has helped himself recover from a nervous breakdown through this work.



Four young daughters keep Mrs. R. Locke tied at home, but in spite of all the family sewing and housework, she finds an hour or two a day to work on layettes for British babies and Red Cross hospital supplies. Three of the girls, Lorraine, Lily and Lois, are learning to help mother at her work table.



Full-time jobs in offices still leave these young women enough energy to tackle a pile of sewing several times a week. From left: Miss Lois Kinsella, Mrs. Knechtel, Misses Vera Nairn, Greta Martin, Elsie and Norma Goltz, Nellie Brown. This group has made some 200 garments for the Red Cross overseas bales.



It's a partnership of age and youth. Mrs. Harry Walker is bringing up her motherless grandson, Frank, but she's helping to win the war, too, in her own way. At her machine she turns out reversible tailored coats, pyjamas for our fighting men.



Volunteer drivers setting out for their regular visits to Toronto Red Cross homeworkers. Mrs. David Marshall, left, with a pile of cut-out coats ready to be sewn; Mrs. Robin Kindersley, Mrs. Hopson, and Mrs. Kenneth Carter, the convener for this delivery and pick-up service.



Three busy women who find time for Red Cross sewing at the end of the day's occupation. Miss Edith Anderson, centre, arranges fresh work, while Dr. Marita Burnet works the machine, and Miss Jean Simpson finishes a garment.

Everyone

By ANNE WILLIAMS

ARE YOU one of those women who say, "All my neighbors are up to their ears in war work, and here am I stuck in the house and not able to get to any of our Red Cross meetings. I feel such a slacker, but what can I do?"

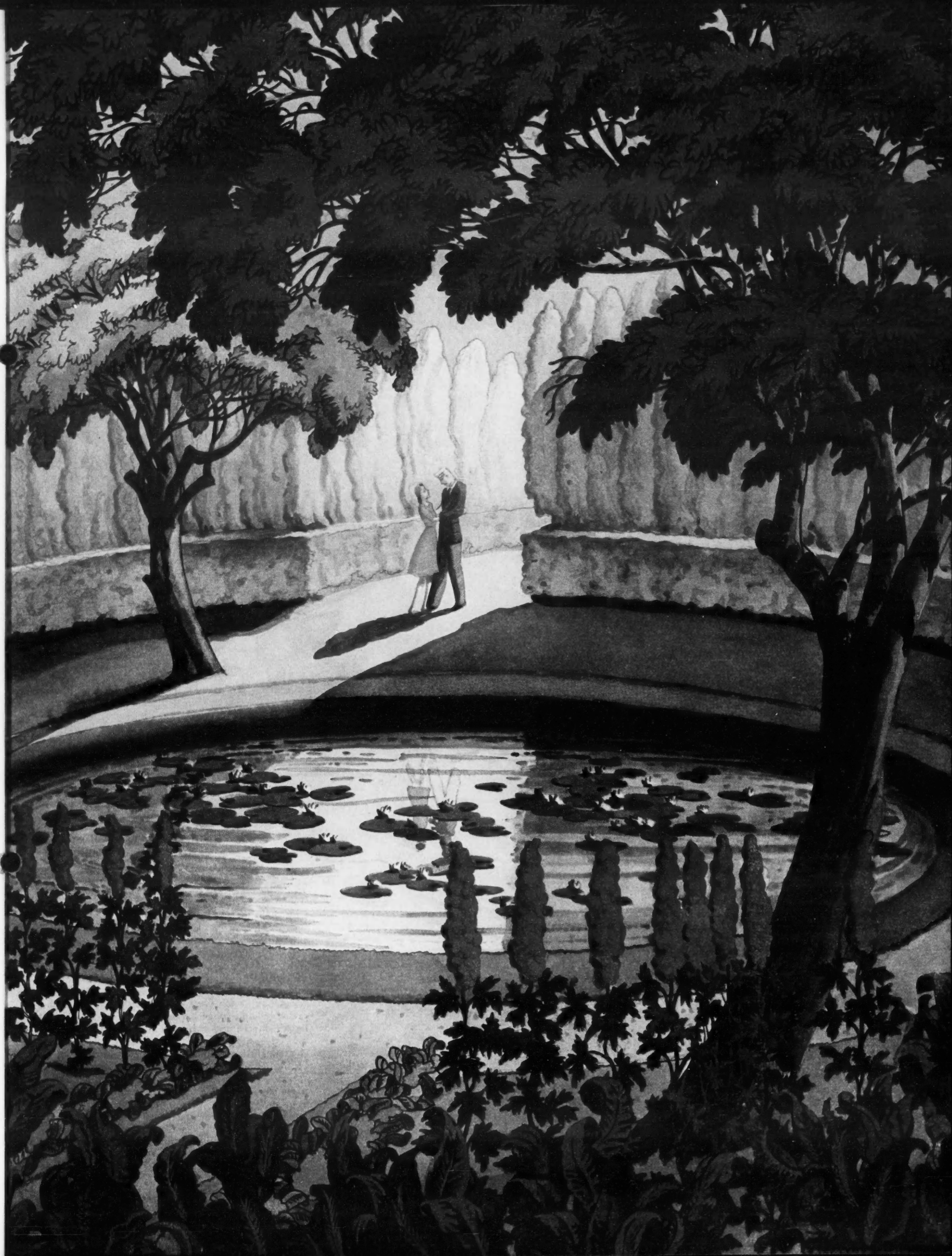
If that's the way you feel, this little story is for you. It's about the delivery and pick-up service of the Toronto Branch, Red Cross—and there's an idea here which can easily be "sold" to any local branch or group anywhere across the country. This new service makes use of volunteers who are eager to do their share of war work, but who are tied down to their houses, perhaps because of physical handicaps, or children too young to be left alone, or other reasons.

Two years ago, Mrs. Kenneth Carter, a keen Red Cross worker, had to give up her war work temporarily and engage in that old game of care-and-feeding of an infant. Mrs. Carter found there were many odd minutes and even hours of the day when she could do sewing for the Red Cross—if only she could arrange to do it in her own home, because it just wasn't possible to get out to meetings. How many women, she wondered, were in the same position—able and willing to do their share, if only the material could be brought to them? Why not arrange to have volunteer drivers deliver the goods?

When Mrs. Carter was back on the job again, she put her plan before the Toronto Red Cross. Messages by radio and newspaper were broadcast to the effect that a new delivery system would



Dozens of nighties for blitzed British orphans are turned out by Mrs. L. Merriman, shown here with her little granddaughter, Lily. Home-bound workers say they feel a new sense of kinship through Red Cross visits and contacts, even though there are no meetings or social get-togethers. Recently one of these, living alone, heard news from her driver of another homemaker who was in financial difficulties and forced to give up her house. Result: They now live happily together.



In the Country

By VELIA ERCOLE

Illustrated by Lawrence Smith

AFTER the walk Judith had gone upstairs to wash her hands, stained from gathering the great armful of snowy blackthorn which now, in a tall white jar, illumined a dark corner of the hall. When she went to her mirror to do her hair, she saw that two lacy sprays of blossom were still caught in the curls above her ears, where Hugo had fixed them.

She took them out gently and laid them in a crystal tray, thinking it almost incredible that a man should not know how a woman felt, even when he was holding her between his hands, as Hugo had held her, while he affixed the blossoms. She had almost fainted with the violence of her feeling, and any man, any man surely, would have heard the thundering of her heart then. But not Hugo. He had laughed and patted her shoulder. "There you are now," he had said. "Queen of the May." After a while she had been able to pull herself together and had gone farther down the field to where he was standing, his face alight, absorbed, as he encouraged the terrier, scratching and whimpering at a rabbit hole. How many times she had stood quietly beside Hugo, waiting, watching his dark face, a child's, a boy's, a man's, alight with interest in something other than her, absorbed and forgetful of her. So she had stood this time, finding that what did not seem possible to bear, could be borne well enough.

They had walked as far as Sheriff's Copse, that strange crown of dark firs, on the summit of a lush treeless hill. It was always dark and quiet under the gaunt tall trees in the wood. Not a blade of grass grew on the stony ground, and no birds nested there.

"Do you remember how we used to frighten ourselves in this wood?" Judith had asked.

Hugo had his head bent forward, listening, in the silence and the gloom.

"I can feel it now. Nothing has changed here. Nothing. It is all just as I left it, and I did not think that possible. When you've seen destruction and change and violent strangeness as almost—well, a permanent order, you lose belief in changelessness. To find everything exactly as it was two years ago is a surprise. Especially—he had waved a thin brown hand—"as it looks so fragile."

She had understood what he meant. She always did. From the top of the hill the valley did look like that. Fragile. The lace-work of spring and the pastels painted by the plow had a delicacy in the clear afternoon light; so delicate it looked that one felt a shadow over the sun would annihilate it utterly. Yet it was persistent and immutable.

He said, "And you are part of it. I wanted you to be here. I'm glad you didn't have to leave here to find your war job." Tender, affectionate, he had given her a gentle little blow on the neck with his closed fist. "You haven't changed either. You haven't even grown up."

"I grew up long ago." She was twenty-three now, but she had a childish look.

"I hadn't noticed it."

"No," she said. "I thought you hadn't."

He had laughed at her. "I remember that too. The way you stick your nose in the air when you're offended."

What was the use?

FROM HER bedroom window now she could see him lounging in the low basket chair, talking to her mother. He had left off his uniform and, in grey flannels and

his old tweed coat, his long legs outstretched, he looked so exactly as he had looked a thousand times that, in a curious way, she felt nothing really had changed and that these two years of his absence might never have been; two years of wondering, day and night, what he was doing. Libya, Greece, Crete were once again only names of far-off places, and surely her agonized imaginings had been the brief fever of nightmare.

Suddenly, at something her mother said, he threw back his head and laughed, and at her high window Judith was shaken by a very storm of love, so that her slender body quivered and her mind was one fierce will that this moment should be frozen in time, and he be forever there. Even though out of her reach, he would be there most dearly before her eyes, and though she could not possess him, nothing and no one else would possess him.

The tinkle of an old clock struck the hour and mocked her, and she turned quickly from the window. Time, far from standing still, rushed on with the speed of light. It seemed but a moment since he had arrived yesterday, and tomorrow morning he would be gone. Heaven knew when he would come again. This visit—as well admit it—had been a careless afterthought for his own convenience.

Months ago he had been invalidated home from Egypt to take up a staff appointment, and in all that time, though he had answered her letters, thanked her mother for the invitation to visit them, he had not come. Then, carelessly, the letter had arrived, stating that he had some business to attend to in connection with his house, taken over early in the war as a hostel for evacuees—his land adjoined theirs—and could they put him up for the week end?

Only three days to dream of his coming, when weeks, months, would not have been time enough for Judith to savor her infinite joy. And now the visit was nearing its end. The shadows were spreading their mesh over the lawn under the beech trees.

She turned back to her dressing table and ran a comb through her hair, which was cut very short, so that she looked like a curly-headed boy. Her head was beautiful, and her eyes were set widely under a deep brow. Sometimes, when she was excited, her eyes were starry, a vivid blue, and her wide mouth would grow very red, becoming slightly chapped as if a fever burned her. Pain or joy, an intensity of feeling, beautified her, but she had learned to repress this natural excitement. The great secret of her life had made her secretive about many things. "Wooden-face," Hugo would call her sometimes.

As she looked in the mirror now she said to herself, "Why should he care? I'm dull. In these times I'm not interesting to be with, or to look at. I've got a figure like a boy, and no clothes. I've never known anything about clothes." She tucked her short-sleeved sweater into her skirt, and pulled her belt a notch tighter. There was nothing to be done, except hide it from him, now and forever, Amen. Some day she would be old, and stop caring.

She wrinkled her nose at a last look at herself. "Nordic type. That is the most anyone can say."

AS SHE was going downstairs she met the housemaid coming up, and she stopped, on the lower landing, in some surprise. The young girl stood in direct, harsh sunlight and that she was ill, or suffering, was shown

plainly on her face which was a pale, unhealthy color. Her eyes looked washed-out, protruding from dark encircling stains. She muttered:

"I was going to my room," then stood with an odd, taut patience, waiting for Judith to release her.

"But I thought you'd gone out, Connie. It's your Sunday afternoon off."

Connie did not lift her eyes. "I went for a walk. But it's hot. I got tired."

Judith would have passed on. She was kind, considerate and friendly to the servants, but adopting her mother's attitude, she did not interfere with them or pry into their personal concerns. Now, however, she was affected by some quality in the girl's pose, as if the young body were brittle and would be shattered by movement. A kind of physical apprehension was conveyed to her, a reluctance to move which is sometimes the expression of a bewildered mind. She said gently:

"Connie, I've noticed that you've often been tired lately. Aren't you well?"

"I do my work," the girl said with quick sullenness. "I'm all right."

"Of course, you do your work. I don't mean that at all. But you're not well. Look at you—on a glorious day like this, moping indoors."

"I might go out this evening," Connie said defensively.

Judith smiled. "I don't want to make you go, Connie," she said. "You can please yourself what you do with your time off, of course. But I don't like to see you looking so peaky. Is anything worrying you? You get on with cook, don't you? You're happy enough here?"

"I suppose so," Connie said, and her tone made Judith ask:

"Is that the trouble? Do you want a change?"

"No'm. Now I've registered I s'pose I'll be called up soon. That'll be change enough." The dull eyes, contemplating this strange unimaginable future, did not lose their bewilderment.

Judith sighed. "Yes, I suppose you will soon have to go, now you're eighteen." Thank goodness, the cook, Mrs. Pauly, was over fifty. "Well," she added briskly, "all the more reason for you to take good care of yourself now, so you will be strong and healthy."

She stopped speaking abruptly. The girl's face was dyed by a slow difficult wave of red, as if her heart's blood were being poured into her pale cheeks, and from this dark fire of shame her eyes stared out, the color in them dwindled to pinpoints of anguish.

For a while both girls stood silent in the hot, hard sunlight which poured through the window. Then haltingly, with great difficulty, Judith said:

"Connie . . . if there is anything wrong . . . you know, my mother and I . . . you could tell us, and we would help you if we could."

Connie did not lift her head. She said obstinately, "There's nothing. I'm all right. I get a bit tired."

Why should she tell me? Judith thought. I could not tell her anything, strip

✦ Continued on page 18

Judy ran down the bank to the lily pool. She didn't hear Hugo coming across the grass, or know he was there, until he called her name.



His KIND OF CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP!

Rich chicken stock—lots of noodles—pieces of chicken
—it's *Campbell's* Chicken Noodle Soup!

Ladle out a plate of it brim-full and set it down all steaming and glistening before him. Don't go away—watch a minute. Watch the welcome spread over his face as he gets a glance and a whiff of what's coming. See the eager way he inches up closer to the table and puts his spoon to work.

You can't fool a man about his soup. He knows when it's the way he likes it.

This one is. Campbell's take care of that the way they make it. They get the right rich chicken taste in the broth the only way a good cook ever could

—with lots of chicken and slow, slow simmering till every drop takes up the taste of chicken. They give the soup substance for man-scale appetites with a heaping measure of egg noodles, tender-cooked, delicious. And pieces of chicken to tickle his taste.

Show your man this picture. Better still, act it out for him tomorrow night at supper. Watching him polish it off down to the last gleaming noodle and tender piece of chicken you'll know right away why, for a long time now, Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup has been—

**GROWING FASTER IN POPULARITY
THAN ANY OTHER SOUP IN CANADA**

MADE IN CAMPBELL'S MODERN CANADIAN KITCHENS



My sturdy arms and nimble feet
Are helping build a mighty fleet!

HOW MANY HAVE YOU TRIED?

Asparagus • Beef • Bouillon • Celery • Chicken with Rice • Chicken Gumbo • Chicken Noodle • Consommé • Cream of Mushroom • Kidney • Mock Turtle • Ox Tail • Pepper Pot • Scotch Broth • Tomato • Vegetable • Vegetable-Beef • Vegetarian Vegetable

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

HOW TO SPEND A PLEASANT Evening at Home



THE DISHES could wait, Mrs. Appleton decided, while she finished the interesting article, "How To Spend a Pleasant Evening at Home," which she had started just before dinner. The magazine was waiting with the page folded back, and she settled down comfortably beside the reading lamp.

"Get acquainted with your house," she read. "As you know, the modern house is a small industrial unit by itself. But do you know how it works? Do you understand the elements that bring light, power, communication and comfort into your home? . . . Could you, for instance, repair the radio or the electric washing machine if it broke down and no help was available? It isn't nearly so terrifying a mystery as you imagine. In these days, plenty of women are discovering the sheer fun of mechanics . . ."

Mrs. Appleton turned back to the first page and photograph of the writer, Cora Ann Wiltshire. It was a dark, alert, firmly modelled face, and it impressed Mrs. Appleton, who was rather indeterminate in feature and coloring, and, she sometimes suspected, in personality. She turned back and went on reading.

"Get acquainted with your husband. Really acquainted. You know his habits and his moods, but are you equally at home in his world of ideas? Does he always take the front section of the newspaper with its fascinating stories of news, sports, markets and world events, while you are satisfied with the syndicated articles and home recipes in the second section?"

Mrs. Appleton winced, feeling a little as though Cora Ann Wiltshire had rolled up the magazine and hit her playfully but smartly over the head with it. She skipped to the next paragraph.

"Get acquainted with your family. Families are fun. And in these years especially, the home should be a gathering place, even a jolly sort of club, where the young people love to congregate . . . It needn't be noisy or nerve-racking. Reading aloud, if the book is wisely selected, is a wonderful means of producing the spirit of quiet conviviality. How long is it, for instance, since you have read 'Alice in Wonderland,' the beloved classic dear to both sexes and all ages?"

That would be nice, thought Mrs. Appleton; they would really have to try it. She got up and went over



BY MARY LOWREY ROSS
Illustrated by Nancy Caudle

to the bookcase, and there, sure enough, was "Alice," tucked away on a lower shelf. She put it on top of the bookcase where it would be handy, and then went back to her article.

"The family singsong may be old-fashioned, but there is no better way to bring the family together informally into a happy harmonious group. Some of our dearest memories go back to the days when we gathered with Mother and Father about the piano, each eager to select his own favorite from the volume of familiar classics."

WELL, THAT certainly was true, thought Mrs. Appleton, closing the magazine and going out into the kitchen. She and Mr. Appleton had always loved singing and had spent many happy hours practicing duets in the old days. Only the children themselves

didn't seem to care about music. She had done everything she could. She hadn't nagged them into practicing, she had simply taught them little songs, bought really good records, and then left them to make their own discoveries in the world of music. And what did their discoveries amount to? she thought grimly. "Deep in the Heart of Texas" and "Jingle, Jangle, Jingle."

She put the dishpan in the sink, and then noticed that the hot water faucet was dripping as usual. Fix it myself, she thought suddenly. It was quite simple; she had often watched Mr. Appleton do it. She found a fresh washer and the wrench and unscrewed the handle of the tap. It came off with no trouble at all. Now turn off the water, she thought, and went happily down cellar.

Only where did you turn it off? There seemed to be an astonishing number of taps around the furnace, and there were more taps leading off from it. She turned the nearest one, and hurried upstairs. The water was still pouring out of the faucet. She went down cellar again and turned another, with no better result. She was on her way to the kitchen for the third time when Mr.

Appleton came in from the garage. "Where you going with that monkey wrench?" he asked.

"I was just fixing the washer on the hot water tap," she said, and Mr. Appleton laughed. "Here, give it here," he said, and went down and turned off the water and was back in the kitchen and had it fixed in a jiffy. "Anything else you want, just ask," he said.

"Thanks," Mrs. Appleton said rather shortly. It was all right for Cora Ann Wiltshire to talk, she probably hadn't a husband to interfere. (She turned on the faucet and turned it off again. It worked perfectly.) "That kind of woman hardly ever does," she thought, and felt her pride oddly restored.

She finished the dishes and went into the living room. Foster was busy as usual constructing an airplane model, Shirley Ann was bent over her new manicure set, and Mr. Appleton was reading the paper. He handed her the second section. "Thanks," Mrs. Appleton said again, with an irony that he missed. She sat holding it in her lap. Then she said, "What are you reading?"

He looked surprised. + Continued on page 24

her mother and Hugo under the beech tree. Hugo called to her:

"What on earth have you been doing? Did you forget you had a guest? Such manners."

She regarded him contemplatively. "You're as much of a bully as you ever were, aren't you? I've been doing my hair."

"All that time? Well, it looks the same to me."

"I suppose it does," Judith said, in her quiet, tender and composed voice. "Unfortunately I'm not one of those women possessed of infinite variety."

Hugo looked at her, for a moment of stillness, then grinned:

"Hark at her," he said. "Mrs. Blake, am I being put in my place?"

The elderly lady put down her knitting and smiled:

"You may feel sure, Hugo, that the place in which Judith puts you is a very flattering one."

Judith's cry was voiceless, but words ached in her throat: "Don't, mother! Don't say anything which might help him to guess. If you know, and I suppose you must know, help me to hide it from him."

She said lightly, "Mother, he's conceited enough. He knows I always thought he was wonderful. He used to take advantage of it. He was a horrible little boy."

"And you don't think I'm wonderful now?" Hugo teased.

"I'm disappointed. I've got a medal too. Doesn't that dazzle you?"

"We have soldiers in the neighborhood from time to time," Judith said. "The clash of their medals as they walk up and down is deafening." She closed her eyes until they were slits of blue and stared into the setting sun. She wondered how she could change the subject.

"So," Hugo said. Then with genuine curiosity under his mockery: "That's nice for you."

"Nice," Judith agreed.

Hugo knocked out his pipe. "You know this war is kinder to remote districts than the last war. Defense in depth and ack-ack batteries must make a lot of difference to the life of the village maidens." He turned to Mrs. Blake and said, "Does she mean anyone in particular? Is there someone I should know about?"

My lord, he is good-looking, Judith thought. For me there could never be anyone who did not look as he does. I would always be comparing. I always have compared. Even now, when he is too thin. And that scar on his cheekbone. That was a shock, because I remembered him so exactly, and the scar was not there. Now it's part of him. I like it. His eyes seem farther back in his head . . .

She stared at the sun again, squinting so that fine cobwebs of gold and silver netted her gaze.

"You'll have to ask her that yourself,

Hugo," Mrs. Blake said, in exactly the right way, so that Hugo exclaimed:

"Holding out on me! Judith . . . is it someone local who comes on leaves? Someone I know? I can't remember your past."

THERE WAS a little silence. His face was uplifted to her, teasing, smiling. A finger of shadow crept out and held her small brogueed foot.

"So you won't talk? All the same, I don't advise a soldier. Sheer waste. An agriculturist for you, now you've become a land girl. You can do his job for him. That's the kind of wife a man wants. Send the little woman out on the plow when you want a day off."

"What nonsense you talk, Hugo!" Mrs. Blake did not look at Judith. She knew that the slender body would be stiff as a blade. Unbreakable, thank heaven.

Judith closed her eyes against the sun. When she opened them they were a blinding starry blue. Help came to her then, on the very edge of her self-control. She saw her sister's child, a small girl, on a fat pony, come through the open gateway of the drive.

"Here's Rosemary, mother. Back safe and sound."

Mrs. Blake looked up and frowned.

"They should not have let her come back alone. I expressly asked . . ."

She began to fold her knitting. The grandchild had ridden to a friend's home some miles away for a week end.

"She is perfectly safe, mother. You fuss too much."

Hugo got up from his chair. "I want to see Brenda's kid," he said. "She sits her horse well, at any rate."

"She won't remember you," Judith said, falling into step beside him. "She was quite shy with Brenda for a while when she came last time."

"It would make more sense if you were in London working and Brenda had stayed here and looked after the child and driven a tractor for old Nesbitt."

"Oh, no!" Judith said. "Brenda is splendid at her job. And I . . . Why, it's perfect. I love the farm work, and it's practically on my own doorstep. If I had had to leave this place . . . well, I can't imagine myself doing anything worth while anywhere else. Have you forgotten I'm the fretting type? Do you remember the night before I went to boarding school?"

Hugo looked at her blankly.

"In the cherry-tree walk at your house. You came down and saw me, and I refused to budge. I said I was going to live there forever. You were a big shot then, in your first long pants, and you said I was a disgusting, silly little fool of a cry-baby and to quick-march home."

Hugo smiled down at her, memory brightening his eyes. "And so you

VALUES

By MARGARET BLAIR

3

If I were you,
I'd be a YOU the world would
quickly know.
I'd use your wondrous beauty to
great ends:
Your clever mind would grasp a
nation's task.
Your live young body urgent in
affairs:
Your lovely voice would charm
great statesmen's ears:
And you'd be sought by all, ac-
claimed by all and loved by all.

And yet I somehow feel
That you, subduing beauty, think-
ing simple thoughts.
Bending your vitality to things of
every day.
Singing to self, or to a favored few,
And loved by one,
Have found the true success—
The meaning and the essence of
this mystery called Life—
Which I, exploiting all your gifts,
Would have passed by.

Good Taste

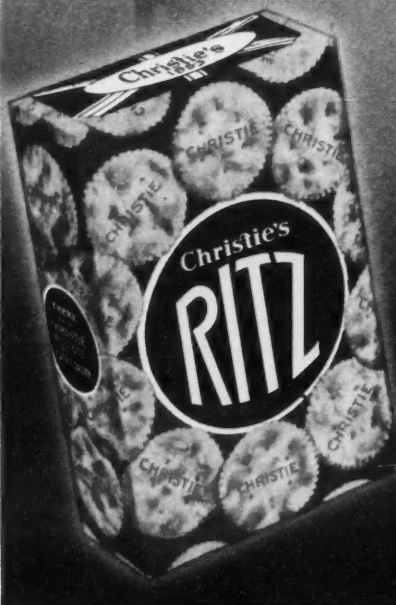


"Oh, yes!
I always stop at
the **RITZ**"



SCENES like this are repeated every day in thousands of food shops. For Christie's Ritz is a favorite with everybody . . . bound to please both family and guests. Keep plenty of Christie's Ritz on hand for entertaining . . . to perk up everyday menus. Serve Ritz with soups and appetizers, salads, spreads and beverages. Ritz is always

crisp and tempting, because Christie's special baking process seals in freshness and flavor. Ask for Christie's Ritz by name at your grocer's. In sealed moisture-proof packages only . . . not sold in bulk.



REMEMBER ---
THERE'S A CHRISTIE BISCUIT
FOR EVERY TASTE

In the Country :: Continued from page 15

myself for her understanding. She could not help me, and she believes I could not help her. What is the use of telling people things when they cannot help. In the end you have to go through everything alone.

She said helplessly:

"Well, if you walk down to the village to your aunt tonight, would you like to stay? To take tomorrow off? The major will be leaving after breakfast and I will be at home. We can manage without you, if you'd like a little rest."

"Yes. I might do that," Connie said. Graciousness could not be expected from

anyone so deep in unhappiness. Even the briefest human intercourse was supremely difficult; you were cut off from your kind; you spoke a foreign language, groping for each word. Judith knew that. She said: "Very well, then. I'll tell Mrs. Paully."

Judith went down to the kitchen, even though Hugo was awaiting her on the lawn, and the few remaining hours of his visit were racing to a close, because these people and the concerns of her household were, after all, her real life. Hugo, and her long, secret love for him, were things apart, a dream, if a never-ending dream. Although Hugo now was with her in the

flesh, it was but for a moment no true reality, and soon his visit would be only part of the dream. It did not occur to her to turn aside, to break the rhythm of her actual life, even for this moment.

MRS. PAULLY was preparing the Sunday night supper at the wide kitchen table. She was piling salads in a flat dish: the light green of young lettuce, deep crimson beetroot, a drift of shredded carrot, cold, creamy sea kale with jade tips. The colors and the pattern pleased her, and she was singing to herself.

Judith said, "I'm letting Connie go to her aunt for a day or two. Will it be all right, Mrs. Paully? I don't go back to work until Thursday."

A tribal guardedness made the cook's face expressionless.

"I can manage," she said.

"Mrs. Paully . . ." Judith hesitated, but the cook had been with them for a long time. "I met her just now. She looked ill and says she is tired. Do you know what is the matter with her?"

"Well, she hasn't told me anything. I have my opinion." Realizing that there was no hostility, Mrs. Paully relaxed.

"I—I thought she looked as if . . ." Judith found it difficult to go on, and Mrs. Paully interrupted briskly:

"None of us knowing, it's not fair to say, is it, Miss Judith? But don't you worry your head. I see that she eats well and rests. But help can't be given until

help's asked for, can it? And Connie's not soft, like you'd think. She'll come out on the right side, if trying can get her there."

"Then you do think . . ."

"Well, one's free to think. She's told me nothing, nor nobody in the village."

"Oh, dear," Judith was not shocked by what, after all, was not a phenomenon in village life. But the girl's desperate unhappiness moved her. "Perhaps we're wrong," she said hopefully, but the cook shrugged her broad shoulders.

"Daniels has been courting her, hasn't he?" Judith asked.

Mrs. Paully began to whip mayonnaise. "It's nothing to do with Daniels. He'd take her to church tomorrow, if she'd go, no matter what she's done. It's one of the soldiers who was billeted at Mill Farm in the winter. I'm pretty sure of that. He was always here after her, and since they were moved to Tipton he still comes. It's easy enough for those boys to lorry-jump only fifteen miles across country. That's what's the matter with her now. She expected him today, and she had a letter yesterday saying his leave was off as he was on a draft to go first thing Monday.

She did let out that much . . . I suppose in the shock of him going right away from these parts. But she snapped my head off after and wouldn't say any more."

Judith remained silent for some time, considering this. Then she said, deeply pitying:

"There seems to be nothing one can do, then. If it is no one in the village. It's a shame! Leaving her and being moved safely out of trouble."

"Oh, he wasn't so bad," Mrs. Paully said. "No real harm in him. No good either, if you know what I mean. A handsome boy, always laughing. He had a way with him. But he liked Connie all right. It's my belief that if he hadn't been moved, it would have turned out different. But with men like that, and being in the Army, it's easy come, easy go. Connie went fair mad about him."

"Well, we'll just have to hope she gets over it, poor little thing. And with Daniels, if he feels as you say he does . . ."

"I don't think she'll look at him. She's always kept herself to herself, Connie has. She was never one for the boys until this one came along. But if she takes it hard, we can't do anything. If she won't own up, she won't. You can't get anything out of her."

THE SHADOWS were longer on the lawn when she walked across it to join

CERTAIN PERSONS OF MY ACQUAINTANCE

By JEAN PAUL TALBOT

I Spendthrift

She tosses pence of merriment to folk who know its dearth: and spends a wealth of gaiety in silver coins of mirth.

She treasures golden coins of time— not lightly, these, to spend— then gathers lavish handfuls up to squander on a friend.

She looks upon a needy world with understanding eyes, while in the loving heart of her are minted fresh supplies.

II The Sensitive Soul

One must walk as still as mice round each jaundiced prejudice treasured by his kind: one must walk as if on eggs— very wearying to the legs, maddening to the mind.

“Cupid’s Darts will get you” says Deb ... “Try my Woodbury Facial Cocktail”



MISS *Dorothy Shapard*

She's one of the loveliest of New Orleans debutantes. She says:

“When the boys in service come home on leave, I want to look as pretty as I can. So I bank on a Woodbury Facial Cocktail to bring clear freshness to my skin.”

Wonderfully gentle is the creamy lather of Woodbury Facial Soap. Thank fine oils ... thank a costly ingredient which makes Woodbury Soap extra mild. Try this deb's beauty recipe, below. Win' enchanting loveliness for *your* complexion.



1. While sorting books for soldiers, Dorothy recently confided her beauty secret to Cholly Knickerbocker, society reporter. “I’m a Woodbury Facial Cocktail fan. A quick skin-cleansing with Woodbury Soap is the easiest way to a clear, soft complexion.



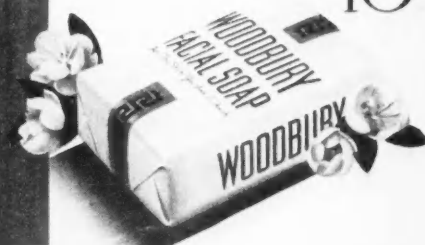
2. “My beauty cleansing takes two minutes. I make a creamy lather with Woodbury and warm water. Apply it to my face, up to the hairline. Massage it in. Next, rinse with icy water, then again. Woodbury’s rich cocktail lather is like nectar to my skin!”



3. Lovely as a rose in bud, Dorothy has that winning charm, “The Skin You Love to Touch.” Try Woodbury Facial Soap today. Use only Woodbury, the true skin soap, for every skin need. So pure, so fragrant. Exquisitely mild for your complexion.

FOR THE SKIN
YOU LOVE TO TOUCH

10¢



Back Up Your Fighting Man
— Buy Victory Bonds

(MADE IN CANADA)



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KEEP FIT

YOUR FAMILY NEEDS A NOURISHING BREAKFAST

Health authorities agree that whole grain cereals are an essential "protective" food in peacetime or wartime. Nabisco Shredded Wheat is a whole grain cereal,—100% whole wheat, in which all the bran, minerals and wheat germ are retained. For general fitness, keep well nourished. Let your family enjoy Nabisco Shredded Wheat with milk at breakfast every day.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD.
NIAGARA FALLS CANADA



were," he said. "A mad sort of a kid, always getting stewed up and having your feelings hurt and going dumb. But I said you could have Cleopatra for your first term."

"And wouldn't you have howled if I had taken her!"

"She was a most lovable rat, wasn't she? Judith . . . you've unlocked a crowd of memories. I've been out and about ever since I arrived, yet I have seen so little. The cherry blossom is out now, but I did not go down there this morning when I was at the house. Somehow I was impatient to get away. Can you understand that? I was reluctant to come back here at all, knowing I cannot stay. It makes one sentimental. And until all this show is over . . . well, what's the use of talking? But perhaps we could go to the cherry garden after supper? Would your mother mind?"

"We can go," Judith said.

His eyes darted restlessly, his thin febrile body moved in an impatient way. Whatever his initial reluctance, he was eagerly receptive now, open to memories and impressions.

"There is not time to see half I want to see."

"Can't you stay longer? You have a week's leave, haven't you?"

"Yes. But I cannot stay. Thank you. I must get the morning train. I—there is something rather important waiting me in town."

THE FLOWERING cherry trees were planted on green banks either side of a path. The path wound like a milky ribbon of river, in this light. Now, they had been there so long, they could hardly distinguish the shape of the blossom; its arch over their heads was color and scent without form, and above it the night sky darkened. Between the slender grey trees were drifts of daffodils and narcissi, thousands and thousands of delicate perfumed blooms to make a pale pattern in the green.

It was so quiet. Judith could hear the beating of her heart. Hugo had been holding her arm as they walked up and down. Now he felt her sway against him, and he said, softly because they had been silent for some time and it seemed that sound would harshly tear the blossomed tapestry which the wind moved:

"You're tired. I've walked you off your feet today. I forgot this was your holiday and you were going to spend it sitting still."

She said nothing, and suddenly he picked her up and carried her the few steps back to the bank. He put her down among the flowers and crushed from them a wave of perfume.

"You're as scrawny as ever. You weigh nothing. How can you do a day's farm work?"

"Hugo, why do you talk so much? If you can't say anything better than that?"

"I want to talk. Sorry my line is no good. You've got above yourself, haven't you? Are you making comparisons?"

"What?"

"Do you walk under my cherry trees with that soldier you were talking about?"

She thought she knew every tone of his voice, every shade of meaning of his words. But she could not tell now. Judith stared up at him. He was bending over her. He said:

"You look quite a different person in

this light. A sort of pale interesting blob. I can't tell where your hair leaves off and daffodils begin."

She felt his warm breath on her face. She thought he was laughing, but she did not know. She did not know anything. She was drugged, almost mindless.

"How long is it since I kissed you, Judith? It must be years. I remember you did not kiss me when I went to the wars. Everyone else did. I was very hurt."

His hand was on her hair. He was thrusting it back from the pallor of her face. A fraction of movement would bring her body against his and her lips on his mouth. But all her life she had waited. She still waited. After a while she felt his fingers gently untwined from her hair.

"The same old Judy," he said. "Keeps herself to herself, she does. And quite right too. Tell me about this soldier."

He stretched out beside her and stared at the ceiling of blossom. Somewhere in the hidden trees a bird's note sounded, high, prolonged, then was silenced suddenly as ecstasy died in a feathered throat.

"I'll swap confidences," Hugo said. "I'm thinking of getting married myself. Do you remember Christine Lovel?"

The automaton, the second self, born years ago and disciplined through a hundred lesser agonies, replied after a while for Judith:

"Yes. I thought she'd gone away."

"She was in Cairo staying with friends when war broke out, and she stayed on. I met her again there and we . . . well, we found we liked each other a lot. But she's been back in England for some time. She came back to divorce Tubby and she's free now. Or will be tomorrow. So—I intend to pay court."

The silence was so prolonged that Hugo laughed, a little nettled. "Well, aren't you going to wish me luck?"

"I do. You know I do. But the men who've loved Christine haven't been very lucky, have they?"

Hugo fell into one of his quick angers. "You're another who believes all those rotten yarns about Christine. She's different, she's not commonplace . . . so people tear her to bits. But I know her. Out there she was . . . well, I found her wonderful. And a good many others did, besides me."

Judith's voice was faint, as if she were dying.

"So you might, Hugo. You told me you'd come to look on destruction and change as a permanent order. Christine should suit you admirably."

"If anyone but you had said that, Judy, I'd treat them as they deserved. But I'm going to tell you a few things you don't know. I'll tell you what I know about Christine." He raised himself on his elbow. She knew how his face would look, dark and vehement, and angry.

She lay quite still. She thought: I did not know until now that I must have hoped all the time. All these years I must have hoped, lying to myself.

When she went to her room that night she did not expect to sleep, but she was exhausted and after a while she fell, as into an abyss, into dark depths of sleep and she was hard to rouse. The child stood in the darkness beside her bed, frozen with fear, calling over and over again:

"Aunt Judy, wake up. Aunt Judy, wake up . . ."

Love the Navy



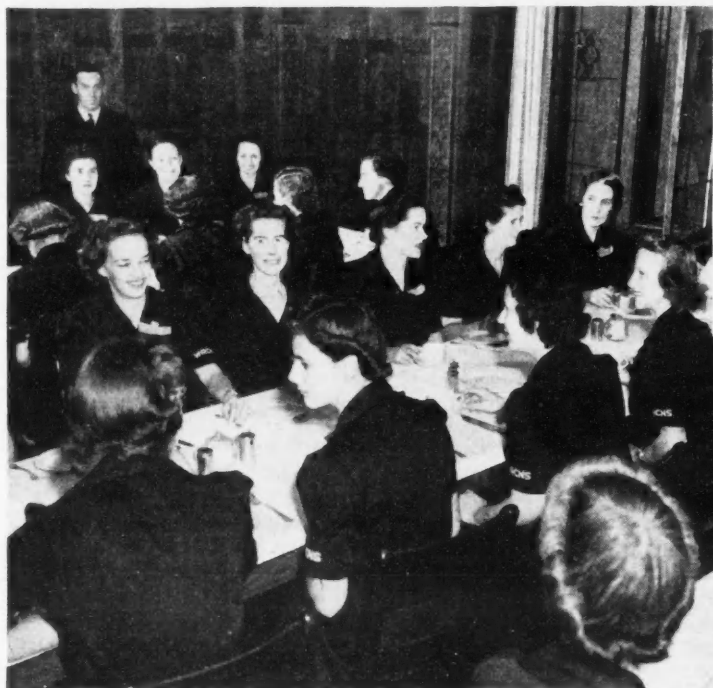
■ The initial Wren training class at Kingsmill, Ottawa, returning from a route march one sunny autumn morning. Women between 18 and 45 years of age, "of highest character," are being accepted



■ Second Officer (Mrs.) Doris Taylor, one of the British Wrens on loan to Canada, was born in this country.



■ At stated hours the crew of the training ship Kingsmill splits into working parties to take over domestic duties. Dishwashing, for instance. Fitted blue smocks are worn by the girls when "aboard."



■ Time for victuals in the mess deck at Kingsmill. Canadian Wrens like these, in increasing numbers month by month, will replace naval personnel in shore establishments, releasing men for active service at sea.



■ In the lecture-room they learn the mysteries of naval tradition and procedure, prepare for specific duties. An enlisted Wren accepts the decision of the Service as to the particular work she will engage in.

the meantime, at Kingsmill, the Wrens in training wear fitted navy smocks with armbands.

THE SUN is low to portside when the Navy gals hop out of their iron double-decker beds. At eight o'clock, breakfast over, all the Wrens troop outside for the hoisting of their own ensign—the colors of the Royal Navy. After that, there's a muster for inspection and prayers. They divide into two groups for inspection by the two Second Officers: Doris Taylor, a Canadian who joined the Wrens in England, and Elizabeth Sturdee. They see that the polish is off the nails and on the shoes! But Wrens are allowed a bit of make-up, so long as it isn't conspicuous. Their hair must be neat and clear of their collars.

After inspection there's a session of p.t. and drill;

for this the girls go "ashore," i.e., across the street to Stadacona Park. Next comes classroom work, with lectures on naval tradition and procedure, and special attention to the work the Wrens will take over at Canadian naval bases and headquarters across the Dominion.

At midmorning it's time for "requestment." "In the Navy the term is 'requestment and defaulters,'" said Miss Isherwood, "but we have no defaulters on this ship, so instead of appearing before me for judgment, the girls usually come to ask for late leaves."

So far no Wren has had to be put "in the brig." The most serious crime has been overstaying late leaves—which in naval parlance is known as "being adrift," and to date every Wren adrift has had an adequate excuse.

"WOULD YOU like to see round the ship?" asked the Commanding Officer. We climbed the stairway (not the companionway) to the "middle deck." The sleeping-quarters looked like bedrooms, but to the occupants they're cabins. The Navy lasses are one up on the girls of the other services—they can leave their beds made up, as at home, instead of folding blankets into squared piles. Good-sized mirrors, ample chests and chintz curtains made the rooms attractive.

"Yes, we're a happy ship," said the commanding officer when I started ashore. "They're good shipmates, all of them. And they'll do just as good and enthusiastic a job for the Canadian Navy as our Wrens at home have done for the British service."

It was a jolt to get outside and find green grass instead of blue sea around me. +

all the Nice Girls

By MARGARET ECKER



The distinctive tricorne of the British Wrens has been adopted by the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service. Here a new officer adjusts her hat before going "ashore" from Kingsmill, the training ship in Ottawa's residential district.



You'd better be ready to say "Ma'm" when you see a lady in this outfit. The braid on the sleeves denotes Chief Officer rank — equivalent to Commander in the Royal Canadian Navy.

WHEN is a ship not a ship? When it's Kingsmill—the training school for the Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service, attached to the parent ship, H.M.C.S. *Bytown*. Canada's nautical girls won't be required to go down to the sea in ships, but they're finding their sea legs in a shipshape substitute.

An uninitiated visitor hardly expects a sea voyage in the middle of Ottawa's sombre residential district—but there you are, or rather, there I was. To a mere landlubber like me, Kingsmill looked like a nice mellow pseudo-Elizabethan house. There wasn't even a brass knocker on which you could polish your way to ruler of the King's Navee.

But "Come aboard," said the girl who answered the door. "The Chief Officer will see you in a few minutes. Will you wait in the wardroom?"

The wardroom was up a wide flight of stairs. The furnishings were soft green and rose, there was a bowl of flowers on the table, a box of chocolates on the sideboard. The room, part lounge, part living room, had all the graciousness that makes the officers' wardroom aboard ship a nice place to be invited to.

A girl in a blue smock, with "W.R.C.N.S." on an armband, had started to set the table in the dining room when Chief Officer Dorothy Isherwood came in. She's now the captain of Kingsmill (her rank corresponding to that of Commander), and on loan from the British Wrens to establish a women's naval service in Canada. She came over some months ago with Superintendent Joan Carpenter, whose rank equals that of naval captain.

Canadian girls make good Wrens, Miss Isherwood told me. "And I'll hate to leave them when I go home." The girl setting the table, she went on, was an example of a good Canadian Wren in the making. A healthy, capable-looking young woman, she came over to us when the Chief Officer called "Ireland." As a civilian she was Joan Lindsay Ireland, from North Vancouver; she used to work in a drugstore and lunch counter, and in her off-hours watched the wartime bustle in Pacific Coast shipyards. When enlistments opened for the Wrens, it was natural that she should be among the first to volunteer. At Kingsmill she was not only acquiring her basic training but also learning to be a wardroom attendant, equivalent of an officers' steward. A naval petty officers' steward is teaching the tricks of the trade to a beginners' class.



In summer, Wren ratings and officers will look like this, reading from left to right. Both costumes are in the same shade of Wren blue; ratings wear one-piece dress with black tie.

Ireland is a probationer Wren, along with the sixty-seven others of the initial class. After graduation, many of these will go to Galt as instructors in the new Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service school. Others will take further specialized training. Some will get their commissions, because officers are needed to staff this new organization, but in future it will take more than a month's training at Kingsmill to rise above a rating or petty officer.

Any time now you'll be seeing the smart navy blue uniform, the distinctive tricorne hat with navy crest in Wren blue, the simple jacket and gored skirt. In

Three hundred Wren trainees and administrative officers will be accommodated aboard these "ships" — formerly the Ontario Training School for Girls at Galt. This establishment will serve as the main training centre for Canadian Wrens.

Royal Canadian Navy Photographs



she sang, taking the last note easily an octave high while Mr. Appleton sang a fine pianissimo in the bass. Then he said sharply, "What's so funny?"

"You and Mom," Foster said giggling, "Gee, you sounded funny."

Mrs. Appleton felt herself flushing uncomfortably. She said quickly, "Let's sing something the children know. How about 'The Maple Leaf Forever'?"

"Oh, gee, that cheesy old thing," Foster said.

"It's one of your national songs," Mr. Appleton said sternly. "Don't ever let me hear you—"

"But gosh, what do we have to sing for anyway?" Foster protested.

"Because your mother wants you to," Mr. Appleton. Mrs. Appleton set her lips and played the introduction. "The may-pull leaf, our em-blem dear . . ."

("Sing!" Mr. Appleton said fiercely.) She bent a little closer trying to read the words and music at the same time. Funny how one never could seem to remember the words. "Deedle-dee-dee-dee, doodle-doo-dee-doo," sang Foster, and then growing bolder, "Ow-yow-yow-yow-owie YOW!"

They went through with it, Foster finishing on a derisive falsetto, an octave high. There was a tense silence, then Mr. Appleton said menacingly, "You go to bed."

Foster hung back, defiant but a little scared. "But gee, you asked us to sing."

"You heard me," Mr. Appleton said, his voice rising. "Now beat it!"

HE WENT out and upstairs, kicking the steps at every tread. Mrs. Appleton shut the Volume of Treasured Songs, shut the piano, closed her lips in a tight hard line. After all, it hadn't been necessary to make an ugly scene.

"Now maybe I can have a minute's peace," said Mr. Appleton, and went back to his paper.

Silence descended and brooded. Then Foster called excitedly from upstairs. "Mom, Dad. My room's leaking."

Mr. Appleton sprang up and Mrs. Appleton followed him. Foster sat on the side of the bed holding his shoe. "Gee, is it ever a mess," he said happily.

Water was trickling down the sides of the room and forming a growing pool on the floor. "It's the overflow tank," shouted Mr. Appleton and rushed for the cellar.

"Gee, Flash Gordon!" Foster said.

"Get yourself undressed," Mrs. Appleton said sternly, and went down for the pail and mop.

On the stairway coming up, she collided with Mr. Appleton. "Give that kid a good lathering," he was muttering. She followed him quickly upstairs. "Didn't I tell you never to monkey with those taps round the furnace?" he was shouting.

"I never did!" Foster said indignantly, "I never touched the old taps."

"I turned it on," Mrs. Appleton said, and dropped on her knees to mop.

"You turned it on. What the Sam Hill—"

"I was fixing the washer," Mrs. Appleton said, mopping and wringing.

"Well, of all the—what did you want to monkey with the washer for in the first place?"

She went on silently mopping. There was no use trying to explain to him in his present mood that she had merely been trying to get acquainted with her own home. "This house has gone crazy," Mr. Appleton declared, and stormed downstairs. Foster, awed at last, got into his pyjamas and crawled into bed. She finished the mopping, kissed him good night without even enquiring if he had cleaned his teeth, and went downstairs, keyed for battle.

Mr. Appleton was bending over the radio. He looked up with a sheepish placating grin. "The kid's room needed papering anyway," he said. "I never thought much of roses and dickeybirds for a boy's room."

AND SUDDENLY Mrs. Appleton found herself smiling, in one of those quick reversals of emotion that married people know. She was thinking how much she loved him with his childish tempers and his shamefaced withdrawals. At moments like this, she loved him as much for the one as for the other. "It was all my fault anyway," she said.

He brightened with relief, and turning to the Lem and Zeke program, sat back in his chair. Lem's—or was it Zeke's—voice wheezed cheerfully into the room, and Mr. Appleton relaxed in the city man's indulgent enjoyment of rustic humor. And at that moment Mrs. Appleton felt the room invaded by another presence, the brisk admonishing presence of Cora Ann Wiltshire . . . "Do you turn to the same old program night after night? Do you ever experiment with your radio, discovering delightful little programs in unsuspected quarters of the air? Haunting string quartets, enlightened commentaries, sparkling reviews—"

"Ah, phooey!" Mrs. Appleton said aloud.

He looked up, bristling instantly. "What's the matter with Lem and Zeke?"

"Nothing. I didn't mean Lem and Zeke," Mrs. Appleton said quickly. "Go ahead. I enjoy it."

But what she enjoyed was the sight of Mr. Appleton, whom she loved, simply enjoying himself in his own way. There wasn't any purer enjoyment, she was thinking, in the whole world. After all, Cora Ann Wiltshire, with all her smartness, had never thought of that one. +



"SMALL THINGS, BUT . . ."

WASNT it one of the Biblical prophets who admonished us to "despise not the day of small things"? Here are some examples of how little savings can be made regularly, and directed to War Stamps and certificates.

When you walk downtown, put the price of the car ticket saved into your secret cache. When the newsboy hasn't an evening paper left, remember to transfer the pennies you didn't use from your purse to the box marked "War Stamps." Before rationing, you probably bought twice as much sugar and tea and coffee as at present; you're helping Canada save important supplies, so why not go the whole way and save the money for your country too? Put the cost of that vanished pound or so into your War Stamp box each week. — Contributed by Pearl R. Scammell.

". . . THEY ADD UP."



"That's plenty, Jeanie...now watch how fast it makes our bathtub shine!"

A few "shakes" of Bon Ami . . . a light rubbing . . . and bathtubs shine with cleanliness. For Bon Ami polishes and cleans at the same time. That's why it makes short work of bathtub rings and dust and dirt. Why it's always a special favorite with busy mothers.

And here's something else you'll like about Bon Ami: It's a really safe cleanser. Free from coarse, scratchy grit and strong alkalis. That means Bon Ami doesn't scar and dull porcelain, making it hard to clean. Instead, it really helps keep things smooth, shiny, and new looking.



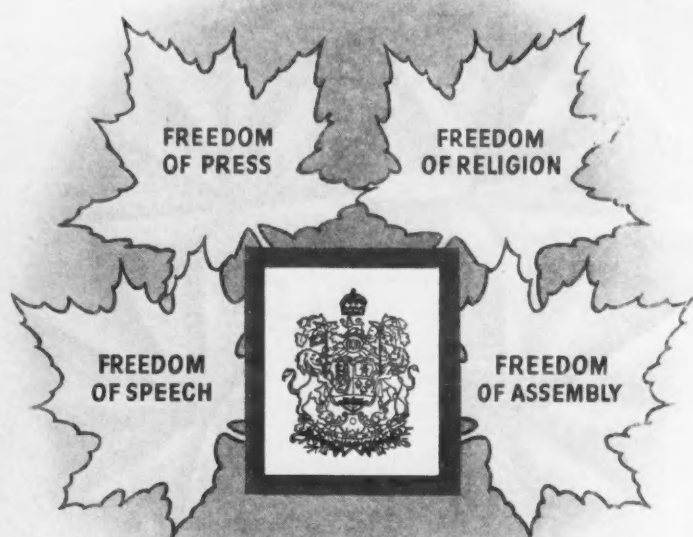
"FOR CLEANING WINDOWS, YOU CAN'T BEAT BON AMI CAKE"

Fingermarks, sticky spots and grime vanish completely when you use Bon Ami Cake. It leaves glass polished crystal-clear, without a trace of oily, dust-catching film!

Bon Ami
polishes as it cleans!



MADE IN CANADA



To these Four Freedoms ... add another

RANKING in importance with these freedoms is another that we on this continent have added . . . Freedom to Plan One's Own Future.

Nowhere on earth is a man so free to plan his own future as he is in this country. Of all the world's life insurance, 70% is owned in Canada and the United States where men, women, and children enjoy to the fullest the right to pursue happiness and security in their own way.

This right is not something that just happens to be in the air we breathe. Men had to fight to wrest it from the forces of oppression.

Today, these forces are at work against us again. They have thrust upon us a fight that requires more on our part than the will to win. Victory requires tanks and planes and guns and battleships, huge armies, munition plants, and all other implements of total war.

To build enough of these things, fast enough, takes money—unheard-of sums of money. And Canada needs that money right now . . . today!

Your life insurance companies, through investment in Government Bonds, are helping to fill the war chest. You also can help by buying the New Victory Bonds. Every Bond you can buy is urgently needed to help defend you and your family.

Nothing Matters Now but Victory

Buy the NEW VICTORY BONDS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office New York

Canadian Head Office Ottawa

How to Spend a Pleasant Evening at Home :: Continued from page 16

"Why, the paper of course."
"Why not read it aloud?" Mrs. Appleton said brightly.

His look of surprise deepened. Then he said "Okay" and began reading. "Walters held forth alone till the twelfth when he walked Peewee Reese and Wyatt sacrificed. Then Left Shous was summoned to the mound. John Rizzo batted for Dixie Walker and popped up, but Arky Vaughan followed with a sharp single to right and Reese scored, though Vaughan was thrown out trying to stretch his blow to a two-bagger—"

"Goodness!" said Mrs. Appleton.
"What's goodness about it?" Mr. Appleton asked.

"I meant, goodness I forgot to turn off the jacket heater again." Mrs. Appleton said, and hurried out.

"You might try reading the gas meter, you're so fond of reading," Mr. Appleton said gaily.

SHE TURNED off the jacket heater and, coming back into the room, sat down once more with the second section in her lap. And after a moment she said resolutely, "I've just been thinking, dear, wouldn't it be nice if we did more reading aloud in the evening? I mean something we could all enjoy."

Mr. Appleton looked at her over the top of his paper. "Like what?" he asked suspiciously.

"Well, like, say, 'Alice in Wonderland,'" Mrs. Appleton said, and going over to the bookcase brought back the copy of "Alice" and laid it on the arm of his chair. "The children would love it."

Mr. Appleton laid down his paper reluctantly, and picking up "Alice," began to read. He wasn't, she had to admit, a gifted reader. He hurried and stumbled, obviously anxious to get through with it and return to the mysterious activities of Peewee and Lefty and Arky.

"Alice was beginning to be very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank and of having nothing to do," he mumbled. "Once or twice she had a peep into the book her sister was reading but it had no pictures or conversation in it—"

"You can get a smart model for a dollar," Foster said suddenly, "with a two-and-a-half-foot wing spread."

"Hush, dear, your father's reading," Mrs. Appleton said.

"Yes, but he don't read so you can understand him," Foster said.

"He *doesn't* read so you can understand him," Mrs. Appleton corrected automatically.

"Who don't—doesn't—read so you can understand him?" Mr. Appleton demanded, stung.

Mrs. Appleton hesitated. "Couldn't you just put a little more expression in it, dear?" she said.

He looked indignant. Then he grinned. "And what's the *good* of a book without pictures or conversation," he read, in the dreadful mincing tone of an adult imitating a small child. He was simply making a silly exhibition of himself, Mrs. Appleton thought indignantly. . . . "Oh, dear, Oh, dear, I shall be late!" he squeaked, and twitched his nose pretending to be the White Rabbit.

Foster and Shirley Ann giggled delightedly. "Well, of course, if you're

going to make a silly joke of it," Mrs. Appleton said so coldly that, catching her eye, he reverted to an indistinguishable monotone. "In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world—"

"Mom, why can't I paint my nails for school?" Shirley Ann interrupted suddenly. "Shirley Butler's mother lets her."

"Because I don't like it," Mrs. Appleton said shortly. She didn't like Shirley Butler's mother either, she was thinking, or Shirley Butler herself. She didn't even like the name Shirley any more. But how was she to know when she named the child Shirley twelve years ago that every second mother in the country was to have the same idea? "Darling, wouldn't you like to call yourself just Ann for a change?" she asked. "It's such a nice simple name."

"Listen, am I supposed to be reading aloud," Mr. Appleton broke in, "or what is this?"

"I don't like Ann," Shirley Ann said. "Look, Mom, why don't you like it? I mean painting my nails? Half the kids in our grade's mothers let them paint their nails."

MR. APPLETON closed "Alice" with a bang, and stalking over to the bookcase, thrust it back into place. The air was heavy with his offended silence. In desperation Mrs. Appleton picked up the second section and began reading the daily short story. The room was quiet for several minutes; then Foster got up. "Mom, can I run down to Skeet Munro's for a minute?"

"Certainly not," Mrs. Appleton said, "it's almost bedtime."

"Yes, but he's got my roller skates," Foster said. "He's had them ever since school."

"You can get them tomorrow," Mrs. Appleton said sharply. "It's just an excuse."

But an excuse for what? she thought the next moment. An excuse to get out of this charged and gloomy home atmosphere. But home shouldn't be like that. Home should be a happy meeting place filled with gentleness, laughter and music. She sighed. Then she got up. "I have an idea," she said with resolute brightness. "Let's all get around the piano and sing."

Foster and Shirley Ann stared blankly, first at their mother, then at each other. "What for?" Foster asked.

"Why, because it's fun," Mrs. Appleton replied, a little impatiently. Mr. Appleton, already ashamed of his outburst, got up and went over to the piano. "Come on," he said, "you heard your mother, didn't you?"

They came over, reluctant and abashed. Mrs. Appleton rummaged in the music cabinet and found her old Volume of Treasured Songs. She opened it at "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes," and sitting down at the piano, softly touched the keys. (Dusty, Didn't that woman ever *open* the piano?)

"Drink to me only with thine eyes," Mr. and Mrs. Appleton sang together. It had been a great favorite with them in the old days because it harmonized so easily. Once Mrs. Appleton thought she caught a faint giggle behind her, but she ignored it. . . . "Not of itself but thee,"



HOW TO LOOK different in an old outfit? That's the question you ask yourself these days, now that the winter season, with its many activities indoors and out, is upon us.

Accessories are often the answer, especially if you have one or two plain and simple dresses in dark or neutral colors. Add a bag and hat of Russian blue, or some mitts and a scarf of barn red or Tyrian purple—and we'll wager anything you like that the man you're out with remembers the color, not the darkness, and thinks it's all mint-fresh.

Take the accessories here in No. 4428. The hat is cut out in three sections and finished with a headband. The mittens are fashioned with elastic at the wrist for fit and may be saddle-stitched. For a smart effect, you could quilt the material for the hat, bag and mittens. And they would be fun to wear to parties as well as for general use. Our easy-to-follow patterns will help you turn out a very finished job.

Here are three new frocks, too, that use interesting trimming ideas for their high style notes. In No. 4447 a tie collar trims the neckline and dart seams introduce skirt fullness. The bodice gathers to forward shoulder seams and buttons to the waistline.

A pretty rounded collar trims the neckline of No. 4438; flaps button into place to look like pockets. The bodice front is fastened with a fly opening.

Quilting, smartest trimming trick this year, is used effectively on No. 4446 to give the pockets and collar an interesting look. The bodice is gathered to forward shoulder seams and the gored skirt joins the bodice at the natural waistline.

Pattern descriptions on page 35.

Give Your Old Dress a Lift with New Accessories

Practical Styles for Home Sewing



Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Pattern descriptions on page 35.

FASHION DESIGNERS are amazing people. Take this winter of 1942, for instance. War and taxes and regulations have cut deeply into the variety and quantitiveness of our clothes. So what do the designers do? They take less to work with and do more with it than we've seen in many a moon.

They give us, to be exact, such clever subtleties and unusual combinations, such intriguing new drapings and delightful design novelties that we wonder if this wasn't the thing we were aiming for all along.

Here, for example, are four highly desirable new numbers, designed in accordance with all the controlling factors of our fashions today. On the left is No. 4448, a simple little frock that has a new twist in the silhouette. The bodice yoke laps in front, and the bodice is top-stitched to the yoke. The skirt front forms a yoke and ruffles, and the side panels create a partial peplum effect. A grand design for mother and/or daughter. It would be smart in ginger brown with pale blue, or pine green with beige.

Then there's the feminine little model, No. 4449, which cries for velveteen or corduroy. The bodice front is cut in one with the slim-waisted yoke. The collar, trimmed with the material, is detachable, of course. Fuchsia or violet with grey accessories would be pretty spectacular. Or you might visualize it in black with white, that good old standby of winter wardrobes.

One of those smart wear-everywhere dresses is No. 4431. The back extends to form smooth shoulder yokes, and the neckline is collarless. The side closing is fastened with buttons. The skirt is gored. Heartbeat red or treasure brown would be a lovely choice here, to wear under your fur coat.

A smartly gored skirt features No. 4429, with its button-fastened side closing and bodice top-stitched to the pointed yoke. The neckline is collarless. This would be smart in one of the new plaids, or a soft flecked or checkered fabric.

BEAUTY CULTURE

A Department of Style, Health and Personality



Face Saving

by JEAN
ALEXANDER

One of Hollywood's most beautiful faces — Hedy Lamarr, currently starring in "White Cargo."

M.G.M.

SAVE AND CONSERVE—as it applies to your beauty routine—has a double meaning this season. It means getting the most out of your line-up of favorite cosmetics. And it also means that you protect and preserve your own good looks in the process.

Intelligent economy—of time, of effort, and of the actual lotions and creams and powders—is approved by everybody. But don't let's carry it to the point where nothing but a car-vanish job will save the outward appearances!

Slay with a look the rumor mongers who say there soon won't be enough creams and powders and lotions and lacquers to go round. There will be. Plenty. For this winter and next too, if we use them wisely. Which doesn't mean buying when we don't need to. Nor being extravagant with what we have. But we don't need to overemphasize that here. Women who have taken the restrictions of wartime living in their stride and are prepared for whatever else may come aren't

going to go off jumping hurdles in the beauty handicap!

But with cold weather waiting to pounce on us round the next tall office building, complexion care becomes more than ever important. It's essential, if we're going to keep skin soft, smooth, fine-textured. If we're going to survive, with good looks intact, the combined assault of chill winds without and overheated offices and homes within.

Maybe they won't be so overheated at that. And perhaps that's all to the good. Moderate temperatures were ever better for the skin than the bake-oven varieties to which we've become accustomed other winters. And walking to work, even when it's hard going, does wonders to step up circulation and bring out the roses in one's cheeks.

First thing we should all do, of course—come winter—is go in for that daily application of good rich protective cream. Some beauty houses are asking us to return empty cream jars, to be sterilized and replenished. So dig up your collection of odd jars when you

tidy your cupboard. Many of the beauty counters will buy 'em back (without a new purchase) at a few cents each, and give you the value in War Savings stamps.

One thing too many of us forget—protective creams, to be effective, don't need to be used lavishly. Some experts recommend a four-dot application of cream—forehead, cheeks, chin—then work it in smoothly over the whole face. Putting too much cream on the nose is apt to accentuate it beyond what most of us can stand. But we do, all of us, need a thorough cover-up for the skin, particularly in colder weather. You'll see, it prevents dirt and grime working into the pores, makes powder cling, and actually helps you keep your complexion clean and fresh.

Speaking of the cleansing process, if you're a soap-and-water girl, be sure to augment your simple cleansing ritual with a softening cream at night. You may find that you should go lighter on astringent preparations in cold weather, but, despite restrictions,

Rosalind Russell

describes her Complexion Care to you



*Here's how this Talented Screen Actress
helps Skin stay Smooth and Soft*

A FINE complexion is of first importance to a screen star. Rosalind Russell always uses Lux Toilet Soap for daily facial cleansing. She tells you how: "First smooth the creamy lather lightly in. Rinse with warm water, then with cool. Pat to dry with a soft towel." Lux Toilet Soap's Whipped Cream Lather does a thorough job. It carries away stale cosmetics, dirt, dust. See how this simple care the screen stars use leaves your skin fresh to look at... smooth and soft to touch!

To make sure of real daintiness — of sweet, appealing skin — make

A LEVER PRODUCT

Lux Toilet Soap your bath soap, too. Its luxurious Whipped Cream Lather has a fragrance you'll love — its perfume lingers lightly on your skin.



9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Beauty Brevities

WE'VE BEEN hearing so much about "protective foods" these past few months that it's small wonder the term "protective cosmetics" strikes a familiar chord. They're just what you'd imagine, too! Fundamental beauty aids which give a maximum of protection for face, hands, et cetera; those creams and lotions and suchlike which keep dust, dirt and grime at a respectful distance. They're the preparations approved by the girls in war industry—the hard-working volunteers at the canteen and the entertainment centre—the business women with big jobs to do. Have you got your supply?

☆☆

Wisecrackers have been taking a good-natured jibe at the manufacturers who admit their lipsticks don't do a thing for morale-building. They just make a woman look prettier!

☆☆

If you find yourself looking a little "wan and pale, fair lady"—why not try a spot of rouge to warm up that erstwhile pallid cheek? But don't take us literally. Rouge should be blended in evenly and naturally, never "spotted." Why use make-up if it simply shouts, "I looked so awful that I had to do something!" And anyhow, perhaps your new regime of walking-to-work is doing the trick. If it isn't, don't hesitate to brighten the corner where you are.

☆☆

There were a lot of pretty clean girls at one of our war plants the other week. Some well-meaning but not too efficient soul had issued a drum of soap—and it was used pure, instead of with the customary 10-days ageing in water solution. Net result, a soap which was just four times as strong as it need be. But it speaks well for the same that it did the hands of the users no harm at all!

☆☆

If you don't want a hair-cut, consider the benefits of a thinning. That's the advice of one of Canada's famous hair stylists. He says most women don't appreciate how much a thinning out will do to preserve the contour of the coiffure. Not to mention what it does to flyaway hats. They ride at anchor on the well-shaped hair-do.

☆☆

Operators in a leading beauty salon are still talking about the charming older woman who came in and had a thorough do-up, from the top of her silver head to the toes of her sensibly shod feet. She was afraid she hadn't been keeping herself up as she should. So she took a little holiday and had herself done over and up in the approved style.

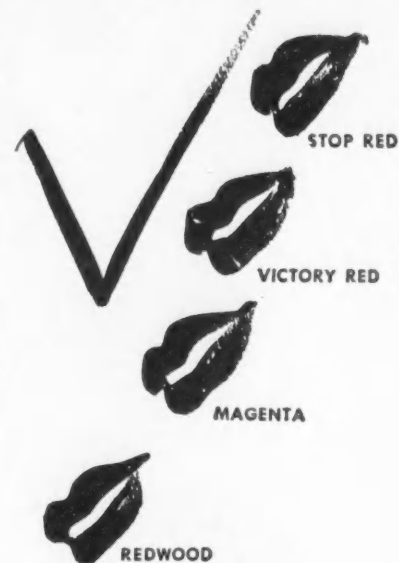
"If I have as much personality and charm as she has, I'll be a happy woman," exclaimed an admiring youngster who'd helped give the grandmother a perm and a facial!

☆☆

Have you tried the new wooden hairpins? The plastic curlers? Maybe your Aunt Hattie is momentarily concerned when she finds the kind of metal hair wavers she's used for fifty years suddenly gone from the notions counter. But she'll survive, and happily—once she's tried their successors with their nifty little plastic rolls and clips. +

Four shades till Victory

BY ELIZABETH ARDEN



Till victory, Elizabeth Arden will have four exquisite shades available in her famous lipsticks and refills. Four shades chosen to be the perfect basic colours for any costume you may wear. You will still be able to match your make-up to your costume . . . the Elizabeth Arden way.

Remember, it's patriotic to make your metal lipstick cases last. (Save metal and money essential to victory.) Buy Elizabeth Arden lipstick refills. Lipstick refills, 80c. Lipsticks, 1.60.

At Smartest
Shops in
Every Town.



Elizabeth Arden



Elizabeth Arden, in her desire to conserve materials for Canada's war industries, requests that Elizabeth Arden containers be returned to Elizabeth Arden counters. A nominal refund will be made.

FASHION SHORTS FROM NEW YORK

by Kay Murphy



Andre original, from Robert Simpson Co.

A coat for night and day, done in the long-life fur, Persian lamb.

War Workers need two types of clothing. First, overalls or slacks for daytime; second, off-duty fashions. The off-duty fashions are definitely turning away from the tailored types. When a gal's out from the factory she wants a pretty dress to go places and do things. So we're seeing dresses, using the amount of material allowed by the Government, but dressed up with sequins, spaghetti and loop self-trimming, colorful embroidery and "hunks" of novelty jewellery...

Older Women are now going to work for the first time in their lives—or coming back to work, after years in the home. These women are needed in stores, restaurants, offices. The kids get themselves war jobs where they can make big money; the older women take their places in non-war work where salaries are lower. These older women are demanding different types of clothing from the kind they needed before.

Young Maternity Fashions are getting an unprecedented play. There are more marriages and more births here now than ever in the country's history. Many of the young mothers-to-be (whose husbands are mostly in the services) keep on with their jobs as long as they can, and race back to them as quickly as they are able, leaving Junior with one of the Grandmas—unless she's gone back to work, too!

These young Ladies-in-Waiting will be darned if they'll wear a "Mother Hubbard" for four or five months! No, they want slack suits, if they're working in factories. So we have the maternity slack suits. They don't want "Butcher Boy" fashions in an office, so they wear a new maternity jumper that is not only non-revealing for several months, but may be worn equally well after the Blessed Event.

Hats, Gloves and Bags are taking on new importance. These are gay, colorful, novel. Many girls, after office hours, go on to a service canteen to do their bit or go to a hospital to do aid work (and there are still some internes left at the hospitals)—or maybe they are meeting Himself, home on furlough, for a fling about town. So their trim working dresses need a cerise hat with matching gloves (if the dress is black)—or orange turban and ditto bag if the dress is brown or black—to enliven the scenery. The soldiers and sailors like to tote a pretty gal around, and it's up to that lass to be snappily dressed.

Furlough Fashions is a term that is maybe much overworked, but golly, that's the best name we've found for 'em! These are gay young clothes—probably a dress with two or three rows of fringe, or a sequined bolero, or a tri-colored bodice on a dark dress. Anything that has a festive air is a "furlough" fashion.

Those Sudden Weddings can cause a lot of trouble, but they shouldn't really! One of our young girls, a delicious little blonde, came running into my office the other day and gasped, "Oh, Miss Murphy, what will I do? George is coming home for a five-day furlough tomorrow, and we are to be married at the Little Church Around the Corner at noon tomorrow and I haven't a thing to wear!" Sweets, I thought, with your looks and your love—for I knew "George"—you look wonderful in that \$1.98 blouse and \$2.95 skirt. But she had the right to be her most glamorous self "tomorrow at noon." Of course she was coming back to her job after the "five-days furlough," so why dig into her savings for a trousseau she wouldn't need until after the war? But she did have to own the

SOMETHING EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW...



Bad Breath is a romance-robber... a friends-loser... a success-stealer. For others always detect it before **YOU** do yourself. And it's such a common fault! Tests show...

76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. THAT'S WHY IT PAYS TO USE COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM



"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth... helps clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odours that cause much bad breath."

See how much brighter your teeth are?
Feel that penetrating foam refreshing your whole mouth?
And don't you enjoy Colgate's tangy flavour?
Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!



Loveliness

... BY DAY AND BY NIGHT

When you find a perfume as beautiful as Yardley's "Bond Street" blended with a powder as flawless as Yardley English



Complexion Powder, you have found a complexion miracle. For "Bond Street" is brilliance... creator of indelible memories. And English Complexion Powder is a perfect protector of that lovely, natural complexion admired wherever you find lovely women.



So subtly perfumed with "Bond Street", it is a powder that clings caressingly through the day-long round of life... "Bond Street"

Perfume is \$2.20 to \$11.50.

Yardley English Complexion

Powder is \$1.25 at all

good drug and department stores.

Yardley

ENGLISH COMPLEXION POWDER
and BOND STREET PERFUME

there are still many excellent skin-tonic aids on the market. One of the beauty manufacturers suggests the use of a tonic in conjunction with her daytime foundation. A few drops of one, a pat of the other, and you've an elegant mat finish which will last and last. (Mix the two in the palm of the hand before applying.)

There's real economy in buying large-size jars of cream—provided, of course, that you can trust yourself not to be too extravagant in application thereof. Just say to yourself, "This must last," and give it half a chance.

MANICURISTS HAVE been telling us that literally hundreds of women "gave their nails a rest" during the past summer. They kept them shaped and smoothed and threw in a few oil treatments for good measure, but merely buffed their nails to give them that well-cared-for appearance. If you're one of those who have been going polish-less for a few weeks, we'll wager you're right in there now with a right cheery shade of nail lacquer. The makers still have four shades apiece, which gives you plenty of scope. And the fundamental shades remaining have been chosen to go with and complement your own and your costume's coloring.

Incidentally, don't throw out that precious bottle of lacquer simply because it has become thick and gummy. Buy a bottle of thinner and your nail beauty a new lease on life.

If you've been using paste rouge, and it's all gone, you might try digging out the remainders of that worn-down lipstick and patting it into the empty case. And hang onto those metal containers! Refills are available in most brands. But if you don't trust yourself to get 'em in so they'll stay put, carry the lipstick holder back to the counter and have the salesgirl insert it. It's no good putting a new lip rouge on top of the remaining stump! It will only break off and roll under the dressing table at the most inconvenient moment.

There are a few tricks you might practice in the face-powder game, too. Don't overload your puff and wrap it in a hankie for its trip to work with you. It will only sift out and be wasted. A vanity case with a filter or screen, and loose powder, is the better arrangement, they say. But your puff must be clean to do a good powdering job. Puffs of cotton that can be thrown away, or inexpensive little pads (also disposable), are the solution to many a complexion problem. You can't have a clean skin if you rub dirt into it with every powder application. If you choose a powder which clings, it will save frequent re-doing; with a good foundation, you can be made up for the day by 8.30 a.m. Keep a box of cleansing petals or cleanse ing cream and/or lotion in your purse or desk drawer for quick pickups after a busy day.

DO YOU use an atomizer for your colognes and perfumes? We're told it's the most economical method. If you prefer the few-drops-in-the-palms, remember to cork the bottle firmly after use. Keeping scents in a dark cool place prolongs their life and keeps them at their best, too.

Use enough of your basic beauty aids to keep your attractiveness at par—plus! It's always easier to care for a thing when you have it, than to replace it. And that goes for the old epidermis.



Brown Orchid

fatally
feminine

• NEW! Dark and exotic as a jungle flower...
BROWN ORCHID!

Wear it and you'll have the gift of enchantment at every fingertip. A Peggy Sage nail shade so rich and deep your hands look exquisitely pale and feminine by contrast. A siren shade at night... a new note of dark tailored chic with daytime tweeds.

Get it at all departmental and better drug stores.

Peggy Sage



Always in his Heart

THE THRILL OF YOUR SOFT HANDS

MORE DELIGHTFUL GIRLS use Jergens than any other Lotion.

It's like professional care for helping to keep your hands young-looking, smooth and soft. Jergens Lotion benefits the skin as many successful doctors do—with 2 special skin-softening and smoothing ingredients. Regular use helps *prevent* harshness, roughness, chapping. Already chapped hands are soothed by the first application—when you use this effective Jergens Lotion.



As a Powder Base, Jergens Lotion is lovely. Holds your powder so smoothly; helps protect your face from the drying, chapping effect of the outdoors. Delicately fragrant; Jergens leaves no stickiness.



Save on Silk and Nylon Stockings by keeping your hands and ankles smooth, free from "catchy" places. It's easy with Jergens Lotion. If you're "stockingless," let Jergens help keep your legs smooth, free of chapping.



Elbows, Arms and Shoulders can be kept creamy-smooth, younger-looking. Apply Jergens just before slipping on your dress; it's never sticky. Smooth Jergens on your elbows every night at bedtime.

JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS



(MADE IN CANADA)

FLASH! Hollywood Stars—to help keep their hands lovely—choose this delightful, effective Jergens Lotion 7 to 1!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Girls working in **Airplane Factories** choose Jergens Lotion almost 3 to 1.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

BACK UP YOUR FIGHTING MAN — BUY VICTORY BONDS

"I may as well Work Overtime —I never Have a Date!"



Susie: "... so run along, Terry. Keep your date with dark and handsome! I'd just as soon stay and work as sit at home alone!"

Terry: "Susie! What a dull night life for a pretty girl! If I told you what dims your glamor—you'd have scads of dates!"



Susie: "An underarm odor girl — ME! Why, I bathe every day."
Terry: "But why expect your morning bath to last all day! I play safe, with Mum!"



"Pretty clothes and hair-dos don't mean much if underarm odor steals the show! Resolved: Each day it's a bath for past perspiration—Mum to guard the future!"



FOR THE
PRETTIEST,
NICEST GIRL
IN TOWN!

(TO HERSELF)
WHAT A BREAK
THAT I MET
MUM, BEFORE
I MET KEN!

MUM HAS the advantages popular girls want in a deodorant! *Speed!* Takes only 30 seconds. *Safety!* No risks to sensitive skin, even after underarm shaving; won't harm clothes. *Certainty!* Mum clinches bath freshness, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor for a whole day or evening. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist's today!

For Sanitary Napkins — Gentleness, safety, dependability—make Mum ideal for this important purpose, too.



MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION
Product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada

wedding dress—to show her grandchildren!

We held a conference from the president down and, say, did we fix Anne up to the queen's taste! The only thing we let her buy was her wedding dress—a soft blue crepe with a side drape. It looked like a \$100 on her (it really cost in the teens!). Then we checked over with the rest of the girls what Anne needed. We had a "Lend-Lease Party" for those five precious days! Being out of the glamour stage myself, my best contribution appeared to be some matching luggage, my pearls (oh, synthetic, of course, but they looked the McCoy) and a portable radio. Anne had very few things in her hope chest, but there were other hope chests in the office—so we made a list of the things she needed—for five days—and you should have seen the office the next morning! We had enough to outfit ten little Annes! My luggage looked very swanky—we packed up the trousseau with tissue paper (and rice!) and I was matron of honor at twelve noon! The whole office turned out and we gave a luncheon afterward in a near-by café, and Anne, now back with us, tells us George thinks it was the most marvellous wedding a couple of people ever had. (Both of them are orphans.) The only fly in the ointment was that I, trying to look my motherly best as I stood alongside the bride, forgot to take the pencil out from behind my ear! It stuck out like a spike beneath my little red "shenanigan" hat! If you know any girls who are "furlough brides-to-be" how about a "Lend-Lease" arrangement?

House-to-House-keeping is the coined phrase to describe young Army and Navy brides who, trying to be with their hubbies as long as possible, are here today and somewhere else tomorrow. Down here we give those girls "Trunk Showers" instead of the usual bridal showers. Things they can carry around with them easily, and help make a hall bedroom more like home. Square glass vases that pack easily—bedspreads and matching drapes—plump pillows—small unbreakable lamps, some with their own batteries in case she lands up where electricity is absent or else inconvenient. If we give lingerie, we choose the kind that washes easily and does not require ironing. Cotton "brunch coats" are great favorites with these brides, but they don't like them too fussy. They'll probably have to wash and iron them in the bathroom!

Purple is one of the most important fall colors at the moment, more in demand than the usual run on autumn reds and greens. We used to think of purple as an elderly color. But that has all been changed! Why, even the kids in high school are calling for purple dresses!

If it's **Corduroy**, it's smart! Because it's a warm substitute for wool we have all gone out for corduroy suits, skirts, jumpers, vests, and the younger element are appearing in knickers, just like brother's and a wide-legged shorty called the "pedal pusher!"

War Workers prefer two-piece slacks instead of one, but the gals had trouble keeping their blouses "down under." So now the new slack tops have

a detachable "crotch" which, when buttoned on, keeps the top part of the garment neatly in place.

Drawstring Slacks are another smart idea. The bottom of the leg has a concealed drawstring which you can pull tightly and the wind won't whistle up your limbs on a cold winter's day. Most of the new slacks for winter I'm seeing have this smart innovation.

Duration Clothes is the name of a new group of utility pieces designed to last for several seasons. These are mostly all in quilted wind- and water-resistant cotton poplin. There are coats, vests, "sweaters," jackets and skirts in the showing. Best in natural, with linings and touches of red. I liked these serviceable clothes because they are so practical yet so good-looking—and the quilting makes the cotton doubly warm.

Fur Hats are again in favor and many of them have little fur earlaps which tie quaintly at the top with a big bow, when not needed. But when Jack Frost gets busy, down come the laps over your little ears and the big bow looks equally nice under your chin!

Blouses have staged a great revival for the whole fall and winter season. Dressy types, to brighten up a suit if "He" comes up from camp unexpectedly are running to lace and embroidery. Bright flannelettes and rip-roaring plaids in heavy cotton or spun rayon add swagger and snugness to the scene.

The Chesterfield is the most popular coat of the moment. Made just like a man's, velvet collar and all, it is a very useful garment, may be worn with dressy or sports clothes and for evening as well (at least, I've seen several of them worn over the new short-skirted dinner dress).

One Of My Friends, whose husband is now in the Service, was sporting a very trim Chesterfield the other day. "Some coat," I commented. (Oh, I have no manners!) "Isn't it? It was Jim's (the husband). He paid \$95 for it last year, so I know he won't be needing it for a long time and the tailor remade it for me for \$10." More and more women are making use of their husbands' and brothers' civilian clothes—remaking them for their own needs. So expect a holler when the Jims come home. THEY will be the ones to moan: I haven't a thing to wear!

Vests are giving sleeveless sweaters a run for their money. Many girls are wearing them with skirts and slacks. These are good in velveteens, corduroys, quilted cottons or in tweeds. (Any men's vests hanging around?) Replace the backs with a bright color and line 'em with the same fabric and you'll be very V-Avenueish!

It's Going To Be A Cold Winter especially here in New York where most of us depend on oil burners for central heating. With oil supplies going to be cut at least 25 per cent, if not more, the gals are running about hunting warmer underwear, flannelette nighties (with matching bed socks) and footed pyjamas. So we'll all be back in our red flannels, if we're lucky enough to have some stored away!+

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



ARRID IS THE
LARGEST SELLING
DEODORANT

ARRID

39¢ a jar

(Also in 15¢ and 59¢ jars)

Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

WASH THAT TIRED, RED-EYED LOOK AWAY!

—IN SECONDS! Yes, you can soothe eyes that feel drawn and tingly from close work, glare, dust or late hours in a few seconds! Just drop 2 drops of EYE-GENE in each eye. Almost immediately comes a feeling of soothing relief. Glance in a mirror and you'll see that your eyes actually look rested, bright and clear, too!

EYE-GENE is an eye specialists' formula. No other lotion has the exclusive ingredient that makes it so effective in so short a time! Stainless. Inexpensive. At drug, department and 10¢ stores.



2 DROPS
CLEAR,
SOOTHE IN
SECONDS!

Seeing him off, she was able, mercifully, to concern herself with these little mechanics of transport. The old car was to be left in the market town for repairs long overdue, and she would take the bus on Wednesday and collect it.

"Now you're sure you understand, Hugo? Henry's on the corner. Not Neilson, where we used to go. If you leave it there, it won't be done for a month, and I'll curse you, instead of thanking you for doing me a favor."

"How competent you are, and how untrusting. My dear child, I've arranged for the repairs of a tank corps in deserts from which all but me had fled . . ."

Words were little stepping stones to safety. If one had enough of them, one would cross the dark water to solitude and silence. But he had seemed reluctant to go.

"I wish I could stay."

"You mustn't miss your appointment."

"No," he said. He looked around him. Sun drenched the drive, and birds sang wildly in the high hedge.

"It's been grand. Write to me, Judy."

"I often do."

"Well . . . keep it up. Good-by again . . ." He put the car in gear, and she watched him drive through the wide gates.

She went quickly back to the house and without giving herself time to think, descended to the kitchen to consult the cook about the day's meals.

"It's you who want some fussing over," Mrs. Pauly said with a sharp glance. "Instead of giving that Connie days off. She's well enough yet. You look very seedy. That farm work's unnatural, reared like you were."

"I didn't sleep well. Miss Rosemary had a fright during the night, and I had to get up to her."

"Well, take yourself off. I can manage Connie's work."

"No . . . no. I'll like doing it." She gathered brooms and dusters and started on the hall, but suddenly catching sight of her face in the mirror, she became afraid lest her mother should see her looking like that. Mrs. Blake always breakfasted in her room, but she would be down soon. Going to the top of the stairs, she called in an odd, unnatural voice:

"I will leave things for a while, Mrs. Pauly. My head is aching rather. I'm going down under the pond bank—if I'm wanted."

She did not wait for a reply but ran through the hall out the front door and across the lawns to the bank of the lily pond. Yew trees, with ivied trunks hid

+ Continued on page 56

This Finer, New Type Face Powder Makes Complexions

Years Younger



Give Your Complexion New Softness, New Smoothness with This New Type Face Powder



A transparent loveliness that lets *your* natural beauty come through. That is what you will find in this New Formula Three Flowers Face Powder . . . a powder that is lighter—finer in texture.

Three Flowers New Formula Face Powder lightens complexion cares . . . it doesn't streak or "cake" as it leaves its softness . . . the smoothness of youth . . . as a flattering veil to *your* natural beauty.

Three Flowers Face Powder clings longer . . . wears better. It's modern. It's created for girls who are busier than ever. Between war activities, welfare work, committee meetings and extra jobs, there just isn't time for those continual "powder-touchups".

FOR SALE AT ALL COSMETIC COUNTERS . . . 60¢ EACH



three flowers

Face Powder • Lipstick • Rouge

A CREATION OF RICHARD HUDNUT

Pattern Descriptions

No. 4418—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards of 39-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4431—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 29-inch or 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4429—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 29-inch or 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4419—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 16 requires 3 of 29-inch material and 3 1/2 of 3 1/2-inch lace for ruffle. Price, 20 cents.

No. 4417—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires 3 of 29-inch or 2 1/4 of 54-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4438—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 of 29-inch or 2 1/4 of 54-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4428—Sizes small, medium, large. Medium size accessory set requires 1 1/2 of 35-inch material for quilting and 3/4 of 35-inch for undermitten, or 1 1/2 of 39-inch material for plain hat, bag and mittens. Price, 25 cents.

No. 4416—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires 3 3/4 of 35-inch or 3 yards of 29-inch material. Price, 25 cents.

Wear Kayser
you owe it
to your audience

KAYSER

HOSIERY • GLOVES
UNDERWEAR



HE WOULD LOVE YOU BETTER IN A FRESHER SWEATER



Here's how to keep
your woolens

**DAINTY AND
NEW-LOOKING**

It's awful to be "left on the shelf." But that's what happens if a girl risks her daintiness by wearing a sweater too long.

Wool carries perspiration odor, you know; that is why you should dip sweaters frequently in Lux to keep them sweet and fresh. Regular dips in Lux help your nice sweaters to stay dainty and new-looking—protect your charm.



Dip your wooly
undies, too

Worn near your skin, wooly undies pick up perspiration odor. So play safe! Dip them often in Lux to keep them fresh.

**DIP
them often
in—
LUX**

A LEVER PRODUCT

In the Country

Continued from page 21

Judith put out her arm, and still in the mists of sleep gathered the thin childish form to her.

"What is it, darling? What's the matter?" She groped with her free hand and switched on the light. The child shut her eyes tight against the light. Her hands hung stiffly by her side.

"Sweetheart, tell me . . . are you sick?"

Her voice unnaturally calm, the child said:

"There are burglars in the bathroom and the dining room, Aunt Judy. They came a long time ago. I was afraid to get out of bed."

"Oh, darling!" Judith said. But she did not laugh. She held the rigid little body tighter for a comforting moment, then said:

"You've just heard some noise, Rosemary, sweet. Noises sound so different at night, in the dark. Supposing we go through the house and turn the lights on, and then you will see there is no one. Shall we?"

"Yes, please, Aunt Judy." The glassy look was leaving the child's eyes. Judith petted and kissed her, and at last fear went. She held Judith's hand tightly, but trotted by her side calmly enough on their tour of inspection. There was, as Judith expected, no sign of anyone's having been in the house. The dining room was shuttered, undisturbed, and smelled slightly stuffy. A dripping tap accounted for the noise in the bathroom.

"You see? Nobody." Judith said when they once more gained the upper landing. "You can go back to bed now. Do you feel quite safe?"

"Yes, Aunt Judith. They've gone now."

"Darling, there weren't any burglars!" But the child persisted obstinately. "There were some, Aunt Judy. I heard them come a long time ago. But they've gone now."

"They certainly have. And it's nearly daylight . . . Look." Thinking to reassure the child by the most effective of methods, she drew the blackout curtains and let in the pallid dawn. Then switching off the light, she watched the little girl return to her bedroom, safe now in the knowledge that night had passed.

"All right now?" she called, from the doorway of the darkened nursery and receiving assurance, she turned to find Hugo coming from his room.

SHE MOVED to meet him, a ghostly little shape in the dim light.

"What goes on?" he said. "People have been prowling up and down. Is someone ill?"

"Don't talk so loudly," she said, "you'll wake mother."

He came nearer until his shoulder was touching hers.

"Well, why are you all wandering about? I thought your mother might have had one of her attacks."

"Rosemary and I were looking to see that there were no burglars."

He gave a little snort of derision. "Do you usually have burglars? I didn't get to sleep for hours, then the mice started thumping in the wainscot, and when they stop you begin a burglar hunt. Is



**"Don't say
you can't have
hair like mine!"**

Form the Danderine habit now. Every day before arranging your hair, sprinkle Danderine on your brush or comb. No tedious massage needed; it's the active formula of Danderine that helps your hair. Danderine removes dull, cloudy film—removes loose dandruff, too—even makes hair easier to arrange, all without wasting a moment of time.

Danderine
The modern, time-saving way
to lovelier hair

MEN, TOO, like Danderine. It fights dandruff; keeps hair neat. All drug and department stores.

Beautify Your Skin

with aid of
Mercolized Wax Cream

Lighten your complexion and make it appear prettier, clearer and younger looking by using Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. This dainty Skin Bleach and Beautifier hastens the natural activity of the skin in flaking off lifeless, sunburned or overpigmented surface skin. Reveals the whiter, younger looking underskin. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHYLACTINE DEPIPLATORY** removes unsightly facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

GLIDES ON SMOOTHLY

Stays On
Glamorously



THE AMAZING NEW

DON JUAN LIPSTICK

WHEN you eat, drink, smoke—or even kiss, Don Juan Lipstick stays on—keep lips lovely for hours. No greasy, "hard" appearance. Non-drying, non-smearing, creamy smooth.

Seven Style Shades—including Military Red, and new Hostess Red. Don Juan Powder Base, Don Juan Face Powder and Don Juan Rouge in shades to harmonize with Don Juan Lipstick. DeLuxe Sizes \$1.10 at Department and Drug Stores. Lipstick refills 60¢.



Large Trial Sizes 17¢

that routine? You have lousy habits in this house."

Straight-backed, curly boy's head high, she laughed a little. Dear, dear Hugo, with his hair rumpled, in his old silk dressing gown. He was fishing in the pocket for his cigarette case. He had some rotten habits.

She said, "Isn't that the dressing gown mother gave you for your twenty-first?"

He said, "What's that got to do with it? Yes, it is. And jolly good still. What made Rosemary think there were burglars?"

Her gaze moved to his face. She could see him plainly now that her eyes were accustomed to the dim light. He tapped a cigarette on his case, and she said slowly:

"So that's how you look when you haven't shaved. I'd forgotten."

Because all this was supremely natural, because she was so intimate with him in fact and in imaginings, she spoke and acted almost without thought, as a creature moves in its element. She put out her hand and touched his chin lightly.

"Like wire."

He backed his head away, saying, "Don't be personal. Surely I don't have to shave in the middle of the night if I want an audience with you, of all people."

Starry-eyed, gazing, from a still pale face, "No. I'm used enough to you. You couldn't frighten me."

He grinned. His teeth were very white and straight, in his dark face. Then suddenly he stopped smiling, and looked at her reflectively:

"You know, there's a lot in being used to people. I wish, in a way, you were in town. All one's friends scattered these days . . . You wouldn't believe how many times I've wished you were around. Things you would have seen my way. Most people are half blind . . ."

"I'm half blind now, Hugo. This is no time for chat . . ."

"My dear . . . of course. I thought you were wide awake. You cut along, and I'll have another shot at going to sleep too. But I suppose the infernal birds will start any minute."

Her smile was the faintest brave curve of trembling lips, and it seemed to him, for the instant it was in being, so exquisite that without thought, he bent and kissed her on the lips.

"And that's how I feel when I haven't shaved," he said. "Good night, Judith."

She went back to her room, and climbed on her bed, like an old woman, as if all the youth and strength had gone from her body. She lay there stiffly, staring into the darkness until sounds of the house stirring told her that a full morning light had arrived and it was time to get up and face the few remaining hours when she would be called upon for great efforts.

HE LEFT at ten o'clock, driving himself in the Blakes' car to the station, ten miles distant. He had been reluctant to do that, as it meant cutting into the last of their petrol ration.

"Well, it's that, or walk, or wait for the bus on Wednesday," Judith had told him. "The only hireable car in the village is away for the week end. I went into all this before you came. I knew you wouldn't know about wartime transport down here. The bus only runs through the village on Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"Wake up Looking Luscious...try my Beauty Nightcap"



BRENDA JOYCE, NOW APPEARING IN THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE "LITTLE TOKYO, U. S. A."

says Brenda Joyce "Would you like to see new flower freshness, new petal softness and smoothness in your skin? Then every night, have a Beauty Nightcap, as I do, with Woodbury Cold Cream. A cream so marvelously different, I wonder they call it just 'cold' cream!

"You'll love the whipped-up, silken-soft feel of it, as I do. And there's more magic here than meets the eye, for Woodbury contains very special beauty oils that help smooth and soothe as it cleanses, help chase away the dryness that may lead to tiny little lines."

So every night, Brenda cleanses with fragrant Woodbury Cold Cream,

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Then she removes soiled cream and puts on more Woodbury for all night softening. Woodbury alone of all creams contains a certain ingredient which is constantly acting to purify the cream right in the jar. So she can trust her complexion to Woodbury's care.

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Be faithful to this Woodbury Beauty Nightcap, and you'll soon revel in a complexion that brings *his* eyes into sharp focus. Brenda knows!



"Make up this way for best results," says Brenda. "First remove stale make-up with Woodbury Cold Cream. Then make up and look—smooth! It's worth the extra minute it takes."



For glamour's sake, try one jar of Woodbury Cold Cream. Big generous jars of this satiny cream sell at 50¢, while introductory sizes are 16¢ and 25¢. Get a big beauty bargain jar today.

For special skins—special creams. If your skin is normal, Woodbury Cold Cream is all you need. If oily, cleanse with Woodbury Cleansing Cream. If dry, use Woodbury Dry Skin Cream at night. For any skin, use thrilling new tinted Woodbury Foundation Cream for powder base.

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Cold Cream

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(MADE IN CANADA)

Back up Your Fighting Man—Buy Victory Bonds

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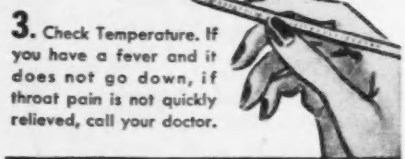
Pains and aches go
almost instantly



1. To Relieve Head-ache, body discomfort and aches, take 2 Aspirin Tablets and drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



2. For Sore Throat from a cold, dissolve 3 Aspirin Tablets in ½ glass of water and gargle. Eases pain and rawness almost at once.



3. Check Temperature. If you have a fever and it does not go down, if throat pain is not quickly relieved, call your doctor.

Follow 3 steps pictured here using
Aspirin. You'll feel better
almost at once

This is a really fast way to relieve a cold that millions are now using and recommending. The way that relieves the pains, aches and sore throat almost instantly. Simply use Aspirin as shown above. For Aspirin is said to be among the fastest and safest reliefs ever known for pain.

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Less than 1c
a tablet in the
economy bottle



WARNING! This cross appears
on every Aspirin Tablet

On the Cold Side :: Continued from page 11

we must have routine. You'd be a perfect maid if it weren't for the baby."

"If it weren't for the baby I'd be dead," said Millie. "You don't know what it means to have a baby."

"No, I don't," agreed Sara. She went swiftly out of the kitchen and made for her desk, but try as she would the new story refused to jell. When Millie announced lunch, she was still pecking at the first paragraph.

The baby was quiet during the whole day, and Sara kept away from the kitchen. If she went to the kitchen again she might touch a velvet soft cheek, and the tingly sensation would repeat itself. But she was conscious minute by minute of a movement, a purpose. Of a house come alive.

JOHN WORKED, hour after hour, in his studio. As far as Sara knew he appeared only at meals. He ate an enormous luncheon and stuffed himself at dinner, and after dinner he suggested honeymoon bridge. He and Sara hadn't played bridge for many a long month—pans banging in the kitchen because a cook is disgruntled, or a deadly silence, meaning no cook, isn't conducive to games.

"Millie's a treasure," he said as he won his second rubber, "and the baby's a cute trick. This afternoon she got hold of my thumb and"—red with embarrassment he broke off, and Sara asked, "Your thumb?"

"I wanted a glass of water," muttered John. "A man has a right to go to his own kitchen for a glass of water . . . Look, Sara, why don't we give Millie a tryout?"

"I didn't write a line today—not a line—and it was the baby's fault," Sara told him. "I knew that child was in the kitchen and it bothered me."

"So you knew she was in the kitchen," John exploded, "and it bothered you! I'm beginning to realize why the people you write about aren't human."

"Must you bring in the people I write about?" asked Sara.

John went on as if she hadn't spoken. "That editor said a mouthful. Your people aren't human because you're not human yourself," he told his wife. "Once, long ago, when we were first married, I thought your fussiness was daintiness, and I mistook your lack of emotion for poise. How any real woman could begrudge a baby a clothes basket to sleep in—"

Sara interposed, "Just because the baby happened to get hold of your thumb you've lost your sense of proportion." She laughed scornfully. "I'm going to bed now, but I'll phone for a taxi at—at dawn. I wouldn't want Millie and the baby to miss their train."

John's hand, sweeping out, brushed the cards from the table. "You make me sick!" he said, and went clumping into his studio. When he finally came upstairs Sara pretended that she was asleep.

It rained again the next day. John, waking, said, "Maybe we should build an ark and buy us a couple of doves," but he eyed Sara as he said it. Sara, taking her cue from him—we must be casual—murmured, "It's a nor'easter. It may last for three days. I'll go to Millie's room and ask her to make popovers for breakfast." Slipping into a kimono, she started down the hall.

There were no gurgles this morning—no splashes. Sara knocked on the door and when Millie called, "I'm dressing the baby," she stood for a moment undecided, her hand on the knob. A battle, small but very important, was going on in her soul. When she said quietly, "We'll have popovers for breakfast," she felt that she had won a victory. As she turned away from the unopened door and walked slowly back to her bedroom, the proportions of the victory grew beyond bounds.

Millie served the breakfast quietly—perfect popovers and little sausages and shirred eggs. There were deep circles

when John spoke. "What do you think of them?" he asked.

Sara said, "The best you've done in ages."

There was a relieved look on John's face. He said, "I think so, too. That baby will be more than worth her keep as a model."

"The rain's letting up," Sara told him.

John's voice was suddenly tense. "Sara," he said, "I don't want to make an issue of this, but Millie and the baby are up against it. Millie used every cent she had when the baby was born—"

"When they leave," Sara interposed, "I'll give them some money."

"The child is practically soundproof," John argued.

Sara said, "As she gets larger she'll get more vocal. Not only that, when she begins to creep she'll be all over the place."

"This is a sizable house," said John aggressively. "We have acres of garden."

Sara said, "Our rugs are just off-white and—John, babies are like puppies, they track mud! I wouldn't dare leave papers on my desk. I—"

John snarled, "You and your papers!" but Sara rushed on. "Our home," she said, "was designed for adults. We're settled. We need peace and quiet. Our work demands it. A baby in the house—the idea is absurd!"

John said stubbornly, "I want the child to stay and I want Millie to stay. Millie's a grand cook. And besides, it's our patriotic duty to take care of a soldier's widow and child."

"You're being maudlin," Sara said. Suddenly the baby was an issue. "I've had two completely unproductive days and—"

John interposed violently. "You've had a completely unproductive life! You've—"

IT WAS Millie, announcing dinner, who interrupted the growing quarrel. Sara glanced at the girl's face—had she heard what they were talking about? But Millie was remote, preoccupied, and Sara realized that she had aged incredibly in the last twenty-four hours. Almost against her own volition, she asked, "Don't you feel well, Millie?"

Millie answered, "I've a stitch in my side, Mrs. Bentley, but it doesn't amount to anything. I hope you haven't been troubled by the baby."

Troubled by a baby who was practically soundproof? Sara felt the indirect plea in Millie's question. She sensed, rather than saw, John's raised brows. This was a decisive moment: life would go on neatly or life would be disrupted by a weak volcano, practically soundproof, perhaps, but smoldering. Steeling her heart—but with an effort—Sara said coldly, "No, the baby hasn't troubled me. Millie, if you can get packed tonight I'll order the taxi for the first train."

Millie, her face stark, said, "I'll get packed," and then Sara and John were seated at opposite sides of the table but—though the dinner was super-excellent—John picked at his food and so did Sara. After dinner John locked himself in the studio and Sara, left to herself, played solitaire, a game she detested. And then all at once, as if drawn by invisible cords, she was hurrying up the stairs and down the hall to the maid's room. Racking sobs reached her as

FOR A SON KILLED IN ACTION

By BLANCHE L. POWNALL

It is the little things that I remember
Here in the dark, when all the house
is sleeping—
Inconsequential treasures that the
heart
Has taken unaware into its keeping—
His baby laughter; words he learned
to fashion
With quaint pronunciation; his high
glee
When school was done each June;
my loneliness
The first night that he spent away
from me.

There was a Christmas Concert
when he bungled
His lines, with such a puzzled
stricken face!
A summer picnic long ago when he
Came puffing in to win the Child-
ren's Race!
Oh, not his tall young valor fills my
thinking
When I wake in the night, and can-
not weep!
Rather, these crowd my heart to
overflowing—
The little things I never tried to keep.

under her eyes, but Sara ignored them—she ignored also the maid's strange greenish color—and congratulated herself mentally for not enquiring about the baby. When John asked, "Can I come into the kitchen, Millie, and make some sketches of the kid?" she smiled distantly. Breakfast finished, she went to the typewriter and her back was turned as John ambled through the room with his sketch pad.

Luncheon—a divine luncheon—with considerable munching from John. Afternoon, with Sara's story still reluctant to jell. Once or twice she rose from her desk, eyes turned kitchenward, but she was able to hold the impulse in check.

IT WAS just before dinner that John called her into the studio. Glad of the interruption, she went quickly, but when she saw the sketches pinned against the wall, her heart contracted. Fine, sensitive sketches of a baby playing with bright wooden beads. Sketches of a baby drooping in a high chair, almost asleep. Sketches of a baby curled up like a kitten. She was examining the sketches

extended stiffly, and there was a bottle at the end of it. "Don't be such a little pig," Sara was saying, "you mustn't gulp—"

John spoke involuntarily. "That's what I wanted you to do for the layout," he said. "You know—the nail polish thing . . . This room looks as if it were struck by a cyclone."

Sara said absently, "Does it?" Her voice quickened. "Why on earth didn't you call? How's Millie?"

John said, "They caught things in time. Millie will be back in a couple of weeks." He paused, but Sara didn't correct him, so he forged ahead. "I would have called," he apologized, "but I didn't want to disturb you." He came over to the side of the wing chair. "Hi, beautiful," he said to the baby.

The baby gurgled through a cloud of milk, and Sara muttered, "So you didn't

want to disturb me—how thoughtful of you!" Oddly enough her sarcasm had a certain sweetness about it. She shifted the bottle so that the baby wouldn't get air along with milk—how did she know about air and milk not mixing?—and glanced slantwise at her husband, and John grinned almost sheepishly. Leaning over, he snuggled his chin into her hair, which was rumpled already. He didn't say anything—he didn't have to—for the old glamour was rushing back. There would be new plans—kindergarten, school, college. New ambitions—a talent for drawing, perhaps, or juggling phrases. New dreams, shared dreams, for a child's future . . . It was only after a long moment—a moment of truce, of surrender—that Sara spoke.

"John," she said, "you'll have to go to the city today and buy a crib. That clothes basket—I loathe makeshifts—"

The Language of Love :: Continued from page 7

Daphne chatted brightly for several minutes. But when she had gone Sam gave Elio a level and somehow wondering glance, and returned rather glumly to his food.

Elio was close to tears. It seemed as though she couldn't do anything right. Maybe Sam didn't even like to be called "dear"; he was an old stick, just as she'd always thought. There wasn't the slightest reason for her to feel like this—all hurt and confused and bewildered inside. If he'd only give her one nice friendly smile, she'd almost die of happiness.

But he didn't. He ate and paid, and they left. Elio arranged for them to go over to the Owl with Biff Fleming and Nina Owen. "In the Army they don't hand out cars very often!" she explained gaily, with a proprietary glance at Sam.

During the drive she kept up a running chatter about this and that, to keep him amused. She managed to slip her arm through his too, and let her head rest lightly against his shoulder. But it was dreadful what that nearness did to her. It wasn't at all like the casual petting around the campus. Instead she felt a sudden wordless longing. She thought about the war and Sam and the way things were at home. About the way the cows hung around the barns in the late afternoon . . . But she mustn't mention things like that. It was absolutely fatal to get serious with a man. And so she chatted along, in that light lilting voice, turning her face up to his with a winsome and knowing smile.

Sam didn't respond. He listened glumly for a while, and then he reached in his pocket for a pipe. That meant shifting his shoulders so she had to move her head, and then a great deal of packing tobacco with his thumb, so she had to move her arm too. Elio found herself drooping in a corner. But she rallied her forces and cried gaily, "I do love to see a man smoke a pipe! And especially when he's in uniform . . . I mean, really, there's something about it . . ."

She thought that Sam gave a muffled kind of groan. But finally he turned toward her and said rather gently, "Do you remember me by any chance, Elio? I'm Sam Sherwood, Sally's brother. And I recall a couple of times when I derived great pleasure from watching you two girls get spanked!"

"You mean the day we played with the calf and it broke its leg?" she asked weakly.

"That's one of 'em!" he said, sounding almost natural for the first time.

But at that moment they swung into the driveway in front of the Owl. The music was playing, and couples were tramping in through the open door, and Elio realized that this would never do. Talking about being spanked and all, when tonight was her one chance, her very last chance to . . . well, she didn't know quite what she did want, but somehow she had to ease this helpless confusion and make Sam realize at least that she was *there*. She simply must show him that she was no longer the giggly, droopy kid who used to climb trees with his sister and hang around the Sherwood kitchen making an endless series of chocolate cakes.

Obviously Sam wouldn't think about her seriously until that early impression had been eradicated. So while they crowded with the others into the dazzling, noisy interior of the Owl, Elio hunted frantically for some way to make Sam understand how different she had become. She flung back her brown curls, wriggled out of the woolly coat, and saw at once that there were a lot of people there that she knew. Jack Grimes and Bob Loring, for instance, and of course Dick Potter.

Dick was already giving her the high sign from a table across the room. Elio waved back frantically, and realized, with a surge of relief, that at the Owl everything would be easy. In a setting like this, gay and nonchalant, and with so many boys wanting to dance with her . . . How could Sam help seeing how popular and scintillating and utterly different she was now?

She let him dispose of the woolly jacket, and then clung to one firm, khaki-clad arm, while her feet tapped in time to the music. "Darling, we're going to give you the biggest time!" she cried. "This ought to cheer up my handsome soldier boy!"

"I don't need cheering up," he said doggedly. "I wish you'd get that out of your head, Elio. I enjoy the Army."

"Oh, Sam, how wonderful! That's the finest thing I've ever heard . . . really to say you enjoy it!"

"Why shouldn't I? It's a perfectly decent occupation," he said truculently.

FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY



Tomorrow



TAKE PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA Tonight

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For Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is more than a first rate alkalizer. It does more than merely relieve the discomfort due to too much acid. Phillips' finishes the job. It acts as a

very gentle laxative—promotes mild yet thorough elimination. It's an ideal laxative-antacid.

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she paused just outside the door, so, without knocking, she entered the room. "Millie," she said, "don't cry. I can't keep you and the baby for—several reasons, but I'll see that you get along. I'll—" She stopped abruptly when she realized that Millie was drawn up into a tight knot, knees under her chin, shoulders distorted, and that the sobs were really gasps of pain.

"I can't straighten out," Millie faltered between gasps. "That stitch in my side. What'll happen to my baby if—" Her voice dwindled off and Sara knew that she had fainted. The baby, in the basket beside the bed, slept peacefully.

SARA, GRAVITATING between her room and the maid's room, between the living room and the maid's room, told herself dazedly, "This is an insane nightmare. I'll wake up and the sun will be shining and the taxi will be waiting for Millie and the baby." But even as she told herself that she was moving through unreality, the baby's cry—fretful, imperative—sent her scurrying down the hall. It was the first time she had cried, so far as Sara knew, since Millie had come into her home and her life. Was the child ill too?

It had all happened so quickly. A doctor, diagnosing Millie's pain, "Ruptured appendix—no time to waste." An ambulance clanging down a country road and John saying, "We can't send her off alone. I'll go to the hospital and stick around until it's over." Millie's voice mumbling something about bottles in the icebox and six o'clock feeding. "And if I die, please don't send my baby to an orphanage." It was Sara, not John, who said, "Don't worry. We'll take care of her."

As she stood above the clothes basket, looking down at a small contorted face, Sara felt a queer mingling of pity and anger and triumph. Pity for something so small that it had to rely on screams and doubled-up fists—anger for the unexplainable force that had disrupted her precise life—triumph because this catastrophe had proved a point. "I should have sent them away immediately," Sara told herself. She said aloud, imploringly, "Hush, baby—don't cry!" and glanced at her wrist watch.

It was only midnight—the prescribed feeding time was six hours away. Sara brushed the hair back from her forehead and realized that the forehead was damp. What if the baby screamed on until six o'clock? How could she bear it—how could the baby bear it? Crying was violent exercise and the baby was fragile—she might break a blood vessel crying—her face was scarlet. Why—oh, why, had the child never cried when the mother was here? Millie was only a weary, broken, discouraged girl who could make popovers—Sara was a clever woman who could put situations into smooth paragraphs—and yet the baby had never cried with Millie! What would she do if this situation came up in a story, Sara wondered frantically, and knew that she'd handle it cheaply with a couple of asterisks. Millie versus herself, with the baby as judge. It didn't make sense, and yet it did. From out of her half-forgotten Sunday School days came a New Testament parable. She was a barren fig tree. Millie, in her early twenties, had lived fully, but she, Sara, in her middle-age—John's accusation rang in her ears—was completely unproductive.

THE BABY'S screams were becoming staccato. The bottles were in the icebox—Millie had said so—and even a barren fig tree should be able to warm a bottle. It would be so easy to thrust a bottle into a quivering mouth, corking up the screams, but the next feeding time was six hours away. And if a baby were fed out of turn—Sara remembered grim words, convulsions, spasms! If a baby were fed out of turn, anything might happen.

The baby's hands were waving—ten fingers pointed at her accusingly. Sara knelt beside the clothes basket and reached for one of the hands. "There, there," she crooned. "There!"

The baby's fingers closed around her thumb—*John wasn't the only one!* The baby's eyes widened, and for a moment she stopped screaming and great tears stood on cheeks from which the scarlet was receding. With her free hand Sara groped for a handkerchief and gently wiped away the tears. The baby clutched for the handkerchief and stuffed it into her mouth. "No, no, no," scolded Sara gently and removed the handkerchief, and the baby started to scream again. "Practically sound-proof, my eye," she thought.

The telephone was ringing—it was probably word from John, at the hospital. Sara jerked her hand away from the baby's clutching fingers and started down the stairs pell-mell. As she raced through the living room she collided with a small table and sent it crashing to the floor. There was an expensive lamp on the table—it shattered into a thousand fragments, but Sara didn't hesitate. As she reached for the telephone she brushed against a neat manuscript that lay on the desk—it was the story an editor had returned with a criticism. As it fluttered to the floor, a mute protest against hurry and confusion, Sara realized with distaste that the people in the story were overcivilized. Letting the manuscript rest where it had fallen, she jerked the receiver from the hook and said, "Is Millie—" and then, let down, "No, wrong number."

The baby's screams, from the floor above, were reaching a new high. Stepping over the broken lamp, crumpling the manuscript with frantic heels, Sara made for the stairs. She took them two at a time and in a split second was kneeling beside the clothes basket.

"Darling—darling—" she breathed, and didn't realize that she had used an unaccustomed word. "You mustn't go on like this. Oh, lord—if I only knew what to do!"

If I only knew what to do! But every woman knows, in her heart. Sara's arms were sliding, automatically tender, under the little body. She was lifting the baby—pink blanket and all—and the tingly sensation in the pit of her stomach was blotted out by another sensation that was strong and warm and sure. In one swift movement the baby was out of the basket, was cuddled close. "There, there," she soothed, "don't cry. I've got you safe."

Half an hour later she realized that her lap was very wet. But she didn't care.

IT WAS a quarter past six when John entered the house. He tiptoed into the living room—he stopped abruptly as he glimpsed Sara, who was seated in a wing chair, holding an aggressive baby with one arm. Her other arm was

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him, with her high and mighty airs. Condescended to the poor lonely boy from her home town . . .

And Sam had seen through her from the first. He had understood and been disappointed. "Maybe," she said unhappily, "we'd better go back now, Sam. It's getting late."

"All right," he agreed. But they had to wait on the porch a few minutes before they could manage a ride. They had to stand there under the cold frosty stars, like two strangers with nothing to say. And Elio felt lonelier than she ever had in her life. For she knew now that nothing would ever be the same. Dick and the other boys in Freeman just wouldn't rate next to Sam. And all the things that had been so exciting before would seem unreal and trivial now . . .

Finally she couldn't stand the silence any longer, so she tried forlornly to make conversation. She said, "Have you heard anything—anything interesting from home, Sam?"

"Nothing much," he said. "Bill Evans and Lew Tate are in the Army."

"Bill Evans and Lew Tate," she repeated aimlessly—remembering with a sudden pang a scrub baseball team the boys had had. Lew had played first base and been champion heckler for them all. "When you were pitching, Lew was forever trying to make you mad," she said . . . And she had a picture of Sam in the pitcher's box—tall and lanky and grinning. She hadn't known then that she was going to love him. She hadn't dreamed what it would feel like to be in love.

"Yes," he echoed, "Lew tried hard to get my goat."

He sounded bored, he sounded—unhappy. When Elio realized that she was startled. She glanced up at him quickly, and saw for the first time the misery in his eyes. "You mustn't look like that," she said quickly. "Sam, I wanted to cheer you up. I wanted to send you back to camp happy. Honestly I did—"

He grinned, but the wretchedness was still there. "Sure, Elio," he said. "You managed fine. I've had a great time, from the very start. Only well, when you love a girl you want more than cheer, I guess. You want—"

"Love?" she asked. "You still love me, Sam?"

His grin wasn't very convincing. It faded quickly into a kind of misery she couldn't bear. "I guess I can't help myself, Elio," he said unhappily. "You don't stop loving someone as easily as all that, no matter how much she changes." He moved his big shoulders uneasily. He said, "I guess maybe I've had that feeling too long to give it up right off—"

"Too long," she whispered. "Oh, Sam, don't give it up. Not now, when I feel that way too. Only more so, a hundred times more than you ever will."

And maybe she was crying, because the stars made a kind of blur, and she could see nothing very clearly except the happiness on his face, the incredulous disbelief that gave way gradually to a kind of jubilation . . .

"You mean that, Elio!" he said unsteadily. And when he had her in his arms, the stars were radiant and shining and very close. They seemed to match the radiant happiness that was, in that one moment, almost more than she could bear. +

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LIMITED - QUEBEC, P.Q.**

And then he shrugged. "I give up. Come on, let's have a dance."

They started out onto the crowded floor, and Elio smiled impishly. "Why, Sam, you've learned to dance!" she exclaimed. "Did the Army do that too?" She hummed a little tune, and that wasn't easy, for something inside her felt empty and hurting. Maybe it was dancing with Sam, the feel of his arms, of his shoulder where her head rested. She had never felt like this before—helpless, and wanting to be helpless. It made an ache, it made it hard to hum gaily, and tilt her head, calling to this boy and that.

But she had to. She mustn't let him think she was lacking in everything . . . Dick was making his way across the floor, and she saw almost with dismay that he looked curiously pale and uninteresting next to Sam. She hadn't realized before what an unformed sort of face he had. "There's Dick," she told Sam happily. "He's a Sig, and he rates big on the campus. Hello, darling," she called over Sam's shoulder when Dick had stopped them.

"Hello yourself," he grinned. "You're looking a million, sweetheart . . ."

Elio glanced quickly at Sam to see if he had heard. But she couldn't read his expression. Not jealousy or anger certainly. Maybe a kind of resignation . . .

SHE NOTICED uneasily as she danced off that as soon as Sam gravitated toward the tables several of the girls managed to be at his side. Daphne Wayne, who had met him at the Drake, and Nina Owen, and some of their friends. Daphne had a green bow in her glossy auburn hair. She looked lovely, and Sam seemed to think so too. At least his smile was appreciative, and the way he leaned down to listen to what she said, and then went back with her to her table, laughing and talking as he hadn't before all evening.

Daphne was laughing too, her pretty eyes wide with admiration. Elio, watching, felt a stab of misery—so abrupt and devastating that for a moment she was taken aback. And then she understood. That dreadful feeling was nothing in the world but jealousy. She was jealous of Daphne Wayne, and of the way Sam held her chair for her, and then sat next to her, talking eagerly.

She had never felt like this before, and it was all wrong. Sam was supposed to be the jealous one. He was supposed to be standing on the side lines right now, seeing how gay and popular she had become. And instead he wasn't even looking at her. He was lighting a cigarette for Daphne, and her auburn hair brushed gently against the khaki sleeve of his coat . . .

"Why the gloom, darling?" Dick enquired genially. "Was the home-town boy too much for you?"

"Yes," Elio said wrathfully. "I've never spent a worse evening . . ." But the anger didn't help. It was a false, frothy thing over a dead weight of longing.

Dick grinned and tightened his arm around her waist. "The penalty of patriotism," he said. "I promised I'd be on hand to relieve the monotony, didn't I? How about a look at the stars, sweet?"

Sam was leaning toward Daphne now, deep in conversation. And Elio felt a wave of misery that stung, in a queer way, against her lashes. "Let's!" she said breathlessly. "I hate this place.

"Listen..."

*I SAID TO THE CALENDAR,
"you can't do
this to me!"*



"Bob's telephone call—and my cramps—came just at the same time.

"Bob said, 'Big news, honey! I've picked up two good seats for tonight—you know, the show you've been wanting to see. We'll splurge a little afterward—supper, where we can dance. See you at 7.30!'"

"All the while the calendar was saying, 'Tell him no.' But I was sick of its tyranny! Right then I did something I'd been meaning to do for a long, long time. I tried Midol.

"Bob and I enjoyed that show. Yes, we danced, too. And nobody knew—even I almost forgot—that sheer habit of giving in to 'regular pain' had almost wrecked our fun!"

* * *

ISN'T it time you broke the habit—the old-fashioned habit—of giving in meekly to functional periodic pain? Isn't it time you tried Midol?

If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should redeem your "dreaded days" for active, comfortable living. It is offered expressly for this purpose. You can use it confidently, for Midol contains no opiates. One comforting ingredient swiftly relieves muscular pain and headache, another prolongs this welcome comfort, and a third helps still further by soothing that dull, depressed feeling.

Next time, try Midol. Get it now at any drugstore, and be ready for relief!

TO TRY MIDOL FREE

Send your name and address to
Helen Crosby, General Drug Company
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Free trial box will be mailed prepaid!

MIDOL



MADE
IN
CANADA

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

It's too—too crowded and everything!"

Dick retrieved her jacket, and they went outside onto the long narrow porch. Elio leaned against one of the pillars and smoked a cigarette. Dick said, "Those brown eyes of yours are mighty winsome tonight, pet."

She smiled unsteadily. And when she had thrown the cigarette away he slipped an arm around her shoulders, and tilted her face for a kiss.

And that was when she knew.

Of course there was nothing she could do about it ever. Maybe she wouldn't even see Sam again, not for years and years. But he'd always be the only one who counted . . . She'd lie awake at night saying his name over and over, "Sam, Sam, my darling . . ." And maybe she'd love him too much even to cry . . .

Dick's lips touched hers, and she pushed him away. "Not now," she said gently, "Please, Dick."

And then she realized that Sam was standing there, only a few yards away. And what she saw in his eyes added up to just one thing—a smiling and friendly repudiation. "Go to it, Elio," his eyes seemed to say. "Why not?"

And she couldn't stand it. She couldn't possibly. She left Dick and went over to him quickly. "Sam, can't we dance or something?" she asked desperately. "I have to talk to you. I simply must."

He shrugged. "All right, if you want to," he said.

They went back onto the crowded floor, and he was endless miles from her. She couldn't reach him, ever. "Sam," she said miserably, "tell me just one thing. Don't you like me, even a little?"

It was a foolish question, inane . . . she wished she could take it back. "Don't answer," she whispered. "Maybe you'd better not."

"Perhaps you're right," he said. "Because I used to like you, Elio, almost too much." His eyes were looking over her head into the bright noisy room. And he added, suddenly awkward, "It was a feeling I had—I sort of carried it around with me, I guess."

She closed her eyes against the dazzling brightness. "A feeling," she stammered, "A feeling you had?"

He nodded bleakly. "One of those crazy things, Elio. Like a picture with a meaning you can't reach."

"A picture? Of me, Sam?"

"Yes," he explained haltingly. "It happened that time when you were playing the piano for a bunch of kids at the house. There was a lamp or something back of you, so your hair fuzzed out into a sort of halo. It started then . . ."

"What started?" she whispered, over frantic despair. "Tell me, please . . ."

"Well," he said lamely, "I guess since then I've been kind of waiting for you to grow up."

AND THAT was the first time she heard the blare of the music. It seemed to crash between them, with terrifying abruptness. Sam was dancing stiffly, seeming miles away from her. And she said, in a flat low voice, "And now I have grown up."

He didn't answer right away, and she knew what that silence meant. Sam had come to see her, and found her changed. She wasn't that girl at the piano any more. She was a totally different girl. She had become gay and casual and mocking. She patronized



This smart playsuit for Junior, Simplicity Pattern No. 2962 for the shirt and trousers, Simplicity No. 4116 for lumberjacket, was cut from the tired and shapeless bathrobe in the smaller picture. The corduroy was taken apart, sponged, pressed, dyed brown. Corduroy dyes beautifully.



pockets are sewn up and covered by patch pockets in our model.

Rich mine for children's clothes is the old bathrobe or dressing gown department. Here are two numbers for the family hopefuls that will knock the eyes

out of the kindergarten set. The suit on the little boy above is from the beige corduroy bathrobe, taken apart, sponged pressed and dyed brown.

Below, the overall playsuit was once the old flannel lounging gown. +



Here's that old flannel robe you've had kicking around for years—turned into a slick overall, cap and playsuit for the young daughter of the house. It's Simplicity Pattern No. 4114.

You're the fun in his furlough



Will you ever forget how proud he looked as you glided down the long staircase? As though he'd been waiting for this moment all his life!

What he said wasn't nearly as important as the *way* he said it! And as you were dancing, his eyes told you that being with you is what makes a furlough worthwhile.

To think that at five o'clock you were ready to break your date! Because today's eight hours of defense work had seemed like eighty!

Then in stepped Destiny... her name was Diana. "Why let trying days of the month rule your life?"—she asked. "Why should *you* be a deserter when other girls carry on in comfort *every* day?"

You don't need a furlough!

"You don't need time-out," she explained... that is, if you choose Kotex sanitary napkins. And how right she was!

Because Kotex is made in soft folds, so it's naturally less bulky... more comfortable... made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Now that you know, you'll take Kotex for confidence, too... to put an end to edgy little worries that so often upset a girl. Because the flat, pressed ends of Kotex keep your secret safe. And a new moisture-resistant "safety shield" provides *added* protection!

Maybe it did take you until today to learn why Kotex is more popular than all other brands of pads put together. But you're glad that you did! Because now you can breeze through work or play as millions do—with never a *thought* of deserting!

Keep Going in Comfort

—with KOTEX*!



Tells All — Quickly!

Send today for the bright, new booklet—"As One Girl To Another". Lots of tips for keeping in the fun on "difficult days"... what to do and not to do. Mail name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co., Ltd., Dept. 1411, 330 University Ave., Toronto, Ont., for copy FREE!



Our Lipstick Cases

HAVE GONE TO WAR

THE METALS that would have made our lipstick cases are on their way to the battle front... so wonderful Westmore Lipstick is wearing cardboard... wearing it gayly, too, in bright, fresh colors. You'll like the new cases, the super-size, the very smart look. And you'll like to know you can tint your lips without stinting munitions!

Lipstick or no lipstick, there are two ways you can look prettier in war-time. The Westmores, Hollywood's make-up masters, creators of the Westmore line, say: "The best decoration for any face is a smile... and don't forget, chin up!"

Westmore Vital-tone Lipstick, Foundation Cream, Face Powder, Rouge (cream and cake), Eyeshadow, Cleansing Cream, Tissue Cream, and Skin Freshener.

House of **WESTMORE** Ltd.
OF CANADA
HOLLYWOOD • NEW YORK



There's nothing masculine about wearing the man's pants when you can turn them into the smart tailored suit shown in this photograph. The new suit was made from Simplicity Pattern No. 3652.



Make-Over Magic

By Carolyn Damon

THERE'S ALWAYS been one woman in every neighborhood who could whisk a new suit for herself out of her husband's old one, and whip up a pair of jeans and jackets for Janie and Junior from her discarded wardrobe. That is, things that really looked like something.

But most of us looked on her as a specialist, and felt that although we might not be such great shakes on the old make-over racket, we were good mothers, or got along well with the boss.

But then, we didn't have to worry overmuch. There was usually a little dress shop around the corner of next pay day with a new number that was made for us.

But things are different now. We're learning that there's gold in those discarded frills; there's a new winter wardrobe for the whole family (except Dad) in what might have gone into the old-clothes bag or rummage sale a couple of years back.

And we still won't have to answer, when the old-clothes man asks, "Any rags today?"... "Just what I have on."

SO DO a little digging in the attic and the clothes closets, and take a look at the attractive things on this page—each one made, as you can see, from a garment that's been hanging in the back of the cupboard for years.

Each of the finished styles pictured is

a Simplicity Pattern. Although there are no instructions in the patterns for dismantling the old suit or dressing gown before starting to cut, any reasonably skilled home dressmaker can take this on without difficulty.

In each case, you simply rip apart the garment, reverse the fabric and sponge and press it. Then, you go ahead and lay the pieces you have to the best advantage, and after careful study, cut them out to the pattern.

Biggest item in our transformation story is the suit that changes sexes. Nothing surpasses, this season, for smartness and usefulness, the plain tailored suit of warm wool or serge. It's easy enough to whittle down an old suit to your size, but just to keep your fingers crossed, if you're a middling-to-fair seamstress, experiment first on a worn-out number.

First, rip the suit apart, reverse the fabric, sponge and press. (Remember?)

Then start cutting. You'll get the skirt out of the trousers. Invert them and use the ankle part for the waistline and cut up as far as the crotch. This will give you your skirt length. The material above that gives you enough for pieced inset pleats back and front.

The jacket will need recutting and reshaping. However, the sleeves remain the same—they only need taking in and refitting.

The jacket front remains, and slit

*A Good 2 inches
Less Round
the
Hips*



NO need now to wear an all-round pleated skirt with two or three thicknesses of material over the hips, or with the material cut away so necessitating additional sewing. KONERAY pleats are graduated to taper off in graceful unbroken lines to snug-fitting single material over the hips. They cannot gape, cannot come unstitched, and give a delightfully slim silhouette. Ask your outfitter to show you a selection of KONERAY skirts in a variety of the fine quality British materials including Scotch, Cumberland and Donegal Tweeds, West of England Flannels, Authentic Tartans, Worsted, Irish Linens and Cream Serges, in which they are available.

Trade enquiries: Please cable your enquiries to "Hack, London." Orders should be accompanied by information to expedite payment in Great Britain.

Sole Manufacturers: C. STILLITZ, Royal Leamington Spa, Warwickshire, England.

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"Koneray" LOOK FOR THE "GORAY" LABEL ON THE WAISTBAND
PLEATED SKIRTS



Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-looking shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. See at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

left in them once they're given a bath in the tub and a beauty treatment in the dye pot.

Fresh lovely color is the magic which renews the youth of our wardrobe and furnishings. It's beneficial both to our purse and our morale, for color is one of the cheapest things in the world and one of the most potent in creating a cheerful atmosphere.

So dyeing is part of the conservation program in many households. More women are using this simple means of getting new clothes from old and bringing about a change of scene in their rooms by transforming drab appointments into smart fresh ones. They're reclaiming worn pieces, salvaging odds and ends and bringing many otherwise cast-offs to a new usefulness.

What you can dye: Linens, cottons, silks, wools and materials which are a combination of these fibres. Most rayons—but celanese and other acetates are the exceptions. Plain fabrics—white or colored—and many figured materials with a not-too-dark background. The design will be dimmed afterward but often this makes it even more attractive. Clothes — dresses, wraps, sweaters, scarves, etc.—underwear, laces and other trimmings, curtains and draperies, bedspreads, small washable rugs, cushion covers and table runners. Faded stockings can be stripped of their original color and redyed with a special stocking dye to give you matched pairs from that odd lot in your mending basket.

How to dye: First give the material the proper preliminary treatment by cleaning it thoroughly and removing any spots or stains. Choose a dye that is suited to your purpose and your material in a shade you like, giving consideration to the original color of the fabric and what it will "take." You can't expect to change navy blue into sunflower yellow—unless, of course, you decolorize it with dye remover before you begin. The best advice I can give you is to follow to the letter the instructions which come with the product. These directions tell you how to prepare your fabrics, what equipment you need and how to go about the dipping, rinsing, wringing, pressing and so on. Follow them step by step—no foolin'!

Salvage ideas—A few suggestions for little economies.

If a tablecloth is worn in spots, cut out the good pieces and use for place mats or napkins. Dye to match or harmonize with your dishes and finish with a fringed or bound edge.

Cut down and make over your out-of-date clothes; no youngster minds a hand-me-down after it's been smartly restyled and given a dose of becoming color.

Unravel a faded, hand-knit sweater, wind the wool in skeins and dye according to directions. Then reknit into a new one or into scarves, caps and other wearables.

Revamp long curtains into a pair of short ones. Or cut up an old bedspread into hanging for the bathroom window, scarves for the bureau or a skirt for a dressing table. Dye to carry out your color scheme.

Color odds and ends of sturdy scraps and inexpensive remnants to use for pipings and trimmings.

If you're needing a new mat for the bathroom you could cut old materials into long rag strips, sew them together, dye harmonizing shades, and braid them.

Help Improve Your Complexion 2 important ways



Thousands acclaim beneficial results with popular Medicated Cream

• If you're dissatisfied with your complexion, take a tip from thousands of women—try Noxzema! Noxzema does so much because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's medicated. Used as a night cream and powder base, it does 2 things: 1—helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin. 2—helps heal beauty-

marring pimples and blemishes. Try Noxzema for just 10 days!

Special Anniversary Offer! While the supply lasts, you can get the big 93¢ jar of Noxzema for only 65¢! Take advantage of this money-saving offer! Get several jars of Noxzema today!



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FOR STYLE AND QUALITY
VAN RAALTE
BECAUSE YOU LOVE NICE THINGS

You can see the gently fitted lines—but they're only half the charm of this lovely gown. Wait till you feel the kitten softness of the rayon fabric (which, by the way, needn't be ironed!) In better stores everywhere.



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DEFENCE AGAINST RUNS!



Join the LUX DAILY DIPPERS

To keep your stocking budget down where it belongs, give those sheer new rayons you're wearing gentle Lux care.

Here's how to cut down on runs. The minute you take your stockings off, dip them in Lux to remove harmful perspiration. Don't use strong laundry soaps—and don't rub or twist your stockings. This ruins delicate threads.

Lux keeps stocking threads elastic—makes stockings last longer—stay lovely. Start your Lux daily dipping tonight.

**TONIGHT—
dip your stockings
in—**



A LEVER PRODUCT



Sew-Sew

By
Helen G. Campbell

A STITCH in time has always been considered an economy measure. Now that there's been a revival in that good housewifely virtue, all women are taking more stitches than they've done for a generation or two.

The sewing machine is your valuable ally in keeping expenses down and putting your best foot forward. With the simpler styles now in vogue and the excellent patterns available, you can make—or make-over—your own and your children's clothes, thereby being well dressed on very little. For the price of a few yards of material you can fashion smart furnishings for your rooms—curtains and draperies, slip-covers, bedspreads, runners, skirts for dressing tables, pads for chair seats or envelopes to slip over the back, linens for the linen closet and a hundred and one other useful things.

Women are learning to be very clever in making the new and transforming the old. They're ripping up and cutting down, mending, patching and repairing to double the wear from materials and stretch every dollar as far as it will possibly go.

Many things past their best have a bright future. For instance:

A man's shirt: Use the good bits for a blouse, a "pinny," a boy's shirt, or a dress for small daughter.

A worn sheet: Tear down the centre,

COMMUNAL FEEDING

SEVERAL WOMEN in a Toronto suburb, who have school-age children, are working out a co-operative plan so they'll have free mornings and afternoons for Red Cross and other war work. One day a week each mother has all the children in the group for luncheon—with the result that four days out of five she is free from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon. The youngsters are all in favor of the idea. They say it's just like a party every day.

—By Adele White.



CUTEX Nail Polish

COMPLETE RANGE OF
LOVELY SHADES THAT
WEAR AND WEAR
AND WEAR



GOOD SHOES ARE Precious



PROTECT THEM WITH
2 IN 1
SHOE POLISH

Leather is needed for our Armed Forces. Take care of those good shoes by cleaning them regularly with 2 IN 1. Preserves the leather and prolongs the life of your shoes. 2 IN 1 now costs less than ever.

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AT
YOUR
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sew the outer edges together and seam all round. Even if you have to take out the centre section, it will still be wide enough for a single bed or a couch. Or cut four oblongs from the corners and make yourself a pair of pillowcases.

Flannelette sheets: Use as interlinings in coats, quilts, etc.

Your old coat: Cut down for a child's reefer. A tweed coat makes a suit for sonny or a young girl's skirt.

Odds and ends of chintz: Make curtains for small windows, table mats, bureau covers, stool covers. Can be used too for appliqué designs on bedspreads, hangings, curtains and house dresses.

Old felt hat: Shoes for baby, dress and hat ornaments.

Old leather purse: Knee patches for sonny's breeches.

SO THE sewing machine has acquired a new importance. To get the most and the best service from it, it must be well oiled—every day if used continuously, and occasionally if used only moderately. Locate all the openings on the machine and follow the manufacturer's directions for oiling. One drop of oil at each point is sufficient.

If the machine is hard to run after standing unused for a time, drop a little kerosene in the oiling places, run the machine lickety-split for a few minutes, then wipe clean, and oil.

Keep the machine free from dust and lint. After considerable use, lint from the fabrics will collect; it can be removed by taking out the shuttle and cleaning around it.

Be sure that the pressure foot or attachments for the machine are correctly and firmly fastened by the thumb screw.

Fit the needle and thread to the job; use a large needle and coarse thread for sewing heavy seams on thick material, and a fine needle and thread for the finer fabrics.

Be sure to thread the machine correctly and keep an eye on the tension. This applies to the bobbin as well as the needle.

If the machine does not run smoothly after you have checked up on all these points, call in an expert. +

Our Dyeing Day

By Helen G. Campbell

EVERYBODY'S talking thrift these days and willy-nilly most of us are practicing it. We're keeping an eagle eye on the budget, buying only real necessities and getting the last vestige of use from what we already have. We're making over and making do, surprising ourselves sometimes at the smart appearance we can put up by using our ingenuity instead of spending high, wide and handsome.

That faded blouse, for instance, no longer goes bang into the rag bag, just because its color is a bit wishy-washy. Those discolored curtains are not immediately replaced by a new pair, that old bathroom rug thrown away or that sunbleached bedspread discarded. Not yet at least. There's lots of wear

FIGURING—

By CAROLYN DAMON

Take away from



ADDING IS easy—it's taking away that makes you use the old noddle. Here, for instance, is little Sally Ann, who yarned and yarned for one of those new short-length coffee coats, or breakfast coats, or whatever they call 'em where you live.

Anyway, our Sal got busy with an old out-of-fashion housecoat that was looking a bit dreary around the gills anyway. Snipping and tucking here and there led her right into the gay number she's serving tea (or is it cocoa?) in to the gals on her night for the sewing group.



TRICKY, eh? Believe it or not, under that cute apron effect is the same old dress Maud wore last year. She's added a touch of deep-toned velveteen, and it's pretty super.

Next, is the girl who cut up little Nancy's old plaid skirt to add new sleeves and lapels to her sport jacket.



Simple Division

SURE, you're going to do without a new dinner dress this year because it just isn't right to buy one. But after working so hard all week it is fun to go formal once in a while, especially when week-end leaves come around.

And the competition being what it is these days, you could do with a little fixing up.

So what? So you get out your two old dinner dresses (the one you had two or three years ago and hated to give away, so it's been sitting on a hanger in the closet ever since).

You're lucky if you had a little flowered number and a plain that don't fight with each other. Or maybe that little print dress (the short one) will do. Cut your plain evening dress down the front, and make a fullish underskirt of the print or flowered stuff. It only needs to be a widish panel.

Doesn't it really do things for that limp-looking number you were wearing?

Sisters—bring on your men and your competition!

Do You Know
You Have
2
Waistlines?

Adjustable Waist
by NEMO

You don't believe that you have two waistlines? So few women are aware that their waist expands from 1½ to 3 inches when they sit, stoop or bend. And even worse—so few foundations seem to realize this fact.

"Adjustable Waist" does! The patented horizontal stretch at the top back automatically takes comfortable care of this midriff expansion, thus giving you style without sacrifice of comfort.

... And Nemo's Adjustable Waist is made in a wide variation of figure types—for Junior, Average, Straight Hip, Full Hip, Short and Larger figures.

Sold in leading Corset Departments from Coast to Coast

NEMO FOUNDATIONS — TORONTO, ONTARIO.

The Handy Twins lead the parade
with proof that
PEPSODENT POWDER
makes teeth
32% BRIGHTER
than the next leading brand!

HII I'M CHARLENE:

...AND PEPSODENT
MADE IT EASY TO
KNOW I'M SHIRLEY!



"YOU MAY HAVE SEEN US ... performing as drum majorettes ... at the Bears' football games ... or other places. You know we really do look a lot alike. When we made the tooth powder test, Mother suggested that Shirley be the one to use Pepsodent. I chose another leading brand."



"IT SURE TURNED OUT to be a swell suggestion ... for Shirley! While her teeth had never been quite as bright as mine, after she used Pepsodent her teeth became easily twice as bright! Mother was so impressed she immediately switched to Pepsodent and could hardly wait 'til I did."

"Two Cheers!
Pepsodent leads
the parade
with us!"

HANDY TWINS TEST AND
CONFIRM THIS FACT:
INDEPENDENT LABORATORY TESTS
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For the safety of your smile ... use Pepsodent
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FANCY

1+1 makes 2



Easy Multiplication

OR, X REPRESENTS the number of gay little toques and bonnets you can make out of the old lids pining away in attic trunks.

These are the newest of fall styles from New York designers, but if you've a knack, a few evenings' work will turn the trick.

Steam your old felts first, brush thoroughly and turn them inside out if they'll take it. Fold and pin and baste before you snip, because once done and it's set for good. Fur, feathers and flowers are the three sister-trimmers of the season's smartest hat stuff.



Get into Fractions

MAYBE THE top-flight stylists fooled some of the people when they began piling colors into our clothes—colors in patches, stripes, odd sleeves or what-have-you. We were up to them, weren't we?

It was just a new way of saving and conserving. And it's such fun. That patchwork skirt, for instance. Gay as all get-out and an eye-catcher as well as a fabric-saver. It's probably lying in pieces in the family rag-bag right now, if you give a look-see.

Sister Mary, at the right, has done some smart fraction work with the little jacket, too. It's two tones of grey with soft blue sleeves. She's added something pretty smart with those threebuckled fastener—straps, think you not?





GET YOUNG IDEAS —use Tampax



NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

YOUTH sets the fashion in the world of today. The younger set does not hold back from trying new ideas and new ways. All through the country's famous colleges for young women, Tampax is especially in favor.

And why not? Progressive women know that Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally! No bulging "line" is possible and chafing is eliminated. Made of pure surgical cotton, it absorbs gently and naturally—permits no odor to form. Each Tampax comes sealed in one-time-use applicator, for quick and dainty insertion. Really you do not feel Tampax while wearing it, and disposal furnishes no problem at all.

Now 3 sizes of Tampax: Regular, Super, Junior. They meet every individual need. (The new Super is about 50% more absorbent.) Sold at drug stores, notion counters. Introductory box, 25¢. Economy package of 40 gives you real bargain. Join the millions using Tampax now!

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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10c (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

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reveal with pride two miracles. First, a stand of Canadian corn which, tenderly nurtured by the squadron's own hands, showed signs of ripening eventually, and, second, believe it or not, a pool filled with large trout upon which, on special occasions such as Dieppe, they feasted.

Lately there has been a noticeable improvement in the publicity given in Great Britain to Canada's war effort. There was room for this improvement. The British people still do not know enough about our scale of taxation in Canada, our rationing, and our general wartime economy. Until recently, little was known about Canada's billion-dollar gift to Britain. My observation is that we would profit from more radio broadcasts from Canada directed to the British public. The British people are keen to learn about Canada, and they listen to the radio a lot during the long blackout nights.

I spent one week visiting western England war factories including one which, if description were permitted, would take the pen of a Jules Verne or H. G. Wells to describe. It is 90 ft. below the earth's surface, covering an incredibly vast acreage, with shops created in caverns of solid rock. It is equipped with modern Canadian, United States and British machinery, and has perfect ventilating and heating systems. The latest equipment is a huge canteen capable of feeding an army of workers. Not only is it a triumph of engineering skill, but also an example of scientific research. Sewage is pumped to the surface and treated for the extraction of gases on which it is hoped to drive the factory's service automobiles.

In one Royal Ordnance factory, which was bare ground two years ago, 70 per cent of the employees are girls in their early twenties. Of these 34 per cent were from small candy, biscuit, glove and hosiery plants, and the rest had never seen the inside of a factory before. Most of their operations are in anti-aircraft guns and 2-pounders, and production is considerably beyond their target with remarkably few spoils.

In all the plants I visited I was impressed by the health and cheerfulness of the workers. Welfare work is exceedingly well handled. Factories outside of cities are busily erecting housing districts—dormitories for single men, and cottages for married men. There are splendid recreation halls and sports fields. Employees are encouraged to grow foodstuffs, a vital factor inseparable from industrial production.

During our stay in Bristol scores of citizens called on us to express their gratitude to Canada for the aid sent during the blitz days which are still a subject of everyday conversation. I visited the Women's Voluntary Service depot here which was stocked with clothing from Canada. I saw a family of small children, who were victims of a nearby hit-and-run raid, being outfitted entirely with Canadian clothing. The Bristol people don't forget... Incidentally, there are posters all over this city which say: "Toronto, Canada, wiped out diphtheria completely—what they can do we can do." +

Dentists know it . . . so should you . . .

Powder and water will brighten teeth fast!



TRY it—just powder and water—the cleansing combination which dentists use more than any other to clean teeth safely and brighten them fast. Nothing surpasses these two simple cleansers for effective daily care!

Use the water you have at home—but get Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder, developed by a practicing dentist and proved harmless to tooth enamel through years of use. Dr. Lyon's is all powder—all cleanser—free from acid, grit and pumice. Yet right from the first brushing it makes teeth brighter, and refreshes the mouth at the same time. As you use it regularly, you'll

soon discover its economy, too. Matched for price, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder outlasts tooth paste two-to-one!

Next time you need a dentifrice, remember your dentist and get tooth powder—Dr. Lyon's. At all drugstores.



Why pay for water
in a dentifrice?

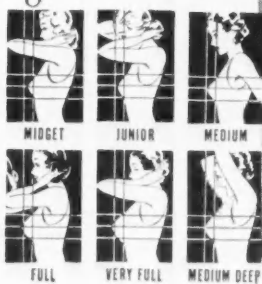
USE DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER —ON A MOIST BRUSH

CANADA'S LEADING TOOTH POWDER
IT COMES IN TINS . . . NO EMPTY TUBE NEEDED

YOUTH LINE TO
YOU WITH A

Barcarolle GOTHIC Cordtex (PATENTED) Brassiere

Take care of your
Gothic. Don't buy more than
you need . . . your Country
needs rubber and cotton



Style No. 2976

A STYLE TO FIT YOUR SHAPE AS WELL AS YOUR SIZE

Can You Guess The Age of These Women?



Don't let your skin make you look older than you are

*If your skin lies about your age
try this remarkable new-type
cream without delay*

If you are becoming alarmed at the appearance of your complexion; if you can see it looks less attractive—actually gives the impression that you are older than you are—then by all means try this remarkable, new-type cream so many women are turning to.

The instant you apply it you can tell something new and different is happening. Your skin feels cooler. You sense a glorious tingling feeling. Your entire face feels stimulated!

The reason Noxzema Cold Cream is so beneficial in action is simply this: It contains special cooling, soothing, freshening ingredients not found in other leading beauty creams. It's because of these added ingredients that Noxzema Cold Cream gives such different results. Not only quickly removes every trace of make-up and dirt—but leaves the skin looking and feeling so much fresher.

Don't wait to experience the beautifying action of this excitingly different cream. Get Noxzema Cold Cream from your favorite beauty counter today. See if you don't thrill at the difference it makes in the appearance of your complexion.



FROM ONE GOOD PAL TO ANOTHER

THEY might be brother and sister or . . . husband and wife or . . . about to be . . . but they both know what is practical in the service. Yes, the more compact they are, the better they are made, the more your gifts will be appreciated.

TOILETWARE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

*In limited quantities, your druggist
or jeweller can supply you with
the famous Keystone products for
use in the home.*

Keystone

STEVENS-HEPNER COMPANY LIMITED, PORT ELGIN, ONT.

Eyewitness in Britain

Editor's Note: H. Napier Moore, Editorial Director of Chatelaine, recently spent several weeks in the United Kingdom, visiting the Canadian Army and Royal Canadian Air Force squadrons, seeing something of the operations of the Navy, touring war-industry areas, and, in general, observing the wartime life of the British people. He was one of a party of ten Canadian editors, representing the magazines, the business and agricultural press, as well as the daily and weekly newspapers, who flew to Britain by bomber as guests of the Canadian Government. The following brief excerpts from his cabled dispatches convey vivid first-hand impressions which Chatelaine families will, we believe, find illuminating and heartening.



WITHIN A FEW hours of the battle of Dieppe I was at a base hospital talking to the wounded from those hellfire beaches. And on our tour of various Canadian army camps I have talked for hours with the men who returned from Dieppe, as well as with the various officers commanding. What cannot be repeated sufficiently is the coolness and the fighting quality of the Canadian soldiers under the deadliest baptism of fire from the enemy's battle-experienced troops, their confidence that man for man they are superior to the Germans, and their unbounded admiration for their officers—the young junior officers and the noncommissioned who led the way like veterans.

Particularly impressive is the fact that everywhere men who themselves fought magnificently speak enthusiastically of the courage and high spirits of the French Canadians who got inshore two or three miles and then literally hacked their way back. Typical was the comment of one wounded private of the Fusiliers Mont Royal, who, under heaviest fire, helped carry his commanding officer to the beach. With a twinkling in his eye he told me, "My officer, he insist we leave him because he must see all his men off. That's all very well but me, I have leave due me, and if my officer not there when I get back, who knows, maybe my leave overlooked! So I just have to get my officer back!"

General McNaughton's headquarters are in an old house of fine exterior, set in a huge garden. The interior, however, is strictly business. The commander of the Canadian Army, looking fit and hard, sat on the edge of a battered leather-topped table and talked proudly of the performance of the men and officers at Dieppe, and of the thousands of other troops not yet battle-trying but trained for anything. He was glad to see us because one main anxiety is that the Canadian soldiers should not lose contact with the folks at home, and that people of Canada should be kept informed as to the welfare and activities of their army overseas.

We saw Commando training. You've seen photographs showing men with full equipment hand-and-kneeling their way along ropes slung across rivers, climbing walls, worming through culverts, jumping obstacles, surmounting barbed wire. Seeing the actuality makes one marvel at the fitness and stamina of these hand-picked troops. I witnessed exercises wherein companies ran a long course doing all these things at high speed; and after

wading through a marsh they scored bull after bull on rifle targets amid smoke.

On the same morning I saw Commandos land from sea, speed across a rocky beach, scale fifty-foot cliffs by means of ingenious apparatus carrying all their raid equipment. It was realistic even to the extent of lowering a "German prisoner" who actually spoke German!

We toured reinforcement units, inspecting camps. We were impressed by the comfort of the huts compared with what existed in the old tin-town days. Kitchens are spotless and they produce well-cooked food. In these camps, new arrivals undergo preliminary training. Men with aptitude in this or that direction are given every encouragement to develop it, with the result that most men we talked to had their individual objectives.

We learned by observation what organization lies behind the maintenance of an army; of the preparatory work required before any area can be occupied—adequate water supply, sanitation, sewage disposal, and a thousand and one other things. We inspected the huge base ordnance workshop which is the Canadian Engineers' triumph. In little more than a year they erected a series of vast shops only comparable for size and equipment to those of the motor industries in Oshawa and Windsor. Here, all equipment used by the Canadian Army in the United Kingdom is maintained and repaired—from tanks to buckles.

Morale is high. It would be foolish to suggest that men over here for three years are sublimely content with life. They've been away from home a long time; they crave action, but Dieppe has been a stimulant throughout the Corps. They know Canadians can take it and dish it out. They know the breed of younger untried officers is all right; the men can follow them confidently and the officers have no doubts as to their men. Canadian troops are well-behaved and well-liked by the Britishers about them. Homes are open to them everywhere.

One day we journeyed to the outer defense ring around London to see a Canadian Army co-operation air squadron. After we had watched a spectacular exhibition air circus and met pilots who had dealt with Focke-Wulfs over Dieppe, the squadron leader said, "Let's buzz over to the mess where we can show you something really thrilling." We drove over, and he rushed us out to the garden to

War Wives' Boom Town

By Emily M. Gould

GIRLS accustomed to concerts and corsages, to taxis and teas, have suddenly found themselves forming a unique colony on a wayside bluff that rises from the Saskatchewan prairies. Girls from all over Canada—Winnipeg, Montreal and Vancouver—are huddled in one-room shacks, learning to bake bread, to churn up some butter by shaking cream in a jar, and to grow vegetables in two-by-four gardens among the underbrush. They are the young wives, and many of them brides, of airmen stationed at No. 5 Bombing and Gunnery School near Dafoe, Sask.

Living in trailers, old granaries and garages that once belonged to farmers in the district, the girls have become the principal citizens of a community affectionately known as "Boom Town."

The place grew up as if by magic in among the trees, across from the main gate of the training school. There was no town-planning committee or parks board, but somehow a main street thrust itself into shape, and today boasts three poster-decked shops, two restaurants, one drugstore and a filling station. The avenues are twisty trails that sometimes lead to friendly little homes, to wood piles, or to the one town pump. Flashlights flicker at night in Boom Town like giant fireflies.

The girls refer to one winding path as "Park Avenue," for here reside two officers' wives. They also point with pride to their one "apartment block"—a low cottage that accommodates two airmen's wives and their babies. Most of the homes are crude affairs with little in the way of furnishings, because the wives (and there are about 150 of them) know that this camping life won't last. But even so they make the most of it, and get a real thrill out of pasting up cut-outs on the bare painted walls and coaxing geraniums to grow in old tin pails.

THERE IS A pleasant community spirit about the place. No one puts on airs in Boom Town. The bride from the big city has to wash her own clothes, carry wood and water, cook meals on a wood stove. Milk and butter are kept in boxes set in the ground, and barrels are used to catch the rainwater, as the



Three neighbors with one of the youngest inhabitants. All Boom Town's children are under five.

district is alkaline. There are no plugs for toasters and irons, but the girls manage splendidly. When one finishes her roll of dampened towels and undies, the clumsy flatirons are whisked to the next cottage before they get cold.

No time is wasted in Boom Town. The Wives' Auxiliary meets regularly to knit and sew for the airmen, to listen to papers on health and nutrition, to discuss baby care. They have musical evenings with their husbands at the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House, and often there's the excitement of a wedding, when a pretty young thing arrives from the East in response to an airman's urgent telegram. When that happens it means the start of another "little grey home in the West."

The rental situation recently put Boom Town into the headlines. The Wartime Prices and Trade Board held an investigation, with the result that rents were reduced on an average of eight dollars a month. Formerly the shacks had been renting for \$15 monthly up—the average two-roomed place bringing \$25.

Now the young wives are busy preparing for a prairie winter. Earth banking is being done, windows bordered with felt strips to stop the drafts, and arrangements have been made for a bigger and better wood supply.

Who said modern girls couldn't stand the rigors of pioneer life? +



Looking up Main Street, where the few shops are located.

THEY SAY HE USED TO BE A BIG SHOT IN THE BRUSH WORLD

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES

For years hog bristle made the best brushes...then along came Pro-phy-lac-tic's **PROLON**

Next time you buy a tooth brush keep this in mind: years of laboratory research have produced amazing new synthetic bristles... far superior to natural bristle.

And among the new synthetic tooth brush bristles being marketed under various trade names, none is finer... none is more durable... none is more costly to produce than "Prolon," the synthetic bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

"Prolon," in fact, has a very important *plus* over any other synthetic bristle sold under any other name... *only "Prolon" is rounded at the ends!* See for yourself, in the photo-micrographs, the difference between the round bristle-ends of "Prolon" and

the harsh jagged points of ordinary bristle. Think of the difference on your gums!

The only Tooth Brush in the World with:

1...ROUND-END BRISTLE

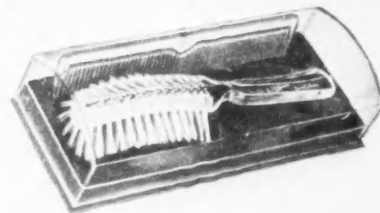


2...SIX MONTHS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We have no way of telling how long a Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush will last you... maybe a year, 18 months, even longer. We can, and do, however, give a clear-cut 6-months money-back guarantee with each brush—the *only* brush in the world with this definite 6-months *guarantee* of service. That's how sure we are of its dependability and durability!

...and don't miss this new line of hair brushes in gleaming Jewelite!

Pro-phy-lac-tic's latest triumph! Dresser and toilet brushes in Jewelite—a gem-like, crystal-clear plastic. Choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Moisture-resistant bristles of snow-white Prolon. \$2.25 to \$37.50—at most brush-goods counters. Illustration: Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-the-head" brush... with comb, \$4.25.



PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto
(MADE IN CANADA)

"You've got no right to tell Tom I'm spoiling the baby!"



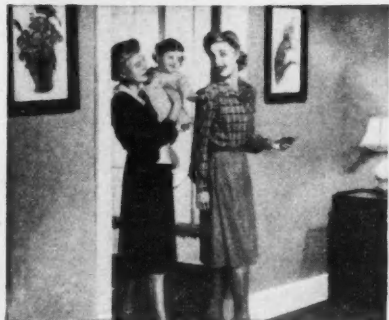
1. Tom's mother came to live with us when Tom got his commission. And we didn't have a bit of friction till she interfered with my way of raising Sue. "I'm going to write Tom," she said, "about the way you're spoiling that child, with all this nonsense about needing special baby's soap, special powder, special wash cloths. Even a special laxative!"



2. "Let me tell you," I said, "that our own doctor approved of the way I'm taking care of Sue. He says a baby needs special care because its whole system is different from a grownup's. It's much more delicate."



3. "So Doctor said it certainly makes sense to give the baby a laxative that's made especially for children—Castoria. I've found he's right, too. Castoria is effective, yet it's safe and gentle."



4. "And another thing. I've found that Castoria works almost naturally, overnight, so I can give it to the baby at bedtime and it doesn't disturb her sleep. Seems to me that's important."



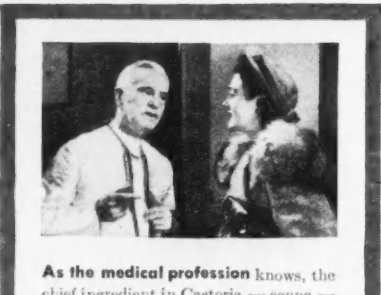
6. I bought the money-saving Family Size bottle. And next time Sue needed a laxative, I called mother to see how the baby liked to take Castoria. Well, mother just gave me a little hug that said, "I was wrong."

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children



5. Mother seemed willing to agree, but what finally convinced her was the way our druggist recommended and praised Castoria. "Why, it even tastes good, so children never have to be forced to take it!"



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria — senna — has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

Chatelaine's War Service

THIS IS about US—*Chatelaine*, the magazine you look to for practical information, cheer and guidance during these busy wartime days. "I really don't know how I could get along without *Chatelaine*," wrote a woman from Quebec Province the other day, "especially now, when the ordinary job of running a home is becoming more difficult."

This reader had come to recognize a salient fact which all Canadian women, all citizens, must face up to: that no job, no task, can now be considered "ordinary." These are extraordinary times, and every small individual decision affecting work, time, health, buying, saving, sharing, adds up to make a national behavior pattern which can either retard or advance the day of victory.

Such conviction, held unreservedly by *Chatelaine's* publishers, editors and contributors, provides the key to this magazine's own war service. One continuing theme inspires us, and that is "For Victory."

September's "Women in War Industry" number represented the first serious attempt by any Canadian publication to assess the real contribution of women in the many diversified phases of munitions production. *Chatelaine's* salute to the woman in overalls was all-embracing in scope—not just a tribute to the girls who have taken over the machines, but a helpful guide to them in ordering their new lives for better health, higher morale, greater efficiency. The different points of view of both employees and employers were frankly presented. "Meals on Shift" brought immediate aid to homemakers coping with a topsyturvy wartime routine, and whose job it is to pack good nourishment into the daily lunch-boxes.

As a direct result of this last-mentioned feature, the management of a plant employing 3,000 workers asked *Chatelaine* to continue and extend suggestions for lunch-box menus. On Page 70 of this issue you will find an easy-to-follow chart for thirty portable meals, planned for variety, flavor and, above all, good nourishment.

"Save and Conserve" is the theme of this issue—as you've probably guessed if you've had time to look over that article on salvage (tells you all about the scrap we must get in *now*), that piece about "The Enemy Within Your Gates," and those dozen other helpful discussions on the subject of care and repair of equipment, saving of time, money, power, food and food values.

Perhaps you'd like to know how we got the notion for our November theme. About two months ago, when announcement of the new taxes left everyone limp and a little breathless, we sat next to a businessman at lunch. He was in a misanthropic sort of mood and he gave out with the statement that Canadian women, especially "wives," hadn't the faintest idea of how to cut expenses. "You'd be doing Canadian husbands a big service if you could tell their wives how to save," he said.

Well, it was a good idea, and we've done it—not just for the husbands, but for the country as a whole and for every family making a conscientious effort to follow the Victory pattern. ♦

Strapped in a Strait Jacket by SORE MUSCLES?



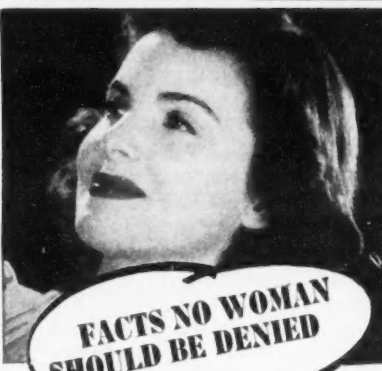
PROMPT RELIEF! Help Nature drive out Fatigue Acids

● That misery of sore, stiff muscles usually comes when extra exercise causes fatigue acids to accumulate in them. Splash those muscles with Absorbine Jr.! It increases circulation in many of your muscles so fresh blood can carry fatigue acids away.

As it goes to work, pain eases, swelling reduces. What wonderful comfort! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. \$1.25 a bottle at your druggist's. W. F. Young, Inc., 286 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.



Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

● It is every wife's right to know certain facts. Her greatest happiness, her physical and mental well-being may be at stake. She cannot go by what others tell; she must *know*. Otherwise in feminine hygiene, she may resort to over-strong solutions of acids, which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissue.

Today thousands of informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty, snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Spread greaseless, protective coating to cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet! Zonitors are safe for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

FREE: Mail this coupon for revealing booklet of intimate facts, sent postpaid in plain envelope. Write Zonite Products Corporation, Limited, Ste-Thérèse, Que. C.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
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Zonitors

SAYS PAULETTE GODDARD (Ivory Skin Type)



PAULETTE GODDARD, STARRING IN "THE FOREST RANGERS," A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IN TECHNICOLOR

"I call it my 'Glamour Dust' for it's blended to dramatize my type"

"WHEN WOODBURY induced Hollywood directors to help create the right powder shade for each type skin . . . they conferred a blessing on girls with ivory complexions like mine.

"Woodbury's adorable new Rachel brings out the creamy tints in my skin as though blended for me alone. I call it my 'Glamour Dust'. . . it dramatizes my type so amazingly."

Right, Miss Goddard! Hollywood directors

do deserve a big hand for helping us develop this exquisite "color-true" Woodbury Powder. For it was they who divided all complexions into 5 basic skin types.

But it took an amazing new Woodbury Color Control process to create a perfect match for each and every skin type.

This process "homogenizes" color in face powder with miraculous new evenness and

precision. Now every girl can get the ideal shade to bring out lovely undertones.

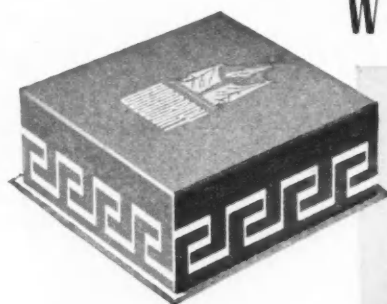
Girls adore Woodbury's fragrant new sheer-ness, too—and the way it clings for hours.

So find *your true-type* tint. In every box, there's a little chart that tells you your type and shade. Today, get Woodbury.

Spread on that "glamour dust" . . . especially created to dramatize your skin type.

The 5 Beauty Types . . . the 6 Woodbury Powder Shades
(Find your type, see type chart in every box)

Ivory Skin Type Rachel or Flesh	Honey Skin Type Rachel or Windsor Rose
Cameo Skin Type Flesh or Blush Rose	Tropic Skin Type Brunette or Champagne
American Beauty Blend Windsor Rose or Brunette	



WOODBURY Color Controlled POWDER

Play up your type

Today, get your true-type glamour shade of the fragrant new Woodbury Color Controlled Powder. Only 50¢ for big dressing table box. Introductory sizes are 25¢ and 16¢. Smooth on new glamour, new allure.



Type Chart in Every Woodbury Powder Box

tells you shades of Powder, Rouge and Lipstick most flattering for you. Woodbury Color Control gives Rouge a more velvety, natural effect, adds satin smoothness to Lipstick. Try this stunning new Woodbury Matched Make-up today.

Back up Your Fighting Man—Buy Victory Bonds

MADE IN CANADA

How to Get Started

ON A LIFE INSURANCE PROGRAM SUITED TO YOUR PARTICULAR NEEDS

To help you plan your life insurance most effectively and to make it do all the things it can and should do, we are outlining a simple 5-step procedure for you to follow.

STEP 1: Choose an agent whom you feel you can talk with frankly, a man whose knowledge and judgment you trust.



STEP 2: Determine your family's needs. Do you need life insurance for burial expenses only? Should you provide funds for future support of your family? Have you a mortgage or debt to be covered? Should other family members be insured? Have you other important needs?

STEP 3: Decide how much of your income to use for life insurance. How much is your present income? What are your future prospects? How much do other men in similar circumstances lay aside for life insurance? Your agent can help you consider all sides of this question.

STEP 4: Select the kind of policy that best fits your life insurance needs, considering the premium money you have available. As you know, there are many different kinds of life insurance policies—each designed to fit the specific needs of men in different circumstances.

STEP 5: Choose the best way possible to leave your life insurance money to your beneficiary. Should it all be paid in one lump sum at death? As an income for a limited number of years? As a lifetime income? Most policies of \$1,000 or more give you these choices.



Review your life insurance program periodically with your agent. Your family may increase in size, your income change, or your responsibilities become less as your children become independent. Any such change may make a revision in your life insurance program advisable.

The PRUDENTIAL

INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

BRANCH OFFICES IN ALL LEADING CANADIAN CITIES



if she didn't accept the Government would drop the idea. And she couldn't bear to think of youngsters away from home not being properly fed. With dauntless courage she took on the job. In this new Red Cross cafeteria a thousand people pass through her hands every day. They come for coffee and doughnuts during the morning, for a hot meal at noon, for afternoon tea and for supper.

Mrs. Gordon, wearing a white uniform with red belt and big white gloves to protect her hands, stands among her blue-smocked assistants ladling out hot soup and vegetables. Before her passes never-ending line of young girl stenographers, Air Force officers, middle-aged executives, girls of the R.C.A.F. For each she has a pleasant word and a quick charming smile. No wonder the Red Cross cafeteria is an overwhelming success.

One wonders, seeing the tasks she performs every day, how she possibly does it. "I go to bed late and get up early," she says with a smile. Her friends would add that she never stops for a minute during the day. If you phone her house at nine in the morning you'll find her gone, and she seldom gets home before seven-thirty at night.

She plans all her cafeteria menus, orders her supplies, does a great deal of the cooking herself. Most of her recipes are of her own invention. Nothing is wasted in her kitchens; there is no such word as garbage. And yet none of her dishes seem like leftovers. Cakes, for instance, she never makes into puddings or trifles. She crumbles them and mixes them into fresh cakes. A large volunteer staff of 20 different women every weekday work with her enthusiastically. Her small permanent staff of six girls are a loyal group, some of whom have been with her since the early days of the first Red Cross tea-room. And Mrs. Gordon insists on

giving a lion's share of credit to the splendid committees working with her at both cafeterias.

HER ONE regret is that she doesn't see enough of her two sons, Donald aged twelve and Michael aged four. Donald is an enthusiastic worker for the Junior Red Cross, making soldiers and selling them to raise funds. Even Michael appreciates the importance of Red Cross work. One day his mother decided to take a few hours of much-needed rest, but the phone rang so persistently that she said, "Come, Michael, we're going out for a walk."

"Aren't you going to Red Cross, mummy?" asked the four-year-old. "What's the matter? Have they killed Hitler?"

Asked if she thought that Red Cross cafeterias would be a good project in any Canadian city, Mrs. Gordon said: "Yes, I certainly do. Provided that the committee in charge really understood how to buy carefully and eliminate waste. Otherwise it would be fairly easy to lose money."

"The price ceiling has been a great comfort to me in my buying for the cafeteria. For a while prices were getting completely out of hand. But since the ceiling went into effect, it's easy to tell where we are. I'm delighted with it."

And here's what Mr. Gordon said about his wife in a recent interview. "She's a great person," he smiled.

"She's the real strength of the Gordon household. It's a secret, of course, because I've never admitted it to her."

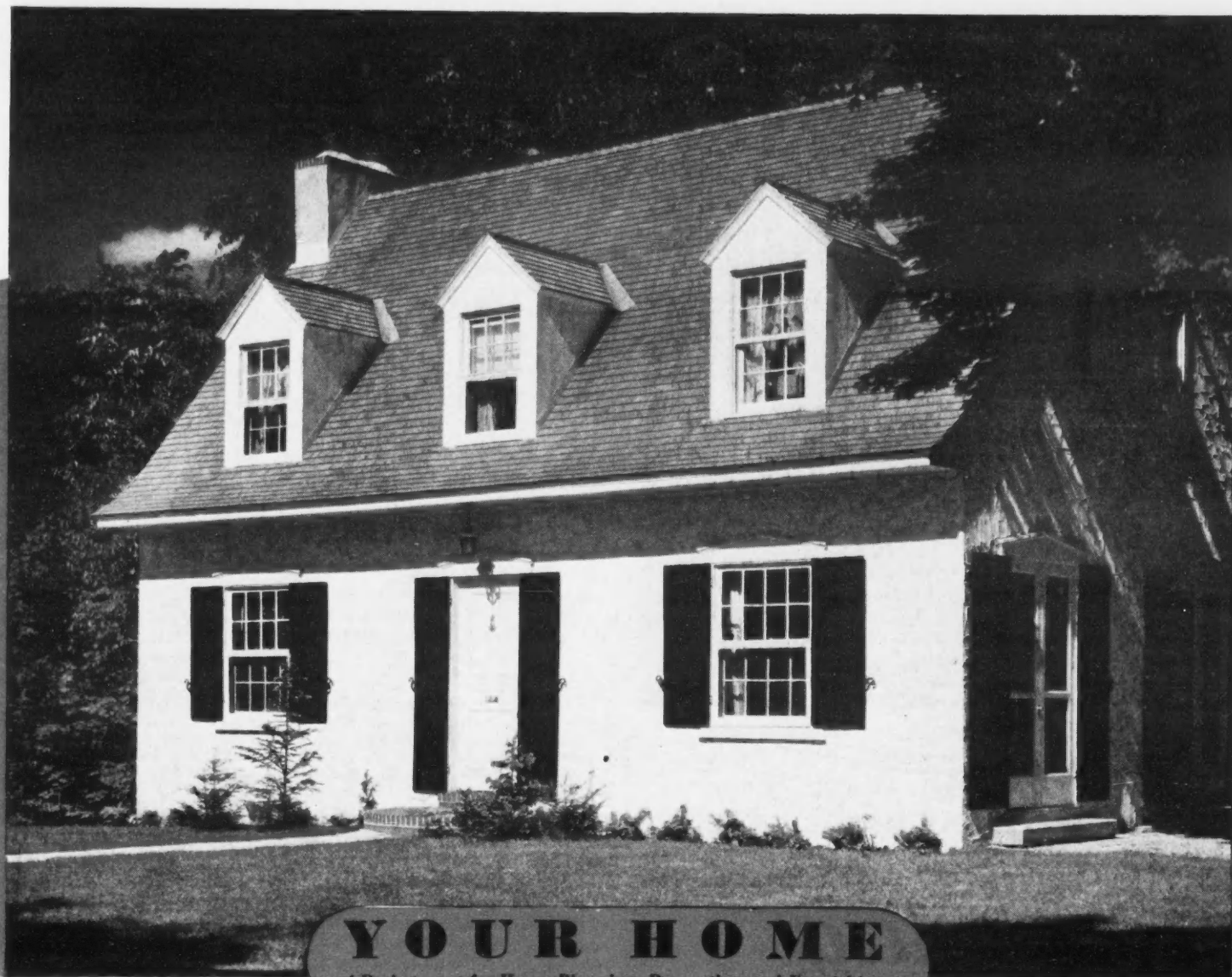
There are few Canadian couples devoting themselves so wholeheartedly to the war effort as the hard-working Donald Gordons. While Mr. Gordon stands guard over Canada's price ceiling, his wife is earning thousands of Red Cross dollars by selling nutritious meals to warworkers. +

That Eastern Canadian Port



Malah

The United Nations often lunch together at the Allied Merchant Seamen's Club in Halifax. Here, Mrs. Noble Foster, Chairman of the club's Ladies Committee, listens to the exciting tale of Wilson Omize, South African sailor who has survived half a dozen torpedoings in the Atlantic, and last time had to swim for three and a half hours in freezing water before he was rescued. Chinese Ling Cho Fong, right, is another stout fellow who has travelled the hazardous convoy lanes many times and always come back smiling.



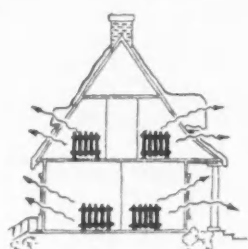
YOUR HOME

A Department for House Planning, Decorating and Furnishing

H. Gordon Hughes, Architect

Keep It a GOING CONCERN

By **GORDON S. ADAMSON, M.R.A.I.C.**



Precious heat escapes easily through windows and doors not made weathertight.



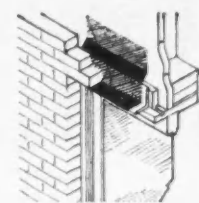
Double-glazing or storm windows, combined with weatherstripping, deflect heat back into the rooms.

WHEN A person invests in a car he knows that repair bills will inevitably follow some time or other, regardless of the cost or make of the car. What the average home owner does not seem to realize is that every house, however well built, will require a certain amount of care and upkeep. To be sure, a house honestly constructed of the best materials will outlast a shoddily built one and give much more comfort and satisfaction through the years, but the elements are no respecters of persons or properties. Wind, rain, sun and frost, if given a chance, will wreak havoc with any building, large or small.

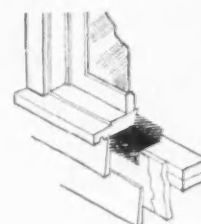
The wise man will take stock of his investment. Some signs of deterioration will be fairly obvious. If paint has blistered, cracked, peeled off or faded, a new paint job is in order. While there have been cases of houses being left unpainted for years and years without apparent damage to the woodwork (as in the case of the venerable Barnum house at Grafton, Ontario), experience has taught us that wood unprotected from the weather perishes in a relatively short time.

If repainted while the old paint is still good, one or two coats will usually suffice. If let go too long, repainting becomes a costly and thankless job, with results which are never really satisfactory.

Blistered or cracked paint should be removed before new paint is applied. Otherwise it is sure to come away at a later date, bringing the new coats with it. It may be the result of using poor paint or painting under wrong conditions. Be sure that woodwork is clean and perfectly dry before applying paint. In the fall confine your outside painting to the middle of the day when there will be little or no likelihood of dampness from dew or fog. Old paint which powders or chalks off slightly when rubbed makes the best base for new paint, but all painted surfaces should be well rubbed down with sandpaper before being repainted. If you are doing your own

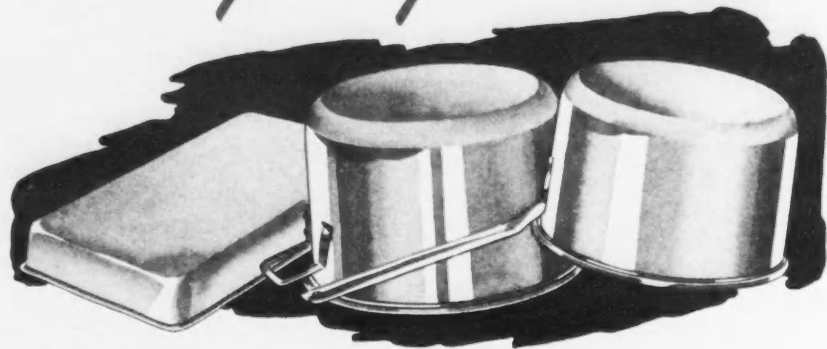


Good construction calls for window head flashing — prevents infiltration of air and moisture.

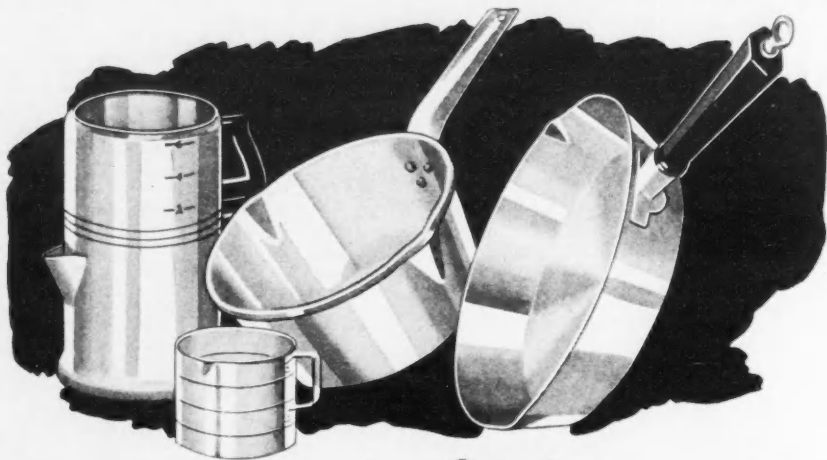


Proper window sill flashing obviates infiltration of cold air around windows, a common cause of winter discomfort.

Shiny bright outside



wholesome clean inside



S.O.S. keeps 'em that way



Just dip, rub, rinse—watch S.O.S. work. Scorches disappear! Burns and grease vanish. Even your dullest aluminum shines bright as new. Because magic S.O.S. cleans, scours, polishes, all in one simple operation. Try S.O.S.—and see!



No, you can't pull an S.O.S. pad apart! That's because of its special interwoven construction. Notice, too, the handy oval shape—so you can get it into corners where dirt hides. And, of course, the soap is in the pad—plenty of it!

PROUD you are—when your aluminum and "Pyrex" ware looks new and stays that way.

SENSIBLE, too—for you feel better about cooking food in spotless pans.

THRIFTY, indeed—because *clean* aluminum *lasts longer*! Science says so. In these days, it's real economy to give your pots and pans an S.O.S. shine-up after every using. Get a package today!

Made in Canada by
The S.O.S. Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

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In the Country :: Continued from page 35

the bank from the house. No one would be likely to come that way. When she got there she looked around blindly, wildly. She could see nothing but darkness, though the morning was swimming in light.

SHE WAS sitting with her cheek against the tree and her eyes closed, when Hugo came up to her. She did not hear him coming across the grass, nor know he was there until he called her name, and the total unexpectedness of it gave her no chance at all. It was impossible to hide anything. She lifted her head, not knowing if the call had come from the darkness of her own mind and showed him her face, pale and fixed in the quiet of absolute despair. Then while he stared at her, shocked into silence, she was blindingly transfigured.

"Hugo, darling," she said softly.

It was impossible to misunderstand. Hugo did not.

"My lord, Judith," he said hoarsely. "I didn't know you felt . . . I never knew . . ."

His lips were drawn in tightly as he took the impact of this revelation. Then suddenly while he stared down at her, at her illumined face and her quivering body, all the years were lit up by truth, as a darkened room might be, and as he drew her into his arms he caught fire from the love which had burned in her for so long.

When she drew away from his kiss, he was trembling. He caught her face between his hands and said almost fearfully,

"Lord in heaven, Judy! How nearly we missed this. I would have gone on, and caught that train . . ." He was thrusting the curls back behind her ears with quick savage gestures.

"When did you know? Where did you decide to turn back?"

"I didn't know . . . any more than I have all along, that is . . . except that

you were part of my life, part of all this, my real life. I ran out of petrol. You said there were two gallons, but it dried up absolutely, about four miles along the road . . ."

She went rigid, then tried to twist from his arms, but he held her tightly, hurting her.

"Stop it, Judy, stop it! What does it matter, how or why it happened? It's happened, hasn't it?"

A LETTER came for Judy by the following morning's post. She was at breakfast with Hugo. They were alone, and when she had finished reading it, she tossed it to him. He took it with a questioning smile and read:

Dear Miss Judith,

I'm writing to say I won't be coming back as I'm going to be married. I did something I oughtn't to have to you and your mother and I'm ever so sorry as you was always fair to me. My boy told me the price of the petrol and I enclose postal order as will pay for it. My boy was being sent off first thing this morning from here and I just had to see him, Miss Judith. There wasn't any way of getting except by car and Sam Hardy had his away and once anyone would have drove you, but not now, Miss Judy. There was no one I could ask. So I made a friend of mine drive me in your car. He didn't want to, and he is not to blame. I had to make him, I simply had to see my boy before he went. I am ever so sorry. I know it was stealing kind of but it was the middle of the night and I thought you might have said you wouldn't and so I had to do it. I'm ever so happy and I do hope you won't think too bad of me. Auntie will get the things I left in my room.

Yours truly,
Connie Briggs. +

Winged Motif

By MARJORIE FREEMAN CAMPBELL

When he was three,
He dragged a rubber plane,
A graceless thing
Lacking the soul of flight,
That bumped at heel
Behind coercive string.

At ten, frail bits of plywood, silk and bands,
Whirled into life beneath his grubby hands.

Strange, that when life
Should summon him from youth,
To play the man,
She gave him back the toy
He'd laid aside
Since boyhood's bright, brief span.

See, shelved below his tales of foreign lands,
Just where he placed them, there each
small plane stands!

The Care of Small Equipment

By Helen G. Campbell

Toaster—Keep the toaster in A1 condition for the sake of its good looks and long service. Here are the little attentions it will pay you to give it.

Brush with a soft-bristled round brush to remove the crumbs. Some toasters have a detachable plate on the bottom on to which the crumbs fall. On others there are removable sides or an open space underneath the element that the brush can slide under. Examine your appliance carefully before going to work on it. And handle it gently.

Chrome or nickel finish is the outside dress; wipe with a damp cloth, then dry and polish to avoid discoloration.

Overheating is the root of most evils. It wastes power, burns out elements, burns cords, burns cord plugs, warps and discolors the appliance, loosens handles and reduces the bread to a blackened crisp. Moral; don't overheat.

Don't be a cord jerker. This wears and loosens the plugs and breaks the wire.

When not in use remove the cord from the appliance—if detachable—hang it preferably over a round peg so the wire is not bent at too sharp an angle. If permanently attached, wind the cord loosely round the toaster.

Iron—If you are to have that well-groomed look, take care of the iron; you'll need it to smooth out wrinkles and keep your clothes spick and span.

Don't drop it. A lot of trouble is caused by careless handling, for though the element is well embedded in heavy metal and often porcelain brick as well, it still can't quite stand many such shocks.

Overheating is another taboo as it wastes power, scorches clothes and hands, affects sensitive heat controls and handles and causes discoloration of the finish.

Keep the appliance clean. If starch clings to the base, rub the iron over

a moist cloth and don't give it a chance to burn on.

Don't allow the cord to rub along the edge of the ironing board any more than you can help; it's very wearing on the cord.

When thoroughly dry and cool, put it away in a clean dry place so that rust hasn't a chance.

Electric Mixer—

Overworking this appliance plays hob with it. So don't give it too heavy a batter to handle or run it until the motor becomes overheated.

Follow the instructions carefully—oiling according to the manufacturer's say-so.

Run it at the speed suggested for the different mixing jobs it has to do.

Don't put hard butter or shortening in the bowls to be creamed; the beaters are strong, but this is apt to bend them.

Keep the mixer clean and free from dust. It is best to keep it covered when not in use.

Don't subject the bowls to rapid changes of temperature—they're apt to break.

Electric Percolator—Have enough water in the pot to keep the element well covered during the heating. If you don't, the percolator will get overheated and melt the fuse—or the pot.

Water on the outside is another hazard, because it has a way of trickling into the electric connections in the base or around the plug. In either case the result may be a short circuit.

Keep the inside clean with soap and water and the outside wiped with a damp cloth, then dried and polished. Always keep the water away from unsealed electric parts.

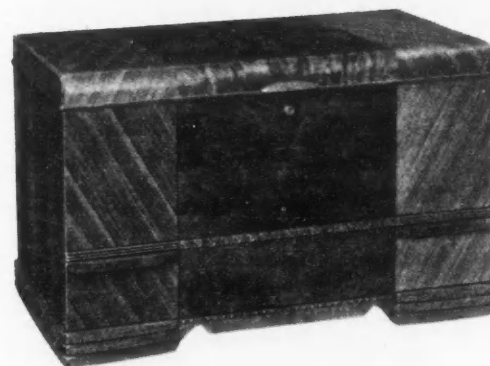
To keep the spout clean and sweet, brush it frequently with a small brush which reaches into all the corners. +



Woollens, like the lamb, need protection. A "Red Seal" cedar chest, while serving as valuable storage space, guards your irreplaceable woollens and furs against destruction by the ravaging moth worm. Any woman would be proud to own a "Red Seal" cedar chest. They are available in both modern and period designs and can be purchased at leading furniture and department stores across Canada. Write for free illustrated catalogue.



RED SEAL MODEL 302 (right)
Top size 30" x 19"—31" high Mahogany veneer, 3 cedar drawers.

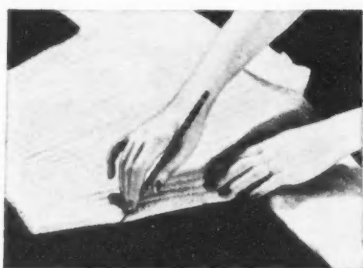


RED SEAL MODEL 870 (left)
Size 41" x 19"—25" high, matched walnut lid and front, long drawer, dust-proof construction Liner and \$100.00 Moth Insurance.



RED SEAL CEDAR CHESTS

THE HONDERICH FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED • Milverton, Ontario

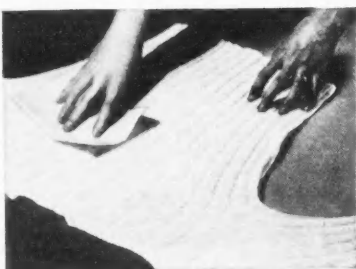


Long Life for Sweaters

Left—Draw the outline of the sweater on stout paper. Test the color in clear water for fastness. Remove any non-washable trimmings. Turn inside out.



Left—Roll in a towel and press out the excess moisture. Unroll and ease into shape, following your drawn outline. Smooth wrinkles out lengthwise with stiff clean paper. Dry flat, away from heat.



Right—Dip and squeeze gently in rich lukewarm suds made from a pure, mild soap. Do not soak. Rinse thoroughly in three lots of clear water at the same temperature as the suds.

Photographs and Instructions from the New Lux Knitting Book



WITH THE METAL THAT
MIGHT HAVE GONE INTO MY NEW

Findlay RANGE

Many Canadian women have set their hearts on a new Findlay Range—but the metal is needed for a more vital purpose... perhaps to make bombs for Berlin delivery!

And they're happy in the knowledge that the metal and labour which would have gone into their new range is going to serve a greater need—the need of our fighting men for guns, planes, ships, tanks, shells and other equipment. For our survival as a free people depends upon our ability... and determination... to provide our forces with more of these things than the enemy has. This is why a large part of the Findlay plant and personnel is now engaged in making war supplies instead of Findlay Ranges.

It is your duty to make your present cooking and heating equipment serve as long as possible. Our Free booklet—"How to make your range or furnace last longer", tells you how to add to the life of your present equipment. Write for a copy TODAY.

FINDLAYS LIMITED
Carleton Place, Ontario—Since 1860



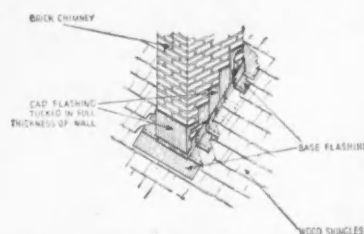
The attractive Findlay de luxe models like the one shown, have been discontinued for the duration. When better times return they will again be available, with all the features that have made Findlay Ranges leaders in cooking and heating ability. Meanwhile we are authorized to make a limited number of "Wartime Models". If you must have a new range or heater, see your nearest Findlay dealer, who will show you the models available and advise you which is most suitable for your purpose.

COAL AND WOOD RANGES • GAS AND ELECTRIC RANGES • WARM AIR FURNACES • HEATERS

work, I suggest that you buy the best exterior paint available in your community. It will go farther, be easier to put on, and last longer than inferior brands.

Do not be alarmed if paint on a new house does not appear to stand up. In the first year the paint will be absorbed into the wood. Painting again the second year is a good investment. After a house has been repainted once or twice a body of paint has been built up which will very probably withstand the weather without signs of perishing for three, four or five years.

NEXT, LOOK at the roof. If the shingles are split, curled up at the edges, or rotting, it is time for attention. If the diagnosis is not too serious, a few loose shingles or galvanized metal soakers wedged into place may save the day. If the roof has obviously served



The metal flashing at the point where chimney emerges from roof must be carefully installed, and checked every now and then.

its usefulness, a new one should be put on without delay. Don't wait until ceilings are ruined.

There are plenty of good roofing materials on the market. My preference is for a clear shingle (laid over asbestos paper), unstained and allowed to weather, put on after the old shingles have been removed. For those who do not like wood, there are the asphalt shingles and rigid asbestos shingles. These may be laid over the old shingles, as is sometimes advocated, in order to benefit from the added insulation in the old roof. The argument to the contrary is that houses are usually insulated at the ceiling line, so that insulation at the roof line is not important. In the case of the wood shingle, the old roof tends to hold moisture and prevents the new shingle from breathing properly. The breathing is necessary to the long life of the shingle. See that all old nails are driven down before the new roof is put on.

Wood shingles more than eight or nine inches wide should be split, otherwise splitting will occur after they are laid.

If manufactured shingles are used, they should be in a pattern and size simulating the wood shingle, else they will be out of scale and out of harmony with the house. Such shingles must be of good quality and laid in strict accordance with manufacturer's directions. Damage from high winds has often resulted in the case of such roofs being improperly put on.

Checking for leaks should not be confined to the roof. Damp spots on basement walls are evidence of trouble which should be eliminated. In the case of a concrete or brick wall the dampness on the inside of the wall usually indicates the position of the failure at the outside. In such cases an application of cement mortar treated with a good waterproofing agent applied to the inside face

+ Continued on page 61



Never give a toilet germ an even break

Unsanitary film collects in toilet bowls constantly. It's a breeding place for toilet germs. Sani-Flush makes it simple and easy to keep toilets glistening-clean—without scrubbing. No unpleasant work. Use Sani-Flush at least twice a week to remove film, stains, incrustations and a cause of toilet odors.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. (Also cleans out auto radiators thoroughly.) When used according to directions on the can—Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks* or their action and is absolutely safe in all toilet connections and auto cooling systems. Made in Canada. Sold everywhere in two convenient sizes.

*FREE For Septic Tank Owners

Septic tank owners don't have to scrub toilets, either! Eminent research authorities have tested Sani-Flush. Their report shows how easy and safe this bowl cleaner is for toilet sanitation with septic tanks. For free copy of this scientific report, write the distributor: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Dept. N-1, Toronto, Ont.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET
BOWLS WITHOUT
SCOURING

TRAIN-SICK?

Nausea, dizziness, stomach distress may be prevented and relieved with the aid of



Mothersill's
SEASICK REMEDY

SOOTHE IRRITATED EYES

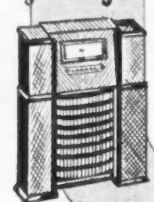
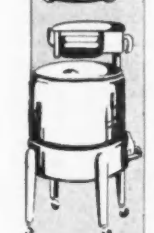
To get quick relief from overworked, smarting eyes, just put two drops of Murine in each eye. All 7 Murine ingredients soothe, cleanse, relieve irritation. Make your eyes feel easy and refreshed. Thousands are using Murine. Let it help your eyes, too!



after
**WIND
and
DUST**
use

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

USELESS ...when they won't work PRICELESS when repaired



That old electric iron that hasn't worked for years—the toaster you hadn't the heart to throw out because it was a gift... these and many other electrical items must now be resurrected to give many more years of service.

Take them to your nearest Northern Electric dealer for appraisal. He'll repair, replace broken parts (where available) and the appliances will be right back on the job doing your homework for you. At small cost too. And if you don't need them yourself, put them back in circulation among your relatives or friends—they'll appreciate something they can't buy NEW right now. Or if you wish, the dealer may find a market for them.



Look

for this Seal of Approval displayed by authorized Sales and Service Depots.

Northern Electric Company Limited

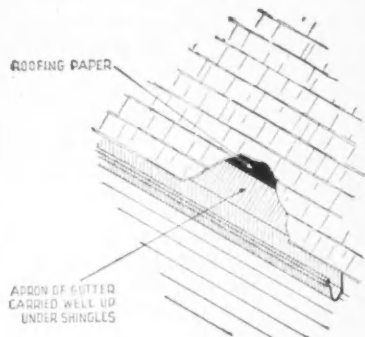
Northern Electric

Keep it a Going Concern Continued from page 58

of the wall should stop the leak. If not, the area of the outside wall directly opposite the dampness may be treated with pitch or mastic. If the wall is already protected in this manner and it is possible to completely remove this coating, first apply a cement coat as above and then coat with pitch.

Birds' nests or leaves and twigs in eavestroughs and drainpipes cause no end of trouble. They not only clog the drains, leading to costly repairs, but shorten the life of the trough. If water lies in troughs indefinitely the metal will deteriorate; in freezing weather ice will form and break open the soldered joints. Keep troughs clean. Paint them inside as well as out with rust-resistant paint. If not already there, provide a galvanized wire cage at the top of each downpipe. Gutters and downpipes already damaged should be repaired.

CAST AN eye over chimney and walls, especially free-standing walls at entrance, and platforms and walls near grade where snow and ice lie against them, for signs of mortar failure. Where joints are open or where mortar has spalled off, rake out the joints to a depth of about three quarters of an inch and repoint with mortar. Lime mortar composed of one part of hydrated lime mixed with three parts of clean sharp sand may be used. In chimney work and walls near grade lines add about one part of Portland cement to each four parts of hydrated lime in the mortar—a more watertight mixture. A good precaution against future chimney trouble is to use a poured



A good roof drainage system is of great importance in any long-range maintenance scheme.

concrete cap at top of chimney. Leave openings for flues and build in a sheet metal drip at lower outer edges.

The failure of the mortar may be due to leaks, formations of ice, or to vines and climbers working their way into the joints. Do not forget to get rid of the cause, or the condition will be repeated.

IF OLD houses are uncomfortable, cold and drafty, it may be due to lack of insulation and weatherstripping. In such cases insulation with any one of the better-known materials will give added comfort and materially reduce the fuel bills. Where houses are built with solid masonry walls, adding insulation to the walls presents almost insurmountable difficulties, but in almost all instances roofs or second-floor ceilings can be readily done.

All exterior doors should be fitted with double-hemmed spring bronzed weatherstripping and interlocking thresholds. The double-hemmed feature

Whether it's CRANE or not... GUARD IT WELL!



Your health and comfort depend upon the plumbing and heating in your home. Keeping this equipment operating at peak efficiency is important. Oftentimes, if the plumber is called in early enough, he can prevent little troubles from developing into big ones. He is as near to you as your telephone—call him!

"PLUMBING and HEATING POINTERS"

Read and save these helpful Crane advertisements, appearing in leading newspapers every Friday. They'll give you valuable hints on the care of your domestic equipment.

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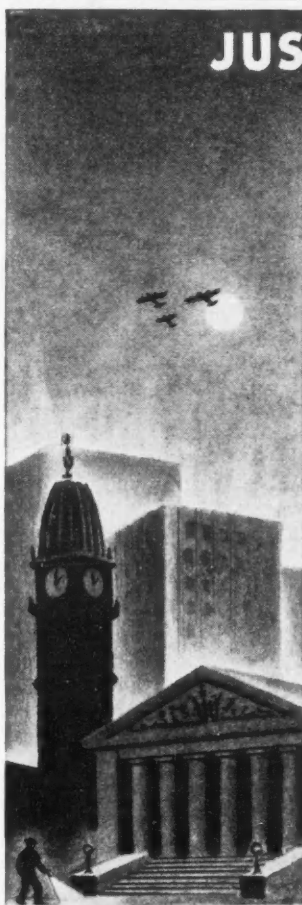
Nation-Wide Service Through Branches, Wholesalers, Plumbing and Heating Contractors.

JUST A TEMPORARY "BLACKOUT"

At the present time, it is practically impossible to purchase "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils.

The urgent demand for Aluminum in the manufacture of war material of every description has, temporarily, "black-out" its use for purely domestic purposes.

When the "all-clear" sounds, and victory is won, we hope that all our men and women employees, who have left us for other war service, will once again return to their peace-time profession of fashioning aluminum into



"Wear-Ever"

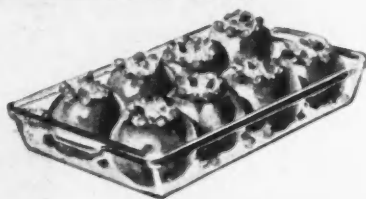
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

NOW LET EVERY PYREX DISH SERVE YOU ALL THESE WAYS!

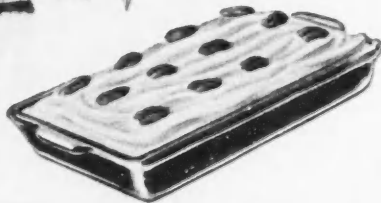


1. TASTY MEATS AND FISH! Your Pyrex utility dish cooks or roasts all kinds of main courses. Cook, serve, and then keep your left-overs, all in the same handy dish!

IN TIMES like these you can keep every modern Pyrex dish busy! For example, just check all the ways you can use this one! Each smart Pyrex dish can be used for a dozen appetizing recipes. And you can serve and store each food in the same sparkling clear utensil it was cooked in. Pyrex ware cooks better, and faster—saving fuel. It washes easier, too! Choose Pyrex ware to help you serve better meals for less money!



2. TEMPTING VEGETABLE DISHES! See how this Pyrex dish dresses up vegetables! Tomatoes stuffed with corn and peas; candied sweet potatoes; individual Hubbard squashes; a dozen others!



3. CRISP SALADS! Serve your family lots of fresh fruits and vegetables for balanced, attractive meals. Your utility dish makes a charming salad bowl . . . and washes clean with no effort at all!



4. DELICIOUS DESSERTS! Gingerbread, cakes, puddings, custards are just a few of the many good things you can prepare in this handy Pyrex ware utility dish!

EVERY GLEAMING DISH HAS A DOZEN USES!



NEW Pyrex "Flavor-Saver" pie plate with convenient glass handles. Fluted edge of new deep Pyrex "Flavor-Saver" keeps juice and flavor in! Pies bake faster, brown evenly all over.



NEW Pyrex mixing bowls, perfect for mixing, baking, and keeping tasty dishes! Designed to fit your hand. They nest to save space. Set of three comes in 32, 48, and 80 oz. sizes.

Amazing Pyrex Dishes
that fear no fire!



RIGHT OVER THE FLAME. Liquid levels always visible. Modern Pyrex Flameware saucepan . . . won't stain, easy to wash. Snap-on handle.

**PYREX OVENWARE
BRAND FLAMEWARE**

GET THESE MODERN UTENSILS AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE TODAY!

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CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS
JOHN A. HUSTON COMPANY,
LIMITED, TORONTO



POINTERS for the HOME

IF YOUR veil gets a bit limp and bedraggled—as veils do—press it over waxed paper to renew that attractive perkiness.



salt are hard on the finish, so wash and polish them at once to keep the shine on.

If a shoelace sheds its metal tip, twist the end and dip it in clear nail polish, a quarter of an inch or so. Let dry. Does away with trying to poke a frayed end through the eye, and getting dressed in the morning is quicker.

Don't forget to have your tires inflated each week. You know the modern definition of a pedestrian? He's a fellow with three fairly good tires.

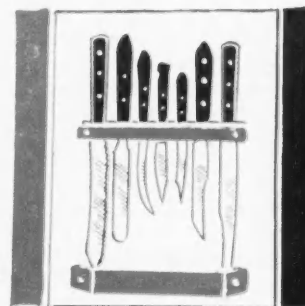
Your radio provides news, views, and entertainment of all kinds, so it's worth a little care. Place it at least an inch away from the wall to allow free circulation of air around it. Position is important to prevent the tubes, transformers and resistors becoming overheated.

A dripping hot water tap can waste lots of power, if you let it go. Put on a new washer—and salvage the old one for scrap rubber.

A good idea is to have two pairs of rayon stockings on the go. Wear them turn about, washing each pair after every wearing and giving it a whole twenty-four hours to dry. You'll find they'll both give much longer service.

Treat your stockings gently in the tub. Use mild soap and coolish water—never hot. Don't rub or wring them, but squeeze the suds through them and squeeze again to remove excess water. Rinse well in water of the same temperature. Roll in a towel, then lay flat or hang over a rod to dry.

You sometimes feel like letting the dishes go until morning, but don't yield to that temptation as far as your fine silver is concerned. Food acids, egg or



A rack on the wall or attached to the back of the cupboard door is a good place for knives—easy to reach, and protection against scratching, nicking and chipping. Divided storage drawers also protect edges. Don't jumble knives in with a lot of other tools.



C956—Highest grade Christmas cards with matching envelopes — 22 in all, comprising copies of paintings by Canadian artists, flower and garden pictures. Colorful Canadian scenes. Packed in gift box, they are sent postpaid at \$1.00 box. Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Hot Tips for Cold Comfort

by Edith S. Coombs

THE REFRIGERATOR is one of those appliances that the more you use it the better you appreciate it. But, like everything else, it must be cared for if you want the best of service.

Read all instructions given by the manufacturer for the use of your equipment.

Take care not to overcrowd the shelves and don't cut off the air circulation of your refrigerator by completely covering the shelves with waxed paper or trays. Poor refrigeration will result.



Don't put hot dishes in the refrigerator—makes the motor work much harder to cool them. Food should be at room temperature before placing it in the refrigerator.

Be sure to arrange your shelves so that foods requiring the lowest temperature are in the coldest spots.

Use small containers for storing food; they don't take up space or waste refrigeration to cool them.

Remove all outside wrappings—except on quick-frozen foods—and cover the foods loosely with waxed paper. Heavy paper keeps the heat in the food much longer.

Vegetables should be washed and trimmed. No use taking up space in your refrigerator for anything not requiring low preservation temperature.

Try to remove all you need from the refrigerator at one time and as quickly as possible. Heat rushes in when the door is opened.

Clean the refrigerator with warm water and baking soda on the inside and mild soap and water on the outside. Spill-overs should be wiped up immediately.

If you have an ice-cooled refrigerator, don't forget the ice compartment and drain pipe need a thorough cleaning once in a while.

If you have a mechanical refrigerator, regular defrosting is necessary. Frost a quarter inch thick on the unit means

it's defrosting time—usually every week or ten days.

Don't use sharp instruments near the unit—a slip and the refrigerating coil may be punctured.

Rubber ice trays should never be scalded, so clean with lukewarm water and rinse with cold.

Clean the dust and the dirt from the coils of the motor. Use a stiff brush or the hand attachment to the vacuum cleaner once every six months or a year. It keeps the motor cool as well as clean.

Oil the motor according to the manufacturer's directions.

When you go away for the week end, turn the control to the lowest operating position—not defrosting.

Under average temperature conditions and proper use, the refrigerator operates about one third of 24 hours, so if your refrigerator is working overtime, check up on how you're treating it, or call a service man, if it doesn't respond to kindly care.

Speaking of Washers

Follow the manufacturer's instructions as to the size of the load and the length of the washing period.

Rinse out the tub when the washing is done. Dry it if the tub is metal. If it's wood, leave a little clear water in it between wash days.

Oil the washer motor according to the manufacturer's instructions.

Take care not to put too much clothing through the wringer at one time. Feed it evenly, folding the buttons and buckles under so they won't break and dent the rolls.



Never start the motor with the wringer in gear.

When finished, always release the pressure on the rolls; they'll wear longer.

Carefully wipe the wringer rolls with a damp cloth after using. If stained, clean with kerosene and rinse with soapy water.

"Shower Ideas" — Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 402

A collection of original and amusing ideas which will help solve the problem of entertaining the bride-to-be and her friends.

Price 15 cents. Write today for your copy to Chatelaine Service Bulletins, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Not the least of the charms of distinctive, lovely Imperial Loyalist pieces is the way in which they grace modern rooms. This ageless styling is just as much "at home" in today's streamlined interiors as it was in the mansions of colonial days—particularly in the new, glistening Wheat finish, which is now being displayed by your nearest Imperial Loyalist dealer.

IMPERIAL LOYALIST
Made in Stratford, Canada, by Imperial Rattan Co. Limited

Buy a CORY

Get More Cups Per Pound



Eight Cup Model With All Accessories Including The Cory "Fast-Fls" Filter \$4.75

Famous Cory Glass Rod Filter 50c. (Fits Most Glass Coffee Makers)

The Cory Glass Coffee Maker gives you more cups per pound of full-flavoured, delicious coffee than other coffee making methods. You can enjoy those extra cups as in the old days because the Cory will completely brew all the goodness from your coffee ration. The extra cups of coffee obtained by the vacuum drip method of the Cory Glass Coffee Maker is a proven fact. For years smart restaurants, hotels and snack-bars have been getting more coffee per pound by using Cory Glass Coffee Makers.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

Did you know that a perfect cup of tea can be made in a Cory Glass Coffee Maker? You simply use the new Cory Glass Rod in your Glass Coffee Maker and enjoy a superb cup of tea—a fact borne out by exhaustive tests made by the Tea Bureau and the Anglo-American Tea Trading Company in New York City. More cups per tea ration are yours because of the perfect brewing of the Cory way of making tea. The tea brews in the upper bowl at just the right temperature... just the correct time... and then filters to the lower bowl out of contact with the leaves. This means every cup has that delicious "first-cup" flavour sought after by all tea lovers.

VISIBLE TEA BREWING with

Hostess
HEAT PROOF GLASS
XXX
TEAPOT

This handy glass Teapot makes delicious tea. You can see the infusion of the tea from the moment the boiling water is poured right into the glass... there is no guessing as to when the brew is ready because you can quickly tell by the colour, clearly visible with this inexpensive, sanitary, heat-proof glass teapot. The sparkling glass also makes the Hostess Glass Teapot easy to keep spotlessly clean.
Six Cup Size \$1.98



See the Cory Glass Coffee Maker and the Hostess XXX Teapot at leading department, hardware and electrical stores everywhere.

PERCY HERMANT LIMITED, Head Office and Factory, Hermant Bldg., TORONTO

Spode STARTER SET

ASTER

From the late 18th Century comes this colorful design. Hand painted in the rich colors for which Spode is famous it offers limitless possibilities for beautiful table settings. A dinnerware pattern to live with and enjoy for years.

There is a Spode dealer near you—write for his name.

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS
COPELAND & DUNCAN, LIMITED, 222 Bay St., Toronto



20 PIECE SERVICE FOR 4 PEOPLE

4 Dinner Plates 4 Bread and Butter Plates
4 Salad Plates 4 Teacups and Saucers

\$24.00

ADDITIONS AVAILABLE FROM OPEN STOCK

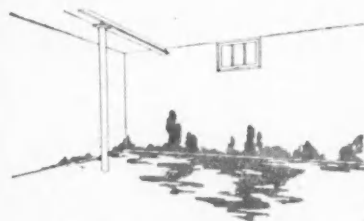
is designed to stop the whistling during high winds usually associated with door stripping. These materials are still in stock.

Casement windows may be done with the same kind of strip or with a grooved interlocking type. Double-hung windows require a grooved treatment of metal to wood, metal to metal, or cloth-lined metal to metal weatherstrip. This will stop drafts around the window sash. Infiltration of air around window sills and frames may best be stopped through caulking at junction of frames and masonry walls at outside face. If this fails to produce results, it is always possible to remove the interior trim and pack around the frame with oakum or mineral wool. The oakum is probably the more windproof of the two. Double-glazed sash may be used in windows to cut down the heat loss. The old-fashioned storm window, however, is still the cheapest and best way of handling the problem in a house already built. Check them for shrinkage after the first two or three seasons and if they are found to be fitting poorly, bind the edges with felt weatherstripping, or take some means to close up the gaps between the sash and window frames.

HEATING UNITS and plumbing equipment are still available in most centres but are certainly not so easily procured as formerly. Nor is there such a variety from which to choose. Instructions for the care of furnaces and boilers should be followed to the letter.

Defective smoke pipes should be replaced and chimney flues kept clean. On hot water systems the heat control valves need frequent servicing. Check hot water storage tanks, heating coils and pipes connecting them, for corrosion. Since new steel tanks are out of the question for the duration, guard them with care. Heating coils should not be too large, nor electric or gas heaters oversize, since steam from boiling water will attack the lining of the boiler and leaks will surely follow.

Human nature being what it is, this work is usually done in the fall months after the start of the heating season when the plumbers and heating contractors have more work than they can possibly do. The proper time for such repairs is in the summer season.



One of the commonest house troubles: a damp basement—due to failure to waterproof walls below grade.

Keep drains clean. Hot fats and greases when poured into cold drains solidify and reduce the effective area of the drain. Lint, hair and particles of wool are also harmful. The occasional use of caustic sodas or drain-cleaning compounds is a big help. These, of course, cannot be used if drains go through a septic tank. If you have a septic tank, put several cakes of yeast down your toilet every few months. It will greatly accelerate the tank action.

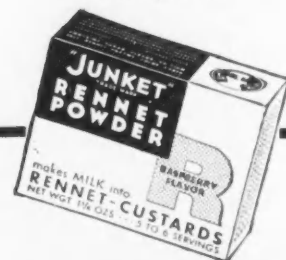
"A stitch in time saves nine." Don't forget to nail down every loose board. A drop of oil will help the squeaky hinge.



No More Scolding About MILK

• Mothers don't scold the children if they rebel at drinking milk. Make them rennet-custards with either "JUNKET" RENNET POWDER (six flavours) or "JUNKET" RENNET TABLETS (flavour to taste). These delicious desserts will be liked by the whole family. So easy to make, too. No cooking as they do not contain eggs or gelatin. Simply stir into lukewarm milk.

Write for FREE Recipe Book to
"THE 'JUNKET' FOLKS"
Toronto, Ont.



3 Grand Ways TO MAKE DELICIOUS MAPELINE SYRUP

1 made with SUGAR
pour 2 cups boiling water
over 4 cups sugar
add 1 teaspoon Mapeline
stir and you have...
2 pints Mapeline Syrup

2 with CORN SYRUP
boil 1½ cups hot water
3 cups corn syrup
for 5 minutes
add 1 teaspoon Mapeline
stir and you have...
2 pints Mapeline Syrup

3 with HONEY & CORN SYRUP
heat 1 cup hot water
½ cup strained honey
2½ cups corn syrup
Bring to full boil.
add 1 teaspoon Mapeline
stir and you have...
2 pints Mapeline Syrup



Plenty of golden-rich syrup, even in wartime! Make yours easily, save money! Three grand ways, with Mapeline. One, Canada's favorite for 35 years. And two wartime recipes—sugarless! Get a bottle of Mapeline from your grocer now!

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Beauty skin LINGERIE

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**IS YOUR
NOSE
A BOTTLENECK
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Choked, stuffy nose... inflamed nostrils... can't breathe freely... sleep disturbed... no flavour or enjoyment in food. Get Mentholatum Now. It brings instant relief or money back. Mentholatum reaches and helps relieve every choked passage... soothes irritated nostrils... helps arrest mucus... helps clear nose and head and keeps them clear.

Ask your druggist for Mentholatum today. Jars or tubes, 30c.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

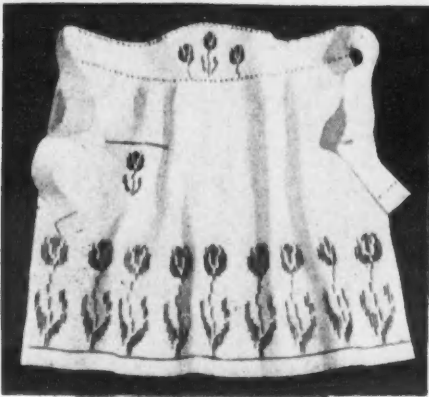
**NEW HAND-KNITS
for
BABY**

Get this book! 65 exquisite styles for baby garments. Finest sizes up to five years. Use Regent Wools.

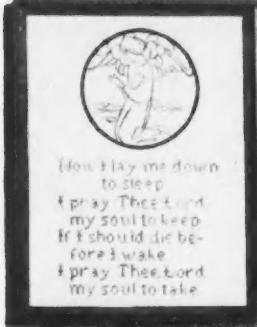
**REGENT
BABY BOOK
No. 19 — 25c**

From your dealer, or send money to The Regent Knitting Mills Limited, Montreal, Dept. C11.

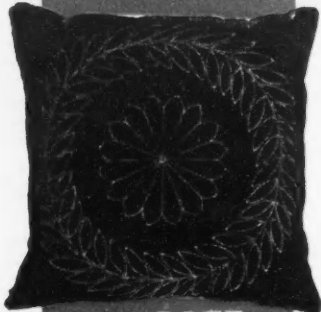
**REGENT
Wools**



C943



C923

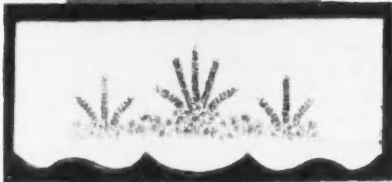


C955



C945

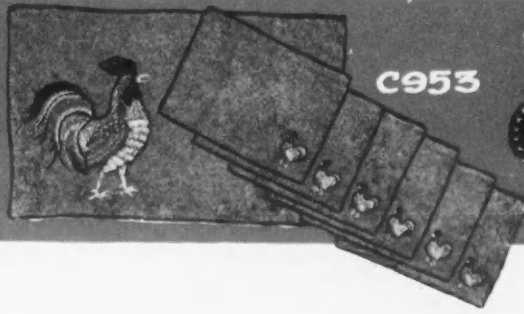
C946



C947



C949



C953



C948



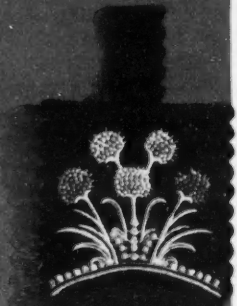
C944



C954 C802



C942



C957



C611

HANDICRAFTS

By MARIE LE CERF

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. On out-of-town cheques add 15 cents for bank exchange.

C948—Bootie needle holder stamped on fine art felt with "leaves" for needles, and cotton for working, 25 cents.

C953—Rooster beverage set stamped on fine handkerchief linen in red, brown or navy, to be worked in brilliant natural colors. Tray cloth 13 x 20 inches and six serviettes, \$1; cottons for working, 30 cents. C943—Peasant apron, to be worked in red, gold and purple cross stitch. Stamped on strong factory cotton. Price, 50 cents; cottons for working, 20 cents.

C923—Beautiful sampler for child's room. Stamped on finest cream sampler linen, about 12 x 18 inches, 65 cents; cotton for working in blue, 10 cents.

C955—Quilted cushion — an exquisite gift. Quilting may be done by hand or machine. Stamped on taffeta silk in black, old gold, olive green, French rose, pale blue or pink. Size 19 inches sq. With double padding and muslin, \$1.75; cotton for working, 10 cents. State color of silk and cotton for working; form supplied at 60 cents.

C945—Pegs and C946—Dusters. Stamped on strong twill in green or Dutch blue, 25 cents each; cottons for working in red for blue bags, gold for green — 7 cents each or 10 cents the pair.

C947—Larkspur towels and pillowcases. May be worked in blue, pink or mauve. Pillowcases are stamped on finest circular cotton, 42 by about 36 inches, \$1.35 per pair; towels of finest Irish linen huckaback, in white, 18 x 30 inches, \$1.35 per pair, or ready hemstitched, \$1.50 per pair. We also have a limited number of ready-hemstitched colored huck. towels, 18 x 33 inches, in green, yellow or tile blue — please give second choice — at \$1.75 per pair. Cottons for working, 20 cents.

C949—Felt appliqué cushion. Leaves in green, but cushion and flowers may be chosen from the following colors, be sure to state choice: American beauty, black, brown, sand, mauve, purple, wine, gold, orange, yellow, sandalwood, ash rose or dark green. Stamped on fine art felt, 18 inches sq., complete materials, including cottons for working, \$1.75; form, 60 cents.

C944 — Bed jacket in graceful design. Stamped on heavy cashmere in white, rose, pink or periwinkle blue, to fit any but very large figures. This makes a cosy and beautiful jacket — an exquisite gift for an invalid. Please state color of cashmere and cotton desired for flowers. Price, \$1.75; cottons for working, 20 cents.

C954—The Mountie and C802—"There'll Always be an England." These bookmarks make unusual and inexpensive gifts. Stamped on red art felt, with cottons for working, 15 cents each.

C942—"Gwine to market"—kitchen memo pad stamped on black art felt with cottons for working and pad (pencil is not sent), 25 cents.

C957—Knitting or shopping bag in petite appliqué. The latest in felt needlework. Really artistic, but very quickly done. Similar bags retail at \$5.00 to \$7.00. The little circles of felt, in bright colors, are sent ready for stitching in place. Stamped on fine black art felt, the bag is about 11 x 12 inches when finished, the all-around gusset making it very roomy. With cottons for working and strong red lining, \$1.75.

C611—Poppy bedroom set in cross stitch—our most popular design. Please state color desired for working poppies. Stamped on fine cream or white Irish linen, vanity set is priced at 55 cents; scarf size, 15 x 36 inches, 70 cents. Pillowcases are stamped on finest circular cotton, 42 by about 36 inches, \$1.35 per pair; towels on finest Irish linen huckaback, 18 x 30 inches, \$1.35 per pair. Cottons for working each article, 20 cents.

C789—Wings and C806—Flags. Wings in blue and flags in red art felt. These little needle protectors are always appreciated by the knitter or for sale at bazaars. With cottons for working, and elastic, 15 cents per pair.

C941—The rendezvous. A quaint and colorful little pair of pictures for living room or bedroom walls. Stamped on finest cream linen, 7 x 9 inches, 45 cents per pair. Cottons for working, 20 cents.



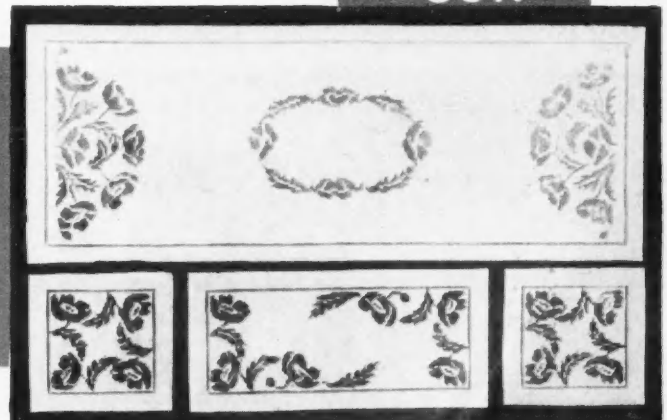
C806



C789



C941



Make your Christmas shopping easy!...

**GIVE CHATELAINE SUBSCRIPTIONS
THE PERFECT AND INEXPENSIVE GIFT!**



Special Gift Offer

4 GIFT ORDERS only \$2.00

ADDITIONAL GIFT ORDERS ONLY 50c EACH

3 Gifts — \$1.75 — 2 for \$1.50 — Single Gifts — \$1 each.
FIFTY CENTS (50c) EXTRA FOR EACH ORDER TO AN
ADDRESS OUTSIDE OF CANADA OR NEWFOUNDLAND.

This year above any before, Gift Subscriptions to CHATELAINE are the answer to the question in everyone's mind: "What shall I give for Christmas?" Lack of time for Christmas shopping — scarcity of the usual wide variety of gift-goods — high taxes on scores of articles in the gift-lines — all combine to create a problem which Gift Subscriptions to CHATELAINE will admirably solve for you.

CHATELAINE is by far "Canada's Most Interesting Magazine for Women" of every age... it has "that certain something" they look for in a Magazine... its growing popularity is proof of its appeal to them. An authoritative guide, mentor and friend to all Canadian Womanhood, CHATELAINE is a fount of sound and helpful advice in: Beauty Culture — Fashions — Housekeeping — Child Health — "Your Home" — Handicrafts... brings them Exciting Fiction... interprets Current Events from the feminine angle... gives Dynamic Leadership in all activities and movements in which Women are vitally interested. The ideal Gift, and favored choice of Canadian Women!

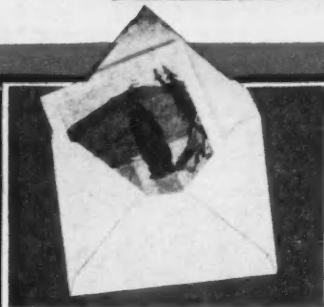
And it's so easy to give Subscriptions to CHATELAINE for Christmas: no jostling crowds — no shopper's fatigue — no worry about stocks being sold out, delayed deliveries, or wrapping and mailing. Simply use the Christmas Gift Order Form from this page, and your Christmas shopping is taken care of in the comfort of your own home.

It's inexpensive, too! Instead of paying the regular price of \$1 for each one-year Subscription, you can send Four or more one-year Gift Subscriptions for Only 50c each — Three for Only \$1.75 — Two for Only \$1.50. Your own new or renewal Subscription may be included, as well as Gift Subscriptions from other members of your family to their friends. You need not even send payment with your Order; we will bill you after the New Year, if you wish.

Please send in your Order as soon as possible, to give us plenty of time to give it the careful and unhurried attention we like to extend.

If sending 4 or more Orders for Chatelaine, you may include Orders to Canada only, for Maclean's at 60c each; Canadian Homes & Gardens and/or Mayfair at \$1.50 each. Gift Orders will be accepted only for personal Gifts to relatives, friends or employees; no Orders will be accepted for customers, clients or other business connections of the donor. No Order or group of Orders exceeding 50 Subscriptions will be accepted from one person. List additional Orders for Chatelaine and other Magazines on plain paper, in same way as on Order Form; specify Magazines desired and how Cards are to be signed; add your own name and address to extra sheet for identification.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES DECEMBER 31, 1942.



DISTINCTIVE GIFT CARD

Fourth in our Series of nationally significant and historical subjects, the Gift Announcement Card your friends will receive is a study of SIWASH ROCK in The Narrows off Prospect Point, Vancouver.

The inner pages of the Card carry the beautiful and inspirational legend of Siwash Rock's origin as an everlasting symbol of "Clean Fatherhood," told by Canada's famous writer and interpreter of Indian lore, the late Miss E. Pauline Johnson.

If you wish, we will send you the Cards (with envelopes) for personal mailing or presentation.

MAKE UP YOUR GIFT LIST AND MAIL ORDER TODAY!

Please send CHATELAINE to the following for One Year—☐ Mail Gift Announcement Cards supplied by you, to reach them as nearly as possible to Christmas Morning, with Cards signed as indicated—OR—☐ Send Cards (with envelopes) to me. I enclose \$..... in payment—OR—☐ Please bill me after January 1, 1943.

1 Name Address City-Prov. Gift Card to read from	2 Name Address City-Prov. Gift Card to read from	3 Name Address City-Prov. Gift Card to read from
4 Name Address City-Prov. Gift Card to read from	5 Name Address City-Prov. Gift Card to read from	YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS Name Address City-Prov. Ch-11-42.

HOUSEKEEPING *A Department of Home Management*

SAVE

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director, Chatelaine Institute.

TIME and MONEY

Two things of which we never seem to have quite enough — not for all we have to do with them. But never before have they been such precious commodities, nor has the saving of every minute and every penny been so important.

FOOD

Our national larder is ample enough for all to eat well, but it won't permit any squandering of our resources. Waste of food is the unforgivable sin these days, for food is a vital war weapon.

FOOD VALUE

Today's definition of a good cook is the one who conserves the nutritive value of food, and makes it taste so good and look so appetizing that the family eats it with relish. Are your methods behind the times — or up-to-date?

FUEL

When you waste fuel it's gone forever; there's no salvaging it. When you save gas or electricity, you accomplish two ends: reduce the cost of living for yourself and provide more power for making war machinery and supplies. Every little bit helps.



HOW TO DO IT—

MAKE a budget and make up your mind not to puncture its "ceiling."

Have a plan for the day's work in order to make every minute count, and accomplish a lot in a little time.

Spend less time and save more money by simplifying your menus and planning them in advance. But keep them flexible enough for such minor changes and adaptations as may be necessary.

Organize your shopping for the maximum value and the minimum loss of your own and your grocer's time. Shop from a grocery list of your current needs based on the menu plan.

Know the kind, brand and grade best suited to your purpose—the size of can, bottle or package which gives the best returns for your money and the product which is good value from every angle. Then you will recognize good "buys" when you see them.

Shop for staples periodically, but buy fresh fruits and green vegetables every day or two in order to catch them as fresh as possible.

Be fair to your grocer; don't put off shopping until just before closing but get your orders in in decent time. Carry your own parcels when you can.

PUT YOUR cuisine on a wartime basis, using the products of our good earth to the fullest advantage.

Keep up-to-date on what is plentiful and what to go easy on—then govern your menus accordingly. Do be cheerful if you can't get just what you want; there's always a substitute, often just as good and sometimes even better.

For the sake of economy and conservation stress home-grown foods in season. Learn to use them in various appetizing ways.

Learn the tricks in cooking and seasoning the cheaper cuts of meat to make them tender and develop their fine rich flavor. Use them in stews, pies, patties, loaves, as pot roasts, for braising, and in other appetizing dishes. They're just as nutritious as costly cuts.

Keep the soup pot busy. Into it put meat bones, the shredded outer leaves of cabbage and lettuce, vegetables and vegetable water, scraps of this and that and various well-chosen seasonings; out of it take economical and delicious nourishment.

Be a good calculator of the amount of food required for a meal. Be prompt and clever in using up leftovers.

Save dripping and other fats to use in cooking. Save surplus fats and bones for salvage.

Stop the little leaks; use the juice from pickles in salad dressing, rinse the ketchup bottle to flavor meat loaves and stews, be diligent in scraping batter from your bowl, squeezing the last drop of milk from the bottle, and coaxing every bit of food value from what you buy.

Feed your family well but starve your sink and your garbage pail as much as possible.

SHOP EVERY DAY or two for perishable foods, in order to have them as fresh and nutritious as Nature made them.

Store promptly and carefully; keep them cold and covered until you're ready to eat or cook.

To save the vitamins, cut up salad greens at the last possible moment. Don't chop them too fine.

For the same reason prepare vegetables just before cooking, then cook them quickly in a minimum amount



I promise not to cry at the station

WHEN YOU GO off to camp to-morrow, we'll have been married just a week—a whole week—and it seemed like sixty seconds. I'm so proud you're going, darling. Really I am. And—well, I promise not to cry at the station.

It's funny how little we know about each other—about the day-by-day things, I mean. You've never seen me with my hair in curlers—I'm glad of that, anyway! And one thing's going to bother me . . . are you nice about closing the windows on a winter morning?

We've got so much to look forward to. Think of the fun we'll have when we finally do have our own home! Think of the excitement of choosing all our furniture. Did you realize, darling? The only really important, permanent thing we have so far is our silverware—I'm so glad we have that at least.

Oh, it's true that for the present we won't be sitting opposite each other with our silver-

ware gleaming in the candlelight. I won't be showing it off at an elegant dinner party for your boss. But that's only a part of it, after all.

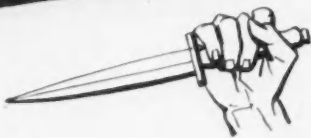
Maybe you'll think I'm foolish and sentimental, but that lovely silverware your Mother gave us makes me feel more actually married. It seems to stand for all the bridal traditions and rituals we're doing without—but at least it's something fine and genuine, something that every bride really needs, even now when people should buy only the barest necessities . . . it's something *real* to build on . . . for me it's an enduring symbol of the gorgeous little home we're going to make together—some day—and everything in it will be as fine and beautiful as our International Silverware.

You know, Bob, when I *touch* our silverware I dream about our home-to-be . . . I can see it so plain! Don't let my daydreaming

worry you, darling. I'm proud to have you go. But I'll count the minutes till you're home again.

For generations International Silver have been famous as the makers of 1847 Rogers Bros., Canada's finest silverplate, and of world-renowned International Sterling Silver. Now in wartime, International's careful craftsmanship, long-proven traditional skill, and facilities are serving Canada and helping win this war.

Essential articles and war munitions for our fighting forces—fuse containers, shell clips, ship buoys, service cutlery and tableware for the armed forces—are a few of the items now being produced by the same craftsmen whose skill and precision have made International the world's foremost silver house. International Silver Company of Canada, Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.



Like the deep, twisting blow of a Commando dagger, each new Victory Bond you buy tears at the heart of the Axis. Of what use beautiful silverware if we fail to win this fight?



THINK!

Time lost last Winter through
COUGHS-COLDS
deprived our fighting men of

1000 Medium Bombers
150 Corvettes or
1000 Cruiser Tanks
Don't let it happen this Winter!

Take
Buckley's Mixture
and stay on the job!

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS



It's a Promise

For the moment, you can't get Peek Frean's famous English biscuits and Vita-Weat Crispbread in Canada, because war's demands make shipments impossible. But keep fresh in your mind their delicious goodness, for they'll be back as soon as this war is won.

42

Peek Frean

BISCUITS
from LONDON, ENGLAND



APPLEFORD
Para-fani
PURE and HEAVY WAXED PAPER
NEXT TO FOOD—IT'S BEST!

APPLEFORD PAPER PRODUCTS LIMITED
HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL

Cake—Steam and serve with sauce as pudding. Cube or crumb for trifle. Add gingerbread crumbs to baked custard—before baking. Cut cake in fingers, roll in condensed milk, toast and spread with jam or jelly. Or cut in rounds, moisten with canned peach juice, top with a half peach and cap with whipped cream. Fit a round on top of a compote of juicy canned fruit.

Curry of Meat

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Onion, sliced
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of meat dripping
- 6 Cupfuls of tart apples
- 3 Cupfuls of cooked meat
- Meat broth or gravy
- Curry powder (about 1 teaspoonful)
- Salt

Cook the sliced onion in the dripping until lightly browned, then add the apples and cook covered until tender. Add the meat (pork, veal or beef) and heat thoroughly. If the mixture is too thick, thin it slightly with meat broth, gravy or water. Season to taste with curry powder and salt. Serve with cooked noodles. Eight servings.

Fish Pie With Macaroni

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3/4 Cupful of macaroni
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of cooked fish, flaked
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- Few grains of cayenne
- 1 Cupful of medium white sauce

Break the macaroni into one-half-inch pieces and cook until tender in a large amount of boiling salted water. Drain and rinse in cold water. Grease a baking dish and arrange the macaroni and flaked fish in alternate layers. Add the lemon juice and seasoning, then pour the white sauce over all. Cover with the buttered bread crumbs and place in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—until thoroughly heated and browned on top.

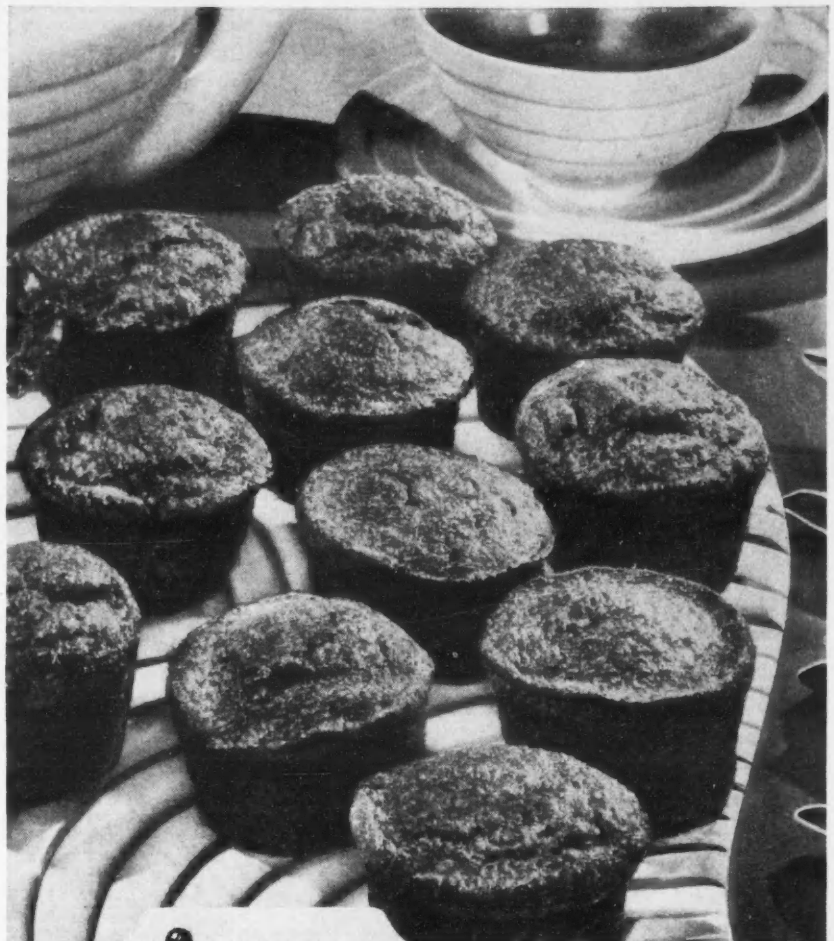


Costume courtesy The Robert Simpson Co.

Our Cover Girl

She's one of Canada's great army of chatelaines, dedicated to the task of saving, conserving, and thrifty buying. The clothes she wears proves her wartime point of view, too — a "duration" coat in camel's hair and wool, made in simple, double-breasted style, and finished with wide revers of soft Canadian beaver. Her moss green hat, trimly casual, is the sort she won't get tired of. Matching gloves are her one morale-lifting "frivolity."

Quick! Easy! Double Delicious!



ALL-BRAN CORN SYRUP MUFFINS

- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1/2 cup corn syrup*
- 1 egg
- 1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
- 1/3 cup milk
- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder

Cream shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill in greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or 12 small muffins (2 1/4 inches in diameter).

*Note: 3/4 cup sugar may be substituted for corn syrup and milk increased to 3/4 cup.

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add 1/2 teaspoon soda.

You'll love these ALL-BRAN muffins...the distinctive texture, the better flavor...that cannot be achieved with just ordinary bran. You'll cheer, too, for the way the regular use of ALL-BRAN keeps you free from the common type of constipation due to the lack of the right kind of "bulk" in the diet. ALL-BRAN gets at the cause and corrects it.

Keeps You Regular...



...NATURALLY

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages; restaurants serve the individual package. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

"Now we must all buy More War Savings Certificates"

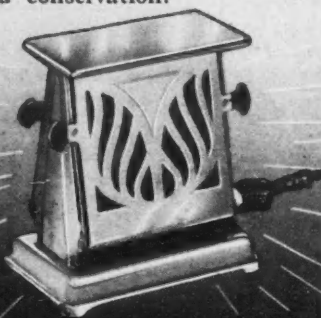
Tested and Approved by
Chatelaine Institute
Published by
Chatelaine Magazine

Keep 'em Clean Keep 'em Serving



There'll be a time—soon we hope—when an abundance of Canadian Beauty Electrical Appliances are available in stores throughout Canada—even finer, more efficient than models now in existence.

Today, because there is a scarcity—because Canadian men and metals are needed in our fight for Victory—keep your electrical appliances "fit"—keep them serving—by care and conservation.



RENFREW ELECTRIC AND REFRIGERATOR
COMPANY LIMITED - RENFREW, ONTARIO

DRAINS CLOGGED — GUESTS ARRIVING!



Never mind — quick, use GILLETT'S

You don't even need an apron! Just pour Gillett's Lye, full strength, down any drain and messy accumulations are cleared away—water runs through freely again. Flushes off unsightly toilet stains, helps with all hard housework—romps right through grease and dirt. Get some today!

Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



FREE BOOKLET!

Send to Standard Brands Ltd., Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont., for Free Gillett's Lye Booklet that will make dozens of household tasks easier.

MADE IN CANADA

of water for a minimum length of time. Don't add soda and don't stir more than necessary. Have the water boiling to begin with, keep them tightly covered as they cook, and serve promptly.

Pare potatoes just before cooking; don't soak. Bake or cook them in their jackets and serve whole at least two or three times a week.

When you're serving porridge, get up early enough to cook it in the morning; you lose more vitamins if you start it the night before.

Make squeezing your orange juice a last-minute job.

Cover that opened can of tomato juice, keep it cold and use it up within a day or two. Do the same with left-overs.

Save the water from cooking vegetables to flavor and add nourishment to soups . . . sauces . . . gravies . . . stews.

FOLLOW THE manufacturers' directions for using your electrical appliances—to prevent waste and get the most service for the least power.

Cook vegetables in a small quantity of water. This gives a better product and takes less fuel.

Start vegetables on high, then when boiling rapidly, turn the switch to medium or low.

Use flat-bottomed pots and pans with close-fitting covers.

Fit the pot to the element; use a small element for a small pan, a large element for a large utensil.

Use "simmer" position for stews, pot roasts, soups and other dishes which require long slow cooking.

Keep your kettle free from lime deposits. Learn to gauge the quantity of hot water required, to avoid heating more than necessary.

Don't heat water before you need it; it wastes power and costs money to keep it hot.

Turn the switch to "off" as soon as you hear the kettle begin to sing; it will boil on the heat stored in the element.

Use your oven to full advantage; don't bake one dish at a time, but manage to cook several things at once. Plan oven meals frequently.

Make use of the stored heat in your oven to finish the dish; don't leave the elements on until the last minute. Remember, too, to turn off the warming oven.

You're wasting cold cash and power if you leave the refrigerator door open longer than necessary. (See other hints for saving power and using your refrigerator economically on page 63.)

Don't heat your toaster, waffle iron, percolator or other small appliances before you're ready to use them. Turn off the power as soon as the job is done.

You waste power if you let the lights blaze when you are not using them. Don't forget to turn off that cellar light or the ones in the attic, garage, closet.

Don't neglect to turn off taps completely. Have a leaky one fixed promptly.

++

IF YOUR CHATELAINE IS LATE . . .

Every effort is made to have your copy arrive on time—but wartime brings transportation difficulties which occasionally may cause your copy to be late. If so, we ask your indulgence.

Mmm, Pumpkin Pie... Food Value Plus!



MRS. KNOX'S PUMPKIN CHIFFON PIE (Filling for one 9" pie)

1 envelope Knox Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
3 eggs
1 cup sugar, or 1/2 cup honey or 3/4 cup dark corn syrup
1 1/4 cups canned or cooked fresh pumpkin
2 1/2 cup milk
1/2 teaspoonful each of ginger, nutmeg, cinnamon, salt.

Beat egg yolks slightly, add 1/2 the cup of sugar (or honey, or corn syrup), pumpkin, milk and seasonings. Cook in double boiler until custard consistency, stirring constantly. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve in hot custard. Cool, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. (If sugar has been used in custard mixture, add remaining 1/2 cup sugar to beaten egg whites.) Turn into baked pie shell or crumb crust and chill. May be garnished with whipped cream just before serving.

THERE'S NUTRITION IN THIS PIE!

What a marvelous dessert! Besides delicious taste, you get milk, eggs, and fair amounts of Vitamins A and B in Mrs. Knox's Pumpkin Chiffon Pie. Surprise the family tonight. And write for more nutritious, taste-thrilling Knox salads and desserts, FREE. Knox Gelatine, Dept. C, 140 St. Paul St. W., Montreal.

KNOX GELATINE Is Pure Gelatine . . . No Sugar

GET WISE TO THIS

You'll feel better, eat better, work better and sleep better if you make sure to get your proper daily intake of the "B" Vitamins.

You can get them several ways—eat 36 slices of enriched bread or several dozen eggs or some pounds of meat daily—which is impossible.

The RIGHT way and the pleasant way is to use "Tonik" Wheat Germ on your cereal. It gives you the natural Vitamin B, and you can easily take the correct amount. Don't expect results if you buy raw, bulk wheat germ.

"Tonik" is the only wheat germ processed to keep indefinitely and not lose its Vitamin value. At drug and grocery stores in 26 oz. and 12 oz. sizes.

TONIK WHEAT GERM

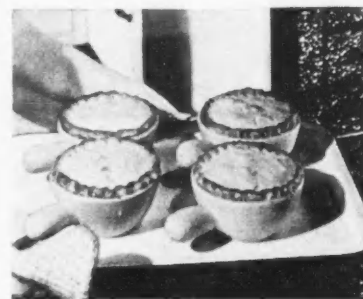
IF IT'S "OGILVIE"—IT'S GOOD!

Left-overs

By Edith S. Coombs

THE FIRST thing to remember about leftovers is not to have any more than you can help. But even in the best regulated household there are odds and ends of food to carry over from one meal to another. Store them according to their natures—bread and cake in a metal box or metal-lined drawer, vegetables and meats and other perishables closely covered in the refrigerator. Don't let them hide away at the back of the shelves. Plan to use them up promptly in economical and attractive ways.

Meats—Can be used in scallops, stews or casseroles . . . as a stuffing for vegetables . . . in salads, sandwiches, meat pies, loaves, croquettes, hash or shepherd's pie. Try minced meat shortcake with tomato soup sauce. Or serve it creamed on toast with or without diced vegetables. Add a little minced



meat to vegetable soup, to an omelet, a cheese soufflé or vegetable casseroles.

Fish—Cream it . . . add it to soup . . . use it in salads, croquettes, sandwich fillings, soufflés, savory pies and a variety of casserole dishes. Combine it with vegetables for loaves, fish cakes or a scramble. Use as a stuffing for peppers and other vegetables.

Vegetables—Mash and use to flavor creamed soups. Or dice and add to meat stock. Serve them in a creamy sauce on toast or biscuits . . . put them in salads . . . add them to meat pies, meat cakes or casseroles. Fold an omelet around them. Or serve them scalloped—with cheese.

Eggs—Whites may be used for icings with honey or corn syrup. Or you could fold them into half-frozen sherberts. Yolks thicken custards and ice cream. An extra yolk or two can go in the omelet or scrambled egg mixture. Yolks make a gold cake; whites, angel food. Hard-cook either whites or yolks and use for garnishing other dishes.

Cereals—Spread in a flat pan, cut in squares and use for fried mush with syrup. Or season and sprinkle with cheese for a savory. Add an egg, sweeten and mold in custard cups, reheat and serve with sauce. Use for hot gruel at bedtime. Put a spoonful in fresh baked apples. Or add a little to meat loaves or soup.

Bread—Hoarding crusts is patriotic. Dry, crumb, and use for making stuffings, topping casseroles, coating fish, vegetables or croquettes, adding to meat cakes and loaves. Use the heel of a loaf for bread puddings or cut in slices and make French toast. Toasted bread fingers with savory toppings are good. Make melba toast from thin slices. Toasted bread cubes go well with soup.



Canada's "Housoldiers" ARE SERVING THE NATION

BRINGING ALL THEIR SKILL AND KNOWLEDGE TO THE JOB OF FEEDING THOSE WHO WORK FOR VICTORY

ALL-OUT PRODUCTION demands a healthy people. War workers must not only get to their jobs... they must stay on them... work steadily and efficiently... resist the strain of long hours and exacting labour.

All honour, then, to those mothers and wives who are exerting every effort to keep the workers of Canada fit, vigorous and keyed to "victory through production." *They are Canada's Housoldiers.* They are doing their part by devoting their skill and knowledge to providing appetizing and nourishing meals that protect and preserve the health of those carrying on the war work of the nation.

Top of the list of products chosen by Canada's Housoldiers are many produced by The Canada Starch Company... such outstanding favourites as Benson's Corn Starch and Canada Corn Starch, for delightful desserts... Crown Brand Syrup, the delicious and nourishing table sweet... Mazola, the ideal salad oil... and many others.

Canada's war diet, for "victory through production," demands the highest quality and purity as well as economy in foodstuffs. That is why Canada Starch Products can play so fine a role in every program of better health and improved fitness.



THE CANADA STARCH COMPANY LIMITED - Montreal - Toronto



EAT RIGHT ...KEEP RIGHT



Milk and Cheese— $\frac{1}{2}$ or more of your food money

Fruits and Vegetables— $\frac{1}{2}$ or more of your food money



Meat, Eggs and Fish— $\frac{1}{2}$ or more of your food money



Bread and Cereals— $\frac{1}{2}$ or less of your food money



Fats, Sugars, Accessories— $\frac{1}{2}$ or less of your food money



It's a Patriotic Duty— Canadian General Electric Shows You a Simple Way to Do it!

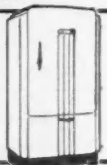
1. SPEND YOUR FOOD DOLLAR WISELY

For health's sake, for Canada's sake, feed your family healthfully by spending one fifth of every food dollar on each of these kinds of food:

(1) milk and cheese, (2) fruits and vegetables, (3) meat, eggs and fish, (4) bread and cereals, (5) fats, sugars and accessories. And ask for the new booklet "How to Get the Most Out of the Food You Buy"—free from your nearest C.G.E. dealer.

2. CONSERVE FOOD PROPERLY

To preserve vital vitamins...to prevent waste and spoilage...fresh foods need constant refrigeration. G-E refrigerators provide correct temperatures with minimum power consumption.



3. COOK FOOD HEALTHFULLY

Prepare food appetizingly...conserve vitamins and minerals in cooking...G-E Hotpoint Ranges are designed to preserve both flavor and essential food elements. It is more important than ever, today, to take ceaseless care of your G-E appliances.



Victory Recipe

APPLES COOKED WITH JELLY

1 cupful of tart jelly (strawberry, raspberry, currant)
1 cupful of boiling water
Combine the jelly and boiling water, place over low heat and stir until the jelly is dissolved. Add the apples which have been pared, cored and quartered, and cook slowly until the apples are tender but not broken. Cool, and pour into a serving dish and serve well chilled.
Six servings.



MADE IN CANADA

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO.
LIMITED**

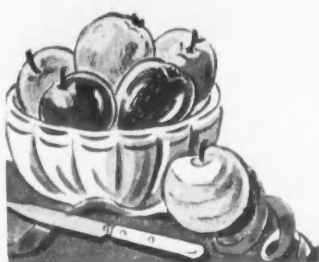


30 Lunch Boxes

THIS suggestion came from the manager of a munitions plant — that CHATELAINE plan a well-balanced lunch box menu for every day of the month. "Not only would this be useful to my own staff," he said, "but to hundreds of others and to the women who plan this mid-shift meal."

We thought it a jolly good idea, for more people than ever before are carrying a lunch box — munitions workers, men in other plants, girls in factories, offices, banks, schools and so on. They're doing it to save money, or to save time. As more people go to work, more lunches will be carried, and more women will have to deal with the problem of preparing them.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 1. Bologna or Bacon and Lettuce Sandwich
Cottage Cheese and Pepper Sandwich
Baked Custard Doughnuts
Hot Spiced Apple Juice (in vacuum bottle) | 2. Cream of Pea Soup (in vacuum bottle)
Canned Pork Roll Sandwich
Dill Pickle
Cauliflower Flowerets
Pears in Chocolate Syrup (in glass jar)
Milk Cookies | 3. Tomato Juice (in vacuum bottle)
Minced Cooked Liver and Onion Sandwich
Tea Biscuits with Jelly Filling
Fruit Cup (Orange and Apple)
Cake Chocolate Milk |
| 4. Minced Meat and Chili Sauce Sandwich
Parsley Sandwich
Carrot Sticks Celery Raisin Pie
Milk | 5. Potato Soup (in vacuum bottle)
Cheese and Mustard Sandwich
Mixed Pickles
Jelly Roll
Coffee or Coffee Substitute | 6. Tomato Juice—Hot or Cold (in vacuum bottle)
Wiener Rolls
Cottage Cheese and Pickle Sandwich
Trifle (using leftover cake)
Cocoa |
| 7. Hot Consommé with Barley
Peanut Butter, Yeast and Lettuce Sandwich
Coleslaw (in covered paper carton)
Apple Graham Crackers
Milk | 8. Tomato Juice (in vacuum bottle)
Chicken and Celery Salad Sandwich
Turnip Sticks
Chocolate Blancmange
Apple Sandwich Cookie
Milk | 9. Chicken Soup (in vacuum bottle)
Grated Carrot, Chopped Tomato and Diced Meat Sandwich
Hard-cooked Eggs
Fruit Bread and Cream Cheese Filling
Orange Cookies Milk |
| 10. Bean Soup (in vacuum bottle)
Bread and Butter Sandwich
Peanut Butter Stuffed Celery
Apple Au Gratin
Milk | 11. Dressed Spareribs
Sauerkraut Salad (in paper carton)
Buttered Rolls or Bread and Butter
Baked Custard
Tea (in vacuum bottle) or Coffee | 12. Curry Soup (in vacuum bottle)
Soda Biscuits
Bologna Sandwiches
Carrot and Turnip Sticks
Milk or Mocha Milk Shake |
| 13. Tomato Juice or Sauerkraut Juice (from Sauerkraut)
Scrambled Eggs and Onion Sandwich
Cheese and Lettuce Sandwich
Cherry Tarts
Milk | 14. Minced Meat and Mustard Pickle Sandwich
Baked Potato Salad
Celery Sticks
Blancmange with Orange Sections
Coffee or Coffee Substitute (in vacuum bottle) | 15. Vegetable Soup (in vacuum bottle)
Cottage Cheese and Bacon Sandwiches
Peanut Butter and Currant Jelly Sandwiches
Celery Baked Apple
Milk Cookies |
| 16. Boiled Tongue Sandwich with Horse-radish
Creamed Cheese on Brown or Malt Bread
Carrot Sticks Cucumber Pickle
Pumpkin Tarts
Apple Juice | 17. Tomato Bouillon (in vacuum bottle)
Grated Carrot and Cabbage Salad Sandwich
(on whole-wheat bread)
Devilled Eggs
Rice or Barley Pudding with Raisins
Milk | 18. Meat Loaf Sandwiches with Chili Sauce
Lettuce Sandwiches
Cauliflower Flowerets
Prune Loaf with Cream Cheese Filling
Apple Sauce
Milk |
| 19. Cheese and Mustard Sandwich
Pork Roll and Parsley Sandwich
Coleslaw (in covered paper carton)
Canned Pears Gingerbread
Hot Tomato Milk Shake | 20. Cream of Pea Soup (in vacuum bottle)
Fish Salad Sandwich
Potato Chips
Carrot Sticks Celery
Lemon Pudding
Graham Wafers
Chocolate Milk | 21. Macaroni Meat Loaf Sandwich
Lettuce Sandwich
Turnip Sticks Mixed Pickle
Gingerbread Custard
Tea or Coffee (in vacuum bottle) |
| 22. Tomato Juice (in vacuum bottle)
Roast Duck Sandwich
Cabbage and Carrot Salad (in paper carton)
Celery
Apple Sauce Molasses Cookies
Milk | 23. Minced Meat Sandwich
Minced Raw Cranberry Sandwich
Turnip Sticks
Raisin Scones
Canned Peaches Cake
Milk or Hot Cocoa | 24. Vegetable Soup (in vacuum bottle)
Canned Pork Roll and Lettuce Salad
Peanut Butter and Yeast Sandwich
Carrot Sticks
Apple Cookies
Chocolate Milk |
| 25. Individual Meat Rolls on Toothpicks
Vegetable Salad (in paper carton)
Buttered Rolls or Bread and Butter
Peach Tarts (use left-over peaches)
Milk | 26. Cream of Onion Soup
Scrambled Egg and Cheese Sandwich
Celery
Bran Muffin with Jelly or Marmalade Filling
Stewed Prunes Spice Cake
Milk | 27. Tomato Juice (hot or cold) (in vacuum bottle)
Peach and Celery Salad Sandwich
Potato Chips Carrot Sticks
Dill Pickles
Pumpkin Pie
Milk |
| 28. Chopped Cooked Liver and Onion Sandwich
Carrot or Corn Muffins
Cauliflower Flowerets
Cereal Mold Cookies
Tea or Cocoa (in vacuum bottle) | 29. Tomato and Pea Soup with Sliced Wieners (in vacuum bottle)
Coleslaw Sandwich
Carrot Sticks
Apple Pie Cheese
Milk | 30. Sardine Sandwich
Tomato Butter Sandwich
Devilled Eggs Celery
Orange Molasses Cake
Hot Cocoa (in vacuum bottle) |



- 3 Cupfuls of flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $2\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of milk

Cream the shortening thoroughly, add the brown sugar and corn syrup gradually and continue creaming. Add the beaten eggs and mix well. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the other dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Chill the dough, then roll out on a lightly floured board until quite thin. Cut with a cookie cutter and bake on a greased baking sheet in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—until nicely browned. While still warm, put together in pairs with the following filling:

- 3 Medium apples, grated
- 1 Cupful of corn syrup
- Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon

Combine the above ingredients and boil gently for ten minutes. Cool and spread between two cookies.

Honeyed Baked Apple

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

A new wartime slant for our old-fashioned favorite.

Place the apples in a baking pan or casserole. Add a little water and a dot of butter if desired, then bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—until tender. Remove from the oven and drizzle honey over the apples. By the time you come to serve them, the apples will have absorbed the honey and made a delicious flavor blend. Serve hot or cold with or without cream.

Apple Topper

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

It's easy and quick to make—a fine follow-up to a dinner's main course.

- 6 Tart apples
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of corn syrup
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of mild molasses
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- $\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of milk

Slice the apples into a greased baking dish and drizzle the corn syrup and molasses over them. Sprinkle the cinnamon and salt on top and place in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—or in a steamer while mixing the topping. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the other dry ingredients. Cut in the shortening, using a knife or pastry blender, then add the milk to make a soft dough. Turn out on a floured board and knead lightly for twenty seconds. Roll the dough to the size necessary to cover the apples. Place the dough on top of the apples and return to the oven or steamer and bake or steam for about twenty-five minutes, or until the crust and apples are cooked.

What is this VICTORY FOR WHICH WE FIGHT and WORK ?



FOR what are we exchanging our easy-going way of life? Isn't it so that we can remain masters of our personal liberty, our ideals and our future . . . a future bound up in our children and in our homes.

All our great industries now converted to war production have submerged their peace-time activities to this end:

that our children may continue to live in security and freedom . . .

and that we may soon turn again from guns and tanks and shells to the fullest enjoyment of living which only Victory can restore.

**NOTHING
MATTERS NOW
BUT VICTORY**
Buy
**VICTORY
BONDS**

Westinghouse

PEACE-TIME MANUFACTURERS FOR THE HOME

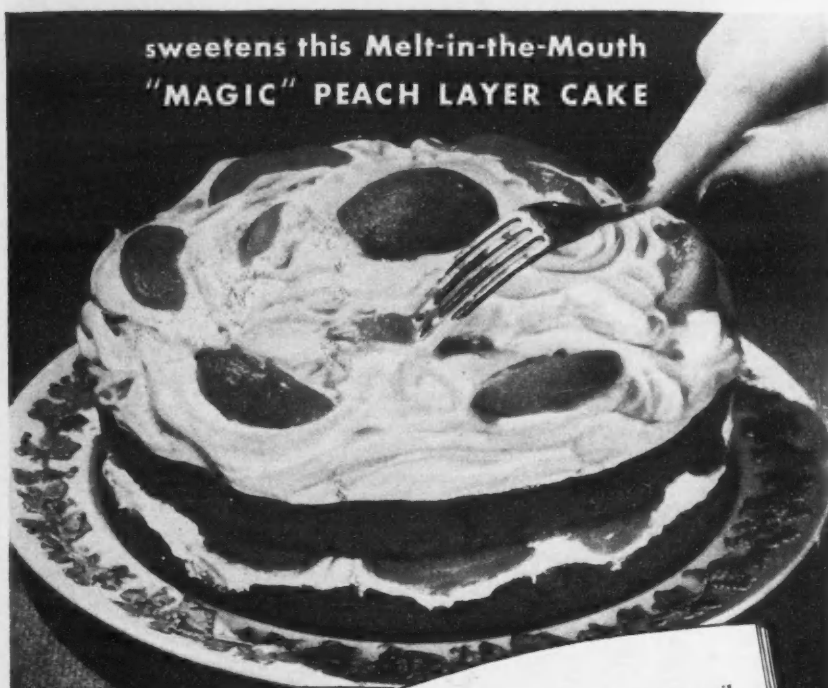
RADIOS • RANGES • REFRIGERATORS • WASHERS
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES • LAMPS • RADIOTRONS

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED • HAMILTON, CANADA

VANCOUVER, TRAIL, CALGARY, EDMONTON, REGINA SASKATOON, WINNIPEG, FORT WILLIAM, TORONTO, SWASTIKA, LONDON, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, QUEBEC, HALIFAX

Corn Syrup "PINCH-HITS" FOR Sugar...

sweetens this Melt-in-the-Mouth
"MAGIC" PEACH LAYER CAKE



PEACH LAYER CAKE

2 1/4 cups sifted cake flour
2 1/4 tsp. Magic Baking Powder
1/4 tsp. salt
1/2 cup shortening
1 cup white corn syrup
2 eggs, unbeaten
1/2 cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla
1/4 tsp. almond extract

Sift dry ingredients together 3 times. Work shortening with spoon until fluffy and creamy. Add syrup gradually, beating thoroughly with spoon after each addition. Add 1/4 of flour

mixture. Beat with spoon until blended. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add remaining flour mixture in thirds, alternately with milk in halves, beating thoroughly with spoon after each addition. Add flavoring. Turn into 2 greased lightly floured 8" layer cake pans. Bake at 375° F. for 30 minutes or until done. Serve with preserved peach-halves and whipped cream on top and between layers. Also place peach-halves around base of cake if desired.

MADE IN CANADA



**Eat your Cake and have
your Sugar, too!...**

THAT'S the wonderful double advantage of this enticingly delicious "Magic" Peach Layer Cake—made entirely without sugar.

In "Magic" you have a uniformly fine baking powder that keeps your cake as delectably light and tender as in sugar-lavish days.

Pure, wholesome "Magic" safeguards fine ingredients—and it costs less than 1¢ per average baking! Order Magic Baking Powder today!

Costs less than 1¢ per Average Baking



SAVE the Apple Crop

PUT APPLES on the menu and you prove yourself a thrifty as well as a patriotic provider. They'll do you proud whenever and however you serve them, for no other fruit can top their fine smacking flavor or match their easy adaptability to a hundred and one different dishes.

So polish them up for the lunch box, pass them around between meals, bake them, stew them, hide them under a flaky crust, cook them in puddings and use them in a host of ways to the benefit of your budget and the delight of the folks round your table.

Good cooks on the market now inspire good cooks to turn out delicious old-fashioned and newfangled dishes. If you know your varieties and fit an apple's personality to the purpose you have in mind, you'll make the most of the crop and you'll get the glad eye and the big hand from your family.

Apples Au Gratin

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Apples and cheese — a couple of flavors that go well together in any man's country.

- 4 Apples
- 4-5 Tablespoonfuls of corn syrup
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of fine dry bread crumbs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of grated cheese
- 1/2 Cupful of water

Slice the apples and place in a buttered casserole and drizzle the corn syrup over them. Sprinkle on top a layer of bread crumbs dotted with butter, then a layer of grated cheese. Repeat these layers and to the whole add the half cupful of water. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for forty-five minutes, or until the apples are soft.

Apple Dumpling

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

An old favorite with a new high quality. Inexpensive too.

- 1 Cupful of finely chopped suet
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- Cold water
- 2 Medium-sized apples
- 1/4 Cupful of sugar

Mix the suet with the flour, which has been sifted, measured and sifted again with the salt and baking powder. Add enough cold water to make a soft dough which can be handled. Roll out to about 1/4 inch thickness. Cut a round of dough and line a small round well-greased pan. Fill with the sliced apples and sprinkle them with sugar. Cover with another round made from the remaining dough and steam for two hours. Four servings.

Variation: Mix a little spice—cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves—with the sugar, or add the grated rind of a lemon.

Apple And Onion Scallop

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Good combination. Especially nice with goose, duck, sausage, or cold sliced tenderloin.

- 1 Pound of apples
- 1 Pound of onions
- Flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Cupful of hot water
- 4 Slices of bacon (diced)

Peel and cut in thin slices the apples and the onions, and arrange in alternate layers in a greased baking dish, sprinkling each layer with flour and diced bacon. Add the sugar and salt to the hot water, stir until dissolved and pour over the mixture in the baking dish, allowing it to penetrate to the bottom of the dish. Cover and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for forty-five minutes.

Apple Sauce Cake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

A sugar saver. And scrumptious.

- 1/2 Cupful of shortening
- 1/2 Cupful of corn syrup
- 1/2 Cupful of brown sugar
- 2 Eggs
- 3/4 Cupful of raisins
- 3/4 Cupful of thick strained apple sauce
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of soda
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 3/4 Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of cloves

Cream the shortening, add the corn syrup and sugar gradually and continue creaming until well blended. Add the beaten eggs and raisins, which have been lightly dredged with flour. Beat well. Sift and measure the flour and sift again with the other dry ingredients, then add alternately with the apple sauce to the first mixture. Pour into a greased loaf pan or two layer cake tins and bake in a slow oven—325 deg. Fahr. Cool before removing from the pan.

If the cake is baked in layers, allow forty-five minutes for baking—a loaf cake requires one to one and a quarter hours.

Apple Sandwich Cookies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Whether you pack these in a lunch box, serve them at a party or make them a headliner in the dessert course, you'd better make a lot.

- 1 Cup of shortening
- 1/2 Cupful of brown sugar
- 1/2 Cupful of corn syrup
- 2 Eggs



Mother budgets our future now



"What a difference," Mother says, "now there are three people in the house working. It keeps me pretty busy, but believe me, I'm not too busy to think about the future. We don't want our money to slip through our fingers the way it did a few years ago when we were prosperous. My, we were silly. Easy come, easy go, seemed to be Jim's motto in those days. But not this time. We're putting plenty aside for a rainy day.

"Jim is working on munitions. Jack is at the aircraft plant. And Nora is on war work, too. There's more money coming into the house than we've ever seen before.

"Thank goodness, they're all pretty sensible. They don't need much urging to buy Victory Bonds, not with George over there in the Com-

mandos, and saved, by the grace of God, at Dieppe.

"We're not throwing our money around. We're cutting down here and there, so as to have a decent home for George to come back to, with no fear of the future in it. The bonds help to pay for the war, certainly, but we're doing this for ourselves."

~ ~ ~

Thousands of families all over Canada have more money today than ever before . . . three incomes instead of one, in many cases. Many of these families are wise enough to deny themselves non-essentials which they might easily afford at the moment, because they see a chance to build a secure future for themselves after the war. Self-denial is in the air. It's the mood of a people determined that the future shall be better than the past.

How to Buy

Give your order to the Victory Loan salesman who calls on you. Or place it in the hands of any branch of any bank, or give it to any trust company. Or send it to your local Victory Loan Headquarters. Or you can authorize your employer to start a regular payroll savings plan for you. Bonds may be bought in denominations of \$50, \$100, \$500, \$1,000 and larger. Salesman, bank, trust company or your local Victory Loan Headquarters will be glad to give you every assistance in making out your order form.

You will be laying up for yourself the best of all investments—VICTORY BONDS are backed by all the resources of the Dominion of Canada; they yield a fair rate of interest; you can borrow against them; and they are readily saleable when you need the cash.

BUY THE NEW VICTORY BONDS

Canada Needs \$750,000,000



WEAR YOUR COMMANDO DAGGER
It is a symbol indicating that you have bought the new Victory Bonds.
National War Finance Committee



THOUSANDS of smart patriotic women are making their old clothes wearable for another year through the magic of Diamond Dyes! Rich, sparkling Diamond colours make old material look like new. You can either tint or dye with Diamond, and the white envelope colours any material—cotton, linen, rayon, silk, wool or any mixture.

- ◆ Make material look new.
- ◆ Fast, fadeless colours.
- ◆ Wide selection of colours.
- ◆ Easily followed directions.

DIAMOND DYES

MADE IN CANADA

YOUR DOCTOR WILL SAY:

"USE CASTILLE SOAP"



HE knows that only the mildest and gentlest of soaps should be used on baby's delicate skin. Made by the French formula, Charme Castille cleanses thoroughly, yet soothes the skin and keeps it soft. Just the Soap for baby—Mother and Father, too.

A Hint for Baby's Bath:

To keep baby "skin-happy" make towels and wash cloths from soft, non-irritant diaper material.

CHARME CASTILLE SOAP

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC



Helping Our Children to Learn

By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

ONE OF our biggest jobs as parents is that of teaching our youngsters to become both happy and useful members of society. This problem always has its difficulties, for no two children are alike, and we can't train them by any rule of thumb. There are two things that we need always to remember. First, the way we act has far more effect on our children than the way we talk. Children are great imitators. Therefore we should often check ourselves over to see if we can't improve the example that we are setting them. Second, we need to get all the training that we can, because this work requires training just as much as any other important job. In some of the larger cities in Canada you can take courses on child training. If these aren't available in your locality, you can study good books on the subject, such as "Parents and the Preschool Child," by Blatz and Bott. Your public librarian can probably help you locate suitable books.

Sometimes you hear people saying, "Johnny is just a chip off the old block," meaning that he is quick-tempered like his dad. Actually we have no reason to suppose he was born with such a temper. It is much more likely that he has just copied his old man. Children do inherit their father's noses or their mother's hair and so on, but they aren't born thieves or cowards or liars. All of which is encouraging, because it means that we can make our children the kind of people we want them to be, provided we are willing to put enough effort into it.

CHILDREN AREN'T born with a whole bunch of habits ready-made, but they are active, energetic creatures, all set to learn. The learning process begins at once. The first thing we can do to

help our baby to learn is to set up a regular daily schedule. His feeding times should be the same from day to day, and so should his bath, his bedtime and so on. As time goes on he gets used to this routine and knows what to expect. One of the great advantages of such a system is that the baby is always treated consistently or regularly in the same way.

When your youngster gets older, you may find it more convenient to keep him up one night later than usual. Who is to blame when he wants to stay up later the next day? Not until he has reached the age at which he can understand the reason for the occasional change is it wise for you to allow exceptions. As time goes on, you teach your child habits of eating, sleeping, dressing and many others. He will be sure to break your regulations sometimes. If you discuss his difficulties with him and show him how to overcome them, he will soon learn. It isn't because of his natural badness that he breaks the regulations. It's just because he hasn't learned yet how to do things right. Provided you always do your best to be fair and consistent and allow him more privileges and responsibilities as he becomes older, you will probably not be confronted by rebellion later on.

Sometimes mothers treat children a year or two apart in exactly the same way. This is definitely unfair to the older child who deserves more privileges, such as a larger allowance, later bedtime and more freedom of choice. In return for these, the older child has greater responsibilities, such as more work about the house and more care of her own clothes. Appropriate jobs

+ Continued on page 78



CHILDREN'S HAIR

For Children's Hair—also Fair Hair—Evan Williams "Camomile" Shampoo gives a rich golden gleam which is a sheer delight to see. It also possesses medicinal qualities of great value to the hair and scalp.

EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO
15¢ 2 for 25¢

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GIVE YOUR CHILD

same expert care used when

QUINTUPLETS CATCH COLD

Whenever the Quintuplets catch cold—their chests, throats and backs are immediately rubbed with Musterole. So Musterole must be one of the BEST cold remedies you can buy!

Musterole gives such effective results because it's MORE than just an ordinary "salve". It's a modern counter-irritant, which actually helps break up congestion in bronchial tract, nose and throat, promptly relieves coughing, sore throat and tight, sore, aching chest muscles. Get Musterole today!

IN 3 STRENGTHS: Children's Mild Musterole, Regular and Extra Strong. Made in Canada.



"HOUNDED" BY HEADACHES

Blinding pain, constant throbbing made her life a misery. It seemed as though she would never get lasting relief until a friend said: "Faulty kidneys may be the cause, use Dodd's Kidney Pills". If kidneys fail, poisons remain in the system and headaches, backache, rheumatic pains and other ailments often follow. Treat headaches by helping restore your kidneys to normal action. Use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a favourite remedy for over half a century.



Dodd's Kidney Pills

118M

Chat

We welcome your
comments — mail
them to Editor,
Chatelaine, Toronto

mother says, "He really has a lovely disposition."

College Gals, Please Note

Dear Miss Damon (*Chatelaine* Fashion Editor):

Why I, a male of 23, should happen to read your article in August, 1942, *Chatelaine*, I don't know. Perhaps it is just the natural inquisitiveness of a very recent Arts graduate re the frosh of the other sex.

I should like to compliment you, especially on some of your "don'ts" to this year's aspiring freshettes. Listed forthwith are, I believe, the major causes of headaches, gritty teeth, and "squirms" for most average Joe Colleges at the University of Toronto. Our aversion to them is indicated relatively by the number of *'s.

Everything angora, particularly three-sizes-too-large sweaters. ****

Rubber boots, particularly the tom-boy type with "spurs." ***

Honor matriculation superiority complex. **

That quizzical, sub-dolous "I'm taking Psychology" look. **

The girl who wears every color of the rainbow in her clothes. *

The gabby type who expects you to hold the spring door open for her as she sweeps in, of course omitting the "thank you." (Especially when you are in a hurry to a lecture yourself.) ****

Saddle shoes, haloes, loose hair when dancing. And the type that snuggles a perspiring forehead into your lips and cheek while dancing. ***

Hangers-around the men's common-room door. *

Four-abreasts on a narrow sidewalk, idling along and singing the very latest worn-ragged song hit. ***

The girl that slops her coke or malted all over the drugstore magazines. **

The superior freshe who has "seen college life before." **

The one that continually babbles about the number of lectures she's skipped. **

The one that says she has all her boy friends in fourth year—well, third, anyway. *

Dark horn-rimmed glasses on blondes. **

The gabbler in the library. ***

Upsweeps, curls on top (high school!), earrings, slacks, large assortment of metal ware, silk or satin or any kind of shiny cloth on the well-padded, sequins generally. **

All tanglesome mesh affairs in the evening. **

Bulgy purses at a dance, for the fellow to look after. **

All those things you mention in "She Knows Men Dislike."

And you're quite right in your stuff under the heading, "She Wouldn't Be Caught Dead In."

Yours sincerely,

Toronto. M. J. (B.A. '42)

Editor's Note: You're kinda hard to please, M. J., and Carolyn Damon is awfully bucked up to know that you approve of HER, at least . . . By the way, you sent us running to three dictionaries before we got the lowdown on "sub-dolous." We need a refresher course—bad!

From a Bird-Lover

To the Editor, *Chatelaine*:

Herewith a snapshot of our new bird bath, made according to the directions which you published on page 41 of your August number. I "improved" on them somewhat, arranging that the



whole thing can be quickly demountable in three pieces for winter storage indoors. The 4-inch sewer pipe, for the shaft, cost 36 cents; sand and cement totalled 90 cents and there's a fair amount left over. Thanks for a good tip—and thanks, too, on behalf of the dozens of birds who enjoy it. Toronto. E. Y. Enwright.

Family Matters

Dear Editor:

I've just received my October edition of *Chatelaine* and sat down to look it over. I found the story of the Purnell family, by Dorothy Norwich . . . I am the eldest of six in our family. When I was two years old, my parents "found" me a brother. When he was four, I had a sister of my own; when she was six, we "found" another brother, whose father had died from war wounds. When he was three, we added a new "found" sister. Unfortunately she was delicate and died, in spite of the most careful nursing. Mother grieved, and our doctor advised us to "get another baby," so we adopted a lovely girl of 11 months. That made two brothers and two sisters "found." After I married, my mother had to care for my two daughters for some years, owing to circumstances. So you see my parents raised two of their own, four adopted children and then my two. . . A lot of parents are doing these things but few are known, and the only "glory" they want anyway is to have the love of their children, and to be able to love them all equally.

Hamilton, Ont. E. Wilson.

IF NEPTUNE COULD TALK—

"I'D COME ASHORE
ANYTIME
FOR A SWEET CAP"



SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



HAND-WOVEN
**HARRIS
TWEED**

EVERY yard of these superb fabrics is hand woven by the crofters from 100% pure Scottish wool in their own homes on the islands of the Outer Hebrides. Noted for style, quality and long wear.

LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK ON THE CLOTH
LOOK FOR THE LABEL ON THE GARMENT



Issued by The
HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION Ltd.
10 Old Jewry, London, E.C.2, England



CUTEX
Nail Polish

GLOWING SHADES
STAY LOVELY
DAYS ON END



Mothers say—
**"THERE ISN'T A FINER
 SOAP MADE FOR MY
 BABY"**

Baby's delicate skin needs the best soap you can buy! For over 75 years, Canada's mothers, doctors and nurses have specified Baby's Own Soap. It's made especially for babies, from the finest, purest and best materials obtainable.



Ask for Baby's Own Soap for your baby at your favorite retail store.

SOOTHING TO THE SKIN — CONTAINS LANOLINE

*You'll eat porridge
 because you LIKE it*



**WHEN IT'S MADE
 WITH
 OGILVIE OATS**

*If it's 'Ogilvie'
 —it's good!*

**THE
 OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS
 COMPANY LIMITED**

42-46

A correspondence department for our readers who feel impelled to take pen in hand

Back

Chile Is Heard From

Estimada dona:

My esteemed colleague and friend of long standing, Senora dona Amanda Labarca, Dean of the Woman's Department of the University of Chile (and one of the most beloved educators of all South America), has brought to my attention an article upon Page 16 of your issue of July proximo, from the pen of one Dona Rosita Forbes.

She voices her indignation, and that of the students of the University of Chile, male and female, at the absolutely false and misleading statements contained in this article, entitled "The Women of South America." And I absolutely agree with her . . .

La Forbes made the best statement of all her article at the inception: "It is dangerous to generalize about women, or about a continent." Then she goes right ahead, absolutely ignoring (or ignorant of) the fact that South America is divided into a number of absolutely different peoples whose only relationship is the fact that most of them speak Spanish, or use it as a language. This leaves Brazil out of the picture. So far as I, a Chileno, or any of my countrymen are concerned, Brazil is as foreign a country to us as Holland is to England, and more so. Brazil can talk for itself. If it does so, it will probably inform La Forbes that the women of that country have had the full voting franchise for some years now and have no hesitation in exercising it. And if the women of that daughter of Portugal are given to taking orders from their menfolk, it is a revelation to me . . .

But to take up as criterions of the Spanish-speaking part of South America the ghastly examples of Argentina and Peru is very exasperating to a state like Chile, whose universities granted their women full status with the men in 1870 in all professions . . . Chileno women have had full state and municipal franchises for years . . . And regardless of whether the "South American men should change their attitudes" or not, we Chilenos have had one attitude since 1870: that men and women are free and equal. . . . Three years ago we narrow-minded, extremely sex-conscious South Americans from Chile elected (with the women) as Mayor of Santiago a lady schoolteacher . . . Santiago is a city of 800,000 people and acknowledged as the Toronto of South America. Question: Has Toronto itself ever elected a lady mayor and is it likely to do so in the near future?

We are a people who wear regular clothes . . . We live in houses with bathrooms—and we wash regularly. We are almost as well

developed industrially as Canada. Men and women have equal rights, to work, to vote and to neck in the parks . . .



If you must have South American articles which concern Chile, por amor de Dios get in touch with the University of Chile and let us try to tell the truth about ourselves.

Con los todos buenos deseos,

Su servidor,

Windsor, Ont. Guillen Ermando.

Editor's Note: No, Toronto has never elected a woman mayor, nor is there any immediate prospect of such a world-shattering event. More power to Santiago, and many thanks, Senor, for an interesting letter which we only regret cannot be published in full, because of space limitations.

Dona Rosita (now in England), we hope you're reading this issue of CHATELAINE!

That Appealing Baby

To the Editor, Chatelaine:

Through the kindness of a friend in Saskatchewan, I receive your interesting journal direct from your offices each month, and feel I must tell you what pleasure I and my friends have had and are having through the picture on your February number.



This adorable baby's picture occupies a place of honor in my living room in a frame, and is admired and loved by all my friends. We would so much like to know something about him, and wonder if you could tell his parents how much we love this adorable child, how much we would like to know how he is getting on. When I or my friend, Miss Marks, feel depressed, his lovely smile makes us feel better. He must be quite an exceptional child, looks so intelligent, and has such a sweet and lovable expression. Everyone exclaims when they see the picture. His parents must indeed be proud of him. . . . Yours with all good wishes for the magazine,

London, England. Elsie Gilbey.

Editor's Note: Yours is one of many letters commenting on the brown-eyed baby pictured on our February cover. His name is John Hubert Dell, he is now three years old, flourishing, and his

With Our Advertisers

"Save and Conserve" is CHATELAINE'S theme this month in the editorial columns. But it doesn't stop there. If you'll study our advertisers' messages, you'll find a score of brisk suggestions that fit right in with our main thought. There's a helpful booklet waiting for you (Page 70) on "How to get the most out of the Food you buy," and another (Page 58) on "How to make your range or furnace last longer." On Page 61 you'll see a timely reminder on the care of electrical equipment. And little brides: take note of the smart drawer-type cedar chest, Page 59.

Careful shopping for value is in every housekeeper's thoughts these days. Look at the sheets and pillowcases that have long life woven into them (see our inside front cover) . . . fine English china that's still coming over in quantity (Page 62) . . . and our good Canadian apples (see our back cover), pictured in a way to make anybody's mouth water!

Which leads us right into the absorbing subject of food. That plate of chicken noodle soup (Page 17) reminds us it's almost time for lunch, while the lovely lady on Page 19 serves as a gentle hint that another coffee ration coupon will soon be redeemable. MMMM! We made the same anticipatory sound when we came across

that colorful picture on Page 38—we won't mind how soon the blizzards start if we can have a cup of cocoa beside us while we listen to the late news.

Experts in the beauty business know all about simplification of practices. They're helping women toward a brifer, simpler routine for good looks and good grooming, knowing full well that time is one of our most important commodities. There's a two-minute treatment featured on Page 21. Paulette Goddard's piquant face (Page 55) draws your attention to some beauty secrets now made available to everyone. The girl with the corn-ripe hair (see inside back cover) makes a personal pledge that should interest every Canadian woman on the "waiting" end of the war. And don't miss the message (Page 28) of Rosalind Russell, one of your movie favorites. Or overlook the news of smart cardboard lipstick containers (Page 42).

You'll find a lot of your unspoken thoughts expressed with sober force on Pages 24, 73 and 75. And that sentence on Page 66 will bear repeating: "Like the deep twisting blow of a commando dagger, each new Victory Bond you buy tears at the heart of the Axis. Of what use beautiful silverware "or any other prized possession" if we fail to win this fight?"

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SO NOW YOUR KENWOODS MUST LAST LONGER

Many of the camps, ships and hospitals of our armed forces are equipped with Kenwood Blankets. Here is one of the reasons you may find it difficult to buy Kenwoods from your local merchant this fall. The armed forces have the first call on our restricted supplies of wool—and rightly so. It now becomes both a duty and necessity to make the Kenwoods you already have last longer. Considering the slight amount of wear your blankets get in actual use, this should not be difficult if washing instructions are followed faithfully. For it is in the wash-tub that wool so often meets its Waterloo.

Correctly washed Kenwood blankets will not only last longer, but their beauty, also, will be preserved. Write in today for free washing instructions.

MADE IN CANADA

KENWOOD MILLS LIMITED

ARNPRIOR, ONTARIO, CANADA



"WONDER IF THIS FEMALE KNOWS HER STUFF?"

"She nearly let me capsize twice! Can't say much for her soaping technique, either . . . One foot got three washings — then she passed up the other one completely!

"Now where's she off to? Probably leaving me here to soak overnight!

"No—by cracky, she's trotting out *Johnson's Baby Powder*! Oh that lovely, velvety stuff! Let's hope she knows what to do with it . . .

"Over the tummy...under the chin! Aaah, she's not missing a trick! Lots of delicious, soothing powder to make me slick as a kitten!

"Well, it was sink or swim back there in the tub—but this gal sure shakes out a mean Johnson's rubdown!"



To make friends with a baby, simply give him an extra-special rubdown with cooling Johnson's Baby Powder! It's wonderfully soothing for chafes and prickles—and inexpensive, too!

**JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER**



Chatelaine Service Bulletins on Beauty Culture

Concise — Authentic — Essentially Helpful

HOW TO BE FRESH AS A FLOWER
Service Bulletin No. 19 — 5 cents

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR
Bulletin No. 16 — 10 cents
BEAUTIFUL HANDS
Bulletin No. 15 — 5 cents

A LOVELY SKIN
Bulletin No. 18 — 10 cents
DRESSING YOUR FACE
Bulletin No. 17 — 10 cents

Order from CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS, 481 University Avenue, Toronto

Child Health Clinic

Continued from page 74

for everyone help to develop a good spirit in the family.

Home is the backlog of our children's lives. It's up to us to make it as happy and wholesome as we can. You've no idea how seriously upset children are by quarrels between their parents. It knocks the props out from under them. They need the security of a united home. Also both parents must agree on how the children are to be handled. If father allows little Jimmy to do things that mother forbids, there's bound to be trouble.

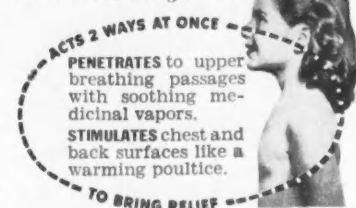
ANYTHING THAT prevents a baby having his own way makes him angry. He expresses himself by yelling and kicking, and sometimes even by holding his breath. Many things may annoy him—he may want to eat before it is feeding time, or play when his mother wants to dress him, or visit with his family when he ought to be sleeping. He protests by yelling. If you give him what he wants, you are teaching him that it pays to get angry, a lesson that he learns very quickly and doesn't forget. As he grows older his wants become more numerous, and many of them are sure to be for things that are either unnecessary or dangerous. So there are many occasions that rouse outbursts of anger, which we commonly call temper tantrums. Up to four years of age these are common. The way to handle them is to ignore them and never to give the child what he is working himself up for. Of course it is much easier to yield to the child's clamor and do what he wants, but every time you do that you fail as a child trainer and make it harder for him to learn to control his temper. Sometimes it may be necessary to remove the child to his own room. In this way you teach him that not only is such behavior a waste of effort on his part, but it is unpleasant for other people to witness.

We all want our children to be truthful. If we tell white lies or make false excuses, we can only expect them to follow suit. If we punish our children harshly, they may resort to lying to avoid the consequences of their errors or accidents. If possible we should try to make our directions positive instead of negative. If you want little Billy to keep his fingers out of his food, don't say "Don't wet your fingers," and punish him when he does. Instead say, "Keep your fingers dry." Then when he succeeds, praise him for his efforts and so encourage him. At one time or another all youngsters develop mannerisms such as nail biting, of which we do not approve. Instead of nagging, scolding or trying to prevent these useless habits, which merely stimulates the child to keep them up, we should provide more interesting things for him to do. Over-fatigue also encourages such habits. Therefore we must see that our children get enough rest and sleep. It also helps to keep a child contented to give him a regular weekly allowance suitable for his age, which he can spend in his own way. When this is done, he is less tempted to help himself to other people's belongings.

Conscientious parents can train their children better than anybody else and it's up to us to do our best by them. +

If Your Child Catches Cold Listen—

—listen to millions of experienced mothers and relieve miseries with the IMPROVED Vicks treatment that takes only 3 minutes and makes good old Vicks VapoRub give **BETTER THAN EVER RESULTS!** IT ACTS 2 WAYS AT ONCE to bring relief.



WORKS FOR HOURS to ease coughs, relieve muscular soreness or tightness, and bring real, honest-to-goodness comfort.

To get this improved treatment . . . just massage VapoRub for 3 minutes ON BACK as well as throat and chest, then spread thick layer on chest and cover with warmed cloth. Try it!

For Better Results
VICKS
VapoRub
The Improved Way



Oriental Cream

GOURAUD
gives a touch of satisfaction. Recaptures that soft, tender skin of youth.
White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan

If you want to BUILD UP RED BLOOD!



And Also Relieve Distress of 'Periodic' Female Weakness!

If you want to build up red blood corpuscles to promote a more refreshed and vigorous bloodstream, more strength—try this fine hematic tonic—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound TABLETS (with added iron). Taken as directed—Pinkham's Tablets are one of the best and quickest ways to get precious iron into the blood.

Pinkham's Tablets are also very helpful to relieve distress of female functional disturbances. This is because of their soothing effect on ONE OF WOMAN'S MOST IMPORTANT ORGANS. Taken regularly they help build up resistance against such symptoms.

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Another Victory Recipe by **Sunbeam** MIXMASTER



Sunbeam Supper Pie MADE WITH GROUND BEEF OR LEFT-OVERS... SERVES 6

An unusual, delicious "main dish" adapted from an old Canadian pioneer recipe by Good Housekeeping Institute. Nutritious... delicious... made quickly and easily the Mixmaster way.

INGREDIENTS—2 c. sifted all-purpose flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ c. shortening, 4-6 tbs. cold water, 1½ lbs. ground round or chuck beef, 4 tbs. minced onion, 2 tbs. minced parsley, 1 clove garlic, minced, 1½ tsp. salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper, 2 tbs. salad oil, 1 can (10½ oz.) condensed tomato soup.

METHOD—Sift together the flour and the $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. salt in large bowl of Mixmaster. Add the shortening, distributing it over flour. Beat at No. 1 speed until flour-fat particles are about the size of a navy bean (about 20 sec.). Using a fork, add the cold water (4-6 tbs.) sprinkling a small portion over the flour and fat particles at a time. Use as little water as possible adding just enough to hold mixture together. Line a 9 inch pie plate with half the pastry. Roll top crust and set aside. Then combine the remaining 1½ tsp. salt and parsley, garlic, the remaining bowl and pepper in large Mixmaster bowl and mix together using No. 2 speed for about 20 sec. Remove fat until beginning to cook in the 2 tbs. fat. Fill pastry-lined pie plate with meat mixture, and cover with top crust as for a two-crust pie. Bake in moderately hot oven of 375°F. for 1 hr. Serve in pie shaped wedges.



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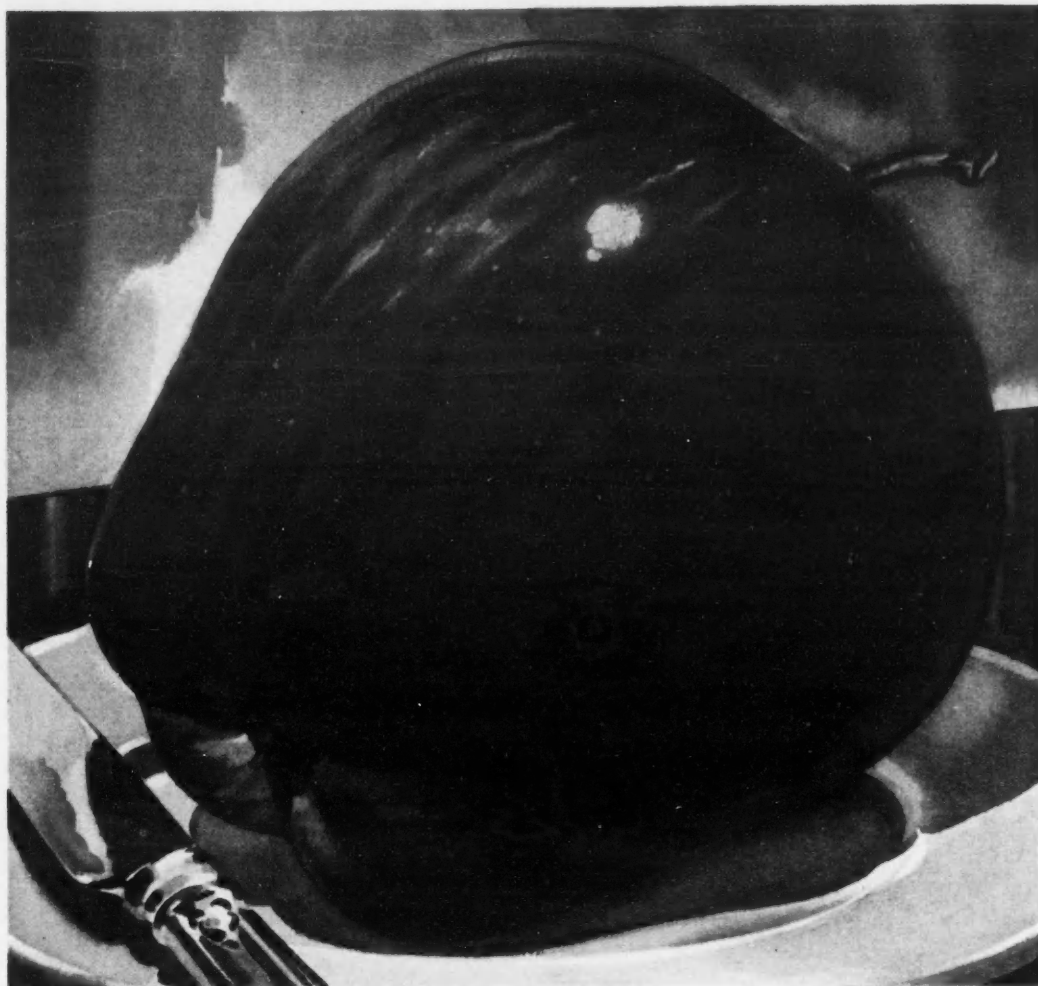
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